THE BENEDICTS ABROAD

CLARE BENEDICT

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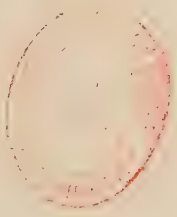
CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT.

[*Frontispiece*]

"THE BENEDICTS ABROAD."

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

CLARE BENEDICT.



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"THE BENEDICTS ABROAD."

This volume forms a reprint of the Third Part of "FIVE GENERATIONS" together with two of the "Voices"—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER and HANNAH COOPER POMEROY—from "VOICES OUT OF THE PAST."

"FIVE GENERATIONS"
consisted of

PART FIRST - VOICES OUT OF THE PAST.
PART SECOND - CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.
PART THIRD - "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SEVENTH TRIP	1
EIGHTH TRIP	18
NINTH TRIP	63
TENTH TRIP	73
ELEVENTH TRIP	107
TWELFTH TRIP	121
THIRTEENTH TRIP	187
FOURTEENTH TRIP	268
FIFTEENTH TRIP	297
SIXTEENTH TRIP	357
SEVENTEENTH TRIP	401
EIGHTEENTH TRIP	446

APPENDIX I—

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS	601
BENEDICT NOTES	641

APPENDIX II—

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (FIFTH VOICE) FROM "VOICES OUT OF THE PAST"	652
HANNAH COOPER POMEROY (TWELFTH VOICE) FROM "VOICES OUT OF THE PAST"	670

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1.	CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT	*Frontispiece*
		FACING PAGE
2.	"THE ONE GOOD MOTHER WITH THE ONE GOOD DAUGHTER AND THE LITTLE BLACK SON" ..	26
3.	"PERHAPS *THIS* LETTER WILL BRING A SMILE!"	30
4.	MRS. BENEDICT AND "PLUM"	64
5.	CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT	201
6.	"PLUM"	280
7.	MRS. BENEDICT AT FRANZENSBAD (1914)	439
8.	MISS BENEDICT AT FRANZENSBAD (1914)	440
	APPENDIX I—	
9.	GEORGE STONE BENEDICT	646
10.	"PLUM'S PICTURE"	650
11.	CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT AS A BRIDE	651
	APPENDIX II—	
12.	HANNAH COOPER POMEROY WOOLSON (TWELFTH VOICE)	696

FOREWORD.

"THE BENEDICTS ABROAD," (my mother's own title), has been put together by me from her journals and letters in such a manner as to form a connected narrative of our European experiences from 1894 until 1923, the year of her death. There are many missing chapters, it is true, yet, on the whole it seems to me that the pen pictures presented in this volume give a remarkably comprehensive as well as an incomparably graphic survey of our adventures in all the chief countries of Europe excepting Russia.

The Henry James letters—or rather, extracts from letters—I have used as a kind of brilliant commentary, and, in some instances, amplification, of my mother's narrative. In so doing—*in the way in which I have done it*—I have the sure sense of his approbation. And that being the case, I can give myself the extreme pleasure of including a certain number of his most fascinating effusions in the story of our European wanderings—wanderings in which, in spite of his delightful ironies, he always took the liveliest interest.

In the Appendix will be found Extracts from Letters treating of subjects other than travel, and the Benedict Notes, with three additional poems by Constance Fenimore Woolson.

My thanks are due in the first and highest degree to my cousin, Miss Katharine Livingston Mather, to whom the majority of the letters were addressed and without whose whole-hearted concurrence this record would not have been possible.

My thanks are due next to Miss Emma Beck for so generously placing in my hands the precious series of letters in her possession. I am almost equally indebted to Miss May Harris for allowing me to use any or all of the invaluable material belonging to her. I realize, however, that their devoted and undying love for my subject makes all thanks from me superfluous, inasmuch as they are both more than thanked by seeing my mother's beloved words to them in print, and thus saved in some measure from oblivion.

Miss Mary Miller, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Weber and Miss Victoria Gittings have added to the wealth of vivid descriptions by permitting me to make extracts from letters written to them, and I wish to offer them here my most grateful thanks. Mrs. Saville, who likewise gave me all that she had kept of her friend's treasured letters, has

passed beyond the possibility of human thanks, but I can at least express in this place my faithful remembrance of her rare and unswerving loyalty to us, at all times and to the very end.

Finally, I desire to express my gratitude to Herr Anton Hermann for the gift of the letters to his wife—my unforgettable Auguste.

It only remains for me to ask the indulgence of the reader in the matter of my own appearance in this volume, unavoidable, in my opinion, without spoiling my mother's narrative, which, deprived of the frequent allusions to myself, would have sounded strange and unnatural to all those who knew her. Nor can I feel that she herself would be pleased by such an elimination.

And it is for her—wherever her blessed spirit may now dwell—that I have really put together these memorials of our wonderful life together on earth.

CLARE BENEDICT.

Venice,

All Soul's Day, 1930.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Told By C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER and Miss EMMA BECK.

SAILED on S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm II.", March 17th, 1894. The passengers were mostly Boston people—Lothrops, Cabots, Dexters, etc. Many doctors going to the congress at Rome. Dr. Jacobi sat opposite to us and was very pleasant. We kept by ourselves and got on much better than I had feared. People made themselves known and then let us be—a great comfort! Miss Wormeley was on board (Mrs. Curtis's sister) . . . I liked her exceedingly. At any other time the southern passage would have delighted us, but we were too sad to enjoy anything*. . . We sighted the Azores on Friday—beautiful islands, rising up as if out of mid-ocean—green and lovely. While we were admiring

* Almost by this you will have heard from me that I will meet you at Genoa—be there when you arrive. . . I am sure Rome will be a very soothing, softening impression to you—that after a little . . . the horror of the weeks you have been living through will be lost in the simple assenting, participating tenderness with which (in regard to her memory and deep exemption now from everything that's hard in life) you will find yourselves thinking of her—till at last you will feel almost at peace in your acceptance. Meanwhile, only live and think of living, from hour to hour, and day to day; it is perfect wisdom and it takes us through troubles that no other way can take us through. . . Have no plan whatever, in advance, about Venice . . there is no need for any. The whole question will simplify itself, settle itself, facilitate itself, after you get to Italy. . . May you float down fast into kindly southern waters and meet the consoling, alleviating spring! *Henry James to Mrs. and Miss Benedict.*

them on our left, suddenly, on our right, out of a high mass of white clouds, appeared the snow-topped peak of a volcano on another island. . . . Early Saturday morning we dropped anchor before St. Michael. Many of the passengers went on shore, but we contented ourselves with looking at the quaint little island, which made us think of Corfu. Monday, on a lovely soft afternoon, we caught our first sight of Portugal, and ran alongside of the land all the rest of the afternoon, seeing the water dash against the high rocks. Monday night about ten, we dropped anchor before Gibraltar. There we remained until Tuesday, having a splendid view of the wonderful fortress, every inch, above and below ground, strongly fortified. . . . From Gibraltar to Genoa, we had good views of the southern coasts of Spain and France, and also of the islands. We reached Genoa on Thursday night about eight, but it took a long time for the big steamer to make the dock. Mr. James* was there, and we

* Henry James was an intimate friend of my sister's; he and she both being talented writers formed a friendship that never failed—and when my sister died suddenly in Venice, Henry took my daughter and myself into a very close friendship on her account. He supported and sustained us during the six weeks we spent "breaking up" the beautiful palace where she died. He came in every day and persuaded us to get air and change by going with him in the gondola. Being well-known in Venice, and knowing the best people, all this aided us in our heartbreaking task. We had a splendid Armenian housekeeper (a real lady in reduced circumstances), Miss Marie de Holas, and she took over all the servants, marketing and ordering. Miss Holas had been with my sister during the last weeks of her life.

From a Letter to Miss Catherine Schmedling (1917).

When we went out—that terrible year of her death—to Venice, Henry James met us at Genoa, . . . went to Venice and never, never left us until all her precious things were packed and boxed and sent to America. What he did for us during those awful weeks made several people who never liked his writing, change their opinion entirely—they then read between the lines.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris (1907).

were rejoiced to see him. He helped us through the customs, and took us to Hotel de Gênes, where we rested quietly on Friday, taking a drive and walk. . . . Left Genoa Saturday . . . going only to Pisa . . . a lovely day, and we walked to the cathedral, tower and Campo Santo, which seemed more beautiful than ever before. . . . Sunday again was a lovely day, and we spent the morning in wandering round Pisa, leaving on the four o'clock train for Rome. . . .

After seeing the cemetery, the stone that I had thought of putting there seemed entirely out of place—the slope of the land making a high cross not suitable; so . . . finding the plot filled with growing violets (already arranged by Colonel and Mrs. John Hay), I decided to place a wide, handsome marble coping all round the flower bed, with simply "Constance Fenimore Woolson, 1894," upon it and to have a Celtic cross of white marble laid flat down on the bed of violets, as the Roman climate is mild enough to make the certainty of violets living all the year round. Ivy is to be planted at the base of the coping. After making these arrangements, we went to Florence. Dr. Baldwin* came to see us that evening. On Friday noon,

Venice,
Casa Biondetti.

Your letter is a great comfort and it finds me quite established here. I found this pleasant little apartment quite ready for me and appreciably full of the happy presence of your aunt... Do stop and see Baldwin*—he was a devoted and faithful friend and it will be such a comfort and relief to him—a very great good indeed. I can well believe that the run from Pisa to Rome was dreary. But the worst

we left for Venice ; reaching there at ten, and finding Henry James and Grace Carter* and Connie's two gondoliers . . . waiting for us. We went for that first night to the hotel, where we found dear little Othello, the dog, with Grace's maid. Early the next morning we moved to Casa Semitecolo—a heartbreaking day, followed by many weeks of a task beyond words hard.

Mr. James occupied the apartment in Casa Biondetti that Connie had last summer. He came every day to see and help us—we could not have gone through it without him.

Clare and I did all the personal packing ourselves; a box of pictures and a trunk to be sent to the Mathers, a large box to Mrs. Phillips,† and

dreariness passes and ebbs inch by inch. It is only a question of patience. . . I see with the greatest relief and pleasure how much you are able to be to your mother, and think in the same way of all you will continue to be. You can pay no tenderer tribute to your aunt's memory—for this power to be everything to your mother was just what her great affection for you used most to look for in you.

Henry James to Clare Benedict.

* Grace Carter was at one time so near and dear to us that we never ceased to show her by every word, thought and action, our deep gratitude for all that she so splendidly did for us when Connie died. Oh, what should we have done—or have been able to live through—without her ?

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather (1922).

† Here in Oxford I have been comfortable because I happen to have such a nice landlady. She was a schoolmistress, and she is not only very devoted and kind, but really nice and refined.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Samuel Mather (1892).

I was obliged, 10 days ago, to go to Oxford—a most painful obligation. But it gave me the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Phillips of Beaumont Street, distressing as it was to enter her house. I was much moved by the spectacle of her emotion. Your Aunt Constance had in all her life, I believe, no more tender or devoted friend. She would have done anything for her and I wish she might have been free to do more.

Henry James to Clare Benedict (1894).

little things to Miss Poynter*, Dr. Baldwin, Mrs. Curtis and Miss Bronson. Mr. James took books, a picture, etc. . . . We worked every day until tea time, when Mr. James would come and we would go out in the gondola for two hours ; and then, almost every night, he would dine with us.

Tello the dog was our greatest joy and comfort ; a constant care as well. But Anna the maid did not take to him, nor did she live up to her promise of doing all she could to make me comfortable during this hard time. . . .

Tello was too great a care for us to undertake if we were to rest, so Mr. James made arrangements with Tita, Connie's gondolier (whom the dog loved), to keep Tello for the summer, I to pay his board. . . . It gave me another pang to part with the dear little fellow even for the summer. Dr. Baldwin's† objecting to my taking Clare back to Rome after the cross is completed in May, has decided us to remain abroad, and therefore, in the autumn, I hope we can have the dog again with us.

The 27 boxes started to America on May 6th, and on May 8th, we gave over the apartment to General de Horsey and left Venice. . . .

Kaiser Krone, Bozen,

May 11th, 1894.

That just this beautiful spot in Austria exists, within easy distance of Venice, seems almost as if

* Miss E. Frances Poynter, author of "My Little Lady," etc., and sister of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

† Connie always pronounced him (Dr. Baldwin) to be the cleverest doctor in existence for diagnosis. *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

intended for us ; but when I see by the inscription on this quaint little Inn that the place has been known since before the 8th century, and when I look at the tablet on our wall which states that Pope Pius VI. slept in this room in 1780—old as I often feel nowadays, I can't go back to that !

After all the splendid decay of Venice, its black gondolas gliding about, this lovely sunny town, with its clear pure water, its green hills, and the Dolomites, snow-capped and frowning beyond—too far away to give any chill and near enough to add to the magnificent scenery—was just the place to come to. . . . We have had a comfortable victoria and have taken long drives every day . . . one day to Meran, which we found most enchanting.

Innsbruck,

Whit Sunday.

Here we are spending Whit Sunday. We came over the Brenner yesterday—such a superb day ! We found the English Church closed, but I felt afterwards that the Hofkirche, with Maximilian's gorgeous tomb, surrounded by life-sized bronze statues of the ancestors of the House of Hapsburg, was a magnificent place for Whit Sunday. I remembered how those figures delighted and impressed Connie; she talked so much about them, and to-day they seemed to me *wonderful*, and the sight of the peasants, (most of them in their gala national costumes) devout and earnest, was better than many services.

Bad Liebenstein,
Thuringia.

July 22nd.

I wish you could see the view from our balcony and have a sniff of this pure mountain air. . . . This is the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, and Clare, who has all the ramifications of Royalties at the tip of her tongue, keeps me posted as the different ones appear. Clare has always had a fancy for genealogical research among the Royalties, and she is as clear in it all—through the most remote, tangled-up Anhalt-Dessau-Schaumburg-Lippe–Schleswig-Holstein-Mecklenburg-Schwerin crowds—as I would be in naming Queen Victoria's children! I get but little beyond *that* without mistakes.

One day, when walking on one of these lovely wooded paths, at a sharp turn, we ran against the Princess Charlotte.* She had no hat on, a big bunch of wild flowers in her hands and a little dog at her heels. She looks very young. . . . Last night we went to a simple, delightful concert given under her patronage for the benefit of a hospital she wishes to establish here for poor children. After the audience were all seated, the Princess with her royal party walked through her pretty grounds adjoining the Curhaus and entered the concert room. With her were her husband, sister, and brother-in-law, Crown Prince Constantine of Greece.†

* Princess Charlotte of Prussia, daughter of the Emperor Frederick, wife of the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.

† Afterwards, King Constantine of Greece.

Since seeing the Duke of Meiningen's palace and Swiss house here, and remembering his house in the Tyrol, I think his taste perfect. . . I am indulging in "pine-needle baths" in a white tile tub sunk into the floor—and into the water is put a strong solution of pine, so that the whole room is filled with a delicious "Adirondack" pine scent.* . . .

* * * * *

From Liebenstein we went to Coburg . . . and after seeing the magnificent castle (where the Duke doesn't live, but ought to!), we started off to Baden-Baden to meet the Countess de Cuelebroeck†. . . The Hotel Messmer is one of the best hotels in Europe, and we could sit on our balcony and look

* I am extremely glad to have testimony, in your gentle letter, of your being restored to something of your usual beneficent activity. . . I take great comfort in thinking of your steady nerves and quiet patience. These things will see you both through everything. Not to worry any more than one can help—to sit as quiet as possible in *all* situations—and above all not to be nervous *about* one's nervousness is the sovereign remedy. . . My days in Venice are narrowly numbered. The very hot weather appears at last to have come to stay, and last night the whole place, without air stirring, was like a furnace. In these conditions Casa Biondetti ceases to satisfy—the ceiling of my little *quartiere* rests on the bridge of my nose, and under the strain of the ladies in the rooms below—three immemorial Boston virgins—the padrona's culinary resources, always very limited, have completely broken down. If there were any bushes in Venice, I should say there was a Bostonian in every one. Your waving woods and gushing waters haunt my dreams. . . I hope all the iron you both take is entering into your bodies only and not into your souls . . . *Henry James to Clare Benedict.*

† That beautiful Countess de Cuelebroeck whose acquaintance we made during the "Spree" accident, when, for all those days, we faced death together! *From a Letter* (1921).

down on the people without mingling with the crowd. We enjoyed being with the Countess. . . . She was ill towards the end of the visit, but she liked to have me sit by her bedside and talk. We left Baden on August 15th for Freiburg, and the next afternoon for Constance. Had a cell in the old Dominican Monastery (Insel Hotel).* At Munich, we heard "Meistersinger" and "Tristan," Richard Strauss conducting.

At this point, *everything* went wrong—all kinds of distressing things—and the worry about the dog continued. We decided to remove one cause for worry and to go to Venice and get Tello at once.

We travelled through by night (showing how desperate we were !), reached Venice in the afternoon, ordered a gondola and went straight to Tita's. Poor little Tello—thin, ill-fed and ill-kept—greeted us with joy, and we took him directly down into our gondola and, with the happy, dirty little dog, had a long float and walk, and then took him back with us to our hotel. He was good, and delighted to be with us. We washed him and went out with him every day and devoted ourselves to him. . . . Then, after one long afternoon at the dreary Lido with Tello, we left Venice—I hope for many years. All went well as far as Mestre, where in got a lady and trained nurse. The heat was intense, and the lady demanded

* In all our travels, only four places can I remember as anything like it—there was a monastery hotel at Taormina, one at Amalfi, one at La Cava and the hotel at Furness Abbey, England.

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1921).

that both windows be closed. As we objected, a meaning look from the nurse explained that the lady was not in her right mind, and we were obliged to go in this way to Verona. Here we had our own compartment, but even so we were troubled by having a mildly insane lady in the next carriage!

The dog travelled well and gave no trouble. . . . At Munich we bought him a new collar, and then went on to Franzensbad. . . . Our worries about Tello commenced at once. . . . Poor little Tello's "insides" are not like the "insides" of other dogs. . . .

Auguste came on October 1st, and after a few days, Tello allowed her to take him out and feed him, and for the first time in many weeks, we had a faint gleam of hope about the dog complications. . . .

Vienna.

All Saints' Day, 1894.

I stood in such sore need of sympathy, and am so grateful for all that our good friends gave me. I was too dazed and wretched to *feel* anything for months, but now, on looking back, I *can* feel grateful. I was able to do all that there was to be done in Rome, and to live *with* the sorrow in that beautiful "sealed apartment" in Venice, where each book and pen was as she had left it. You know all the misery of such packing up, and breaking up.* I was thankful to be able to do it all myself, with Clare's help—poor tired little girl!

* *Vide* p. 11.

Meran, Austria,

November 22nd.

Such a hunt as we have had to find a comfortable, cheap place, *where* little Tello would be allowed, *where* we could live out of doors, *where* it would not be too lonely and depressing, *where* I could have an open fire and Clare a piano, and on and on through many more "*wheres*," the telling of which I will not bore you with now that we *have* found an ideal place, where all the "*wheres*" are to be had! We left Vienna for Abbazia a week ago. We were perfectly entranced with our view of it as we approached. The railway station is 690 feet above the Adriatic, and a magnificent road winds down in easy terraces. The lovely bay upon which Abbazia lies seemed to us to combine the beauties of the South of France, Florida, Venice, all in one. The many islands, some of them mountainous, added so much, and I felt that we had found a perfect place to spend the winter in. We took a small room at the big hotel, and

* I have always thought the use of "breaking up" a home so appropriate—to those who feel that it breaks up also a part of the heart that never heals! When I "broke up," so early in life, my beloved bride's house, an old caretaker, an Irishwoman (who had for many years been washerwoman for my mother) aided me. Every old pail, old broom —all and everything—I could not part with. I would say: "Mrs. Carpenter, *that* I cannot part with!" tears pouring down my face. She promptly answered: "No, indeed you must not; I'll place it right here, on the shelf marked *all to keep*." This calmed me, and on we went with the harrowing work. The next morning or the next or the next, I would see that many of the useless things had better be placed on the "give away" shelves, and I would say: "Mrs. Carpenter, I have been thinking that I can never use such and such things. I had better give them away now to some one who can use them." "You are quite right, Mrs. Benedict; that's a very wise decision, and you just point out which things and I'll change them to the 'give away' shelves." I sometimes think that it was due to that kind, sensible old woman that I got through those awful weeks. . .

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1919).

all the rest of the day, Clare and I climbed stairs and asked questions, I talking rapidly and often angrily in English, and patient Clare translating what she considered judicious into German.* The prices at all places where we could possibly stay were too high, and the other places were impossible. Finally, after much discussion, we came here (Meran), and we have such pretty rooms with views from every window of superb snow peaks against the deep blue sky. . . .

This afternoon as we took our walk, far up on one of the terraces we met the Heir Apparent, Franz Ferdinand,† all alone. He stared hard at us, and we at him. . . .

December 28th.

If the whole winter passes as these few weeks have, I shall say it is the most perfect winter climate in the whole world; bracing, absolutely no wind, bright sunshine, pure white snow on the mountain

* Have you ever thought that Clare is like me; mentally, I mean? I have always noticed it; and now that she is older, the resemblance is marked. She has my reticence, at least I had it at her age outwardly, as she has. And at present, I have it inwardly, just the same, but have covered it outwardly with a sort of manner, which I have learned gradually as the years have passed. I never could bear to hurt any one's feelings. Acutely sensitive myself, I have always been silent rather than say anything that I thought might hurt any one. Or at least I have said something else—not anything sharp or blunt. Clare has the same trait. I repeat, it is extraordinary how much she is like me! I see myself right over again as I was at thirteen (I mean mentally). I shall never care to have her study as hard as I did. I am longing to see her. She and I are great "cronies" and talk long hours together with the greatest mental satisfaction. We are thoroughly "*simpatica*," as the Italians say, Clare and I.

From an Earlier Letter of
Constance Fenimore Woolson to Mrs. Sherman.

† Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria—Este, assassinated at Sarajevo, June 29th, 1914.

tops, and not one flake falling where we are, or one drop of rain! The paths are kept beautifully. . . . There are the sheltered walks, the level walks, high climbs, old castles restored, and old castles ruined, and at every turn such views!. . . . Lord St. Levan* and his family of six have rooms next to us. . . . Lady Agnes Townshend, just below us. . . .

Tello's Christmas tree was very pretty, and *we* enjoyed it very much; Tello, not so much, I fear! I put scarlet tissue paper over a big centre table and upon the table placed the tree, and all kinds of balls, whistles, rubber rattles, a little beer mug, a tin cup and saucer, Albert biscuits, satin bows (for Tello to wear) of the Bavarian, Austrian and German colours, and red, white and blue for America: a new red harness, and several Christmas cards. . . . I have been for a long walk this afternoon, up to the top of one of the lower mountains, and the exquisite sunset lit up the snow peaks. I counted fifteen castles and twenty mountains, all in view. . . .

Has Clare told you what I do in the way of small charities? (I certainly cannot afford anything big!) I buy a pound of pretty good tea; then I put about twelve lumps of sugar and three or four teaspoonfuls of tea into little separate packages, tying them all up nicely, and every time I go out to walk, I put a little package in my pocket

* We were introduced by Tello to Lord St. Levan and his family, and they were very cordial and pleasant and made our winter much brighter . . . At the end of our stay, the St. Levans received the news of the death of their third son in Hong Kong. It was a dreadful grief to them all and because of my being in recent sorrow, Lady St. Levan saw me, and the slight acquaintance grew into a friendship. *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

and give it to the poorest, oldest-looking peasant woman. You should see their joy. They shower me with blessings and hope it may be returned to me a thousandfold. And, dear me! I echo this wish. . . . Some of the old women say very funny things. This afternoon, for instance, one said, half to herself, "Now *that* is a good act, to give a poor old tired peasant this tea and sugar," and kept repeating, "just a poor old peasant woman." Clare says I am known all over the country-side, and that they send out their poorest, feeblest-looking peasants to get the tea and sugar!

Vienna,

Whit Sunday, 1895.

I feel so thankful for this smooth, peaceful, pleasant Vienna visit. We have enjoyed very much our little balcony over the Ringstrasse these warm evenings. . . .

The Flower Corso at the Prater was a charming sight. We sat in our seats on the grand stand for nearly five hours, looking and admiring. Hundreds of carriages turned out, many of them superbly trimmed, and many with original and funny decorations. The ladies* in the carriages matched

* The Austrian ladies say they cannot help the faces they are born with, but that they can all have perfect *figures*. And certainly I have never in my life seen such beautiful figures as here in Vienna. The little girls are put through a regular training, beginning as young as three years old—so many exercises, so many minutes each day resting flat on their backs. . . . Vienna is truly a fascinating city, filled with a little of all other countries—a really delightful combination of France, Italy, Germany, Spain, England and Hungary. And then . . . the officers *so* tall and gorgeous in their uniforms, and the ladies *so* dark, pretty and attractive. There is such a sense of health and strength and good spirits about the men and women. I do believe I am the only *thin* woman in Vienna, and I might make some extra money if I would only open a rival "Barnum" here, as a "living skeleton."

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

the flowers, lovely faces in picturesque flower hats, and costumes beyond description. Everything in Vienna is so perfectly done that only pleasure and no discomfort follows such affairs. The smartest young Austrians (mounted on magnificent horses, with two little panniers full of violets, hanging on each side of the horses' necks, and a narrow violet wreath across the horses' heads) kept the enormous crowds in order, carriages to go up and down in line, etc. Then Austrian ladies in the prettiest lattice-work tents sold paper bags of little bouquets to the people in the carriages. These tents were built at regular distances the whole length of the three-mile-long driveway of the park. In other tents, champagne was sold, fascinating Austrian ladies temptingly offering it in beautiful glasses, as the carriages came to a standstill. Splendid bands, stationed far enough apart not to conflict with each other, enlivened it all. Many of the Archdukes and their wives were present, and in a handsome carriage decorated with pink roses was the Crown Princess Stéphanie* in pale lavender, and by her side, the little girl, Elisabeth, dressed in white. . . .

* First we went to Buda-Pesth, that gay, brilliant Hungarian capital; and it looked its very gayest—the streets hung with flags—as the whole Imperial family were there attending the opening of the Exposition. Indeed, we travelled to Buda-Pesth with the Crown Prince and Princess, and at every station, gypsy bands played, so we were in the midst of it all, and at our hotel were three or four of the Archdukes, and the magnificent Hungarian guards stood at our hotel entrance and in the corridor . . . It gave one, I confess, a queer mixture of feelings to see the guards. I felt that I must be either *royal* or *criminal*.

One night we went to the opera, which did not compare with that of Vienna, although the ballet was one of the most enchanting that I have ever seen—hundreds of fresh young dancers, and then, twelve perfect creatures representing the hours (copying a little Raphael's

We heard exquisite music and saw fine acting. Met Winkelmann,* and Reichmann . . . While in Vienna, learned from Harper's that the sales of "Horace Chase" had been excellent. I had longed to hear that Connie's last book, into which she had put so much of her strength, was liked. Tello, also, has grown to be so much better that the whole of this Vienna visit was delightful. . . .

Have you seen that our dear Henry Irving has been knighted, and is now *Sir* Henry Irving! They say that in this last play of his, "Waterloo," he is perfectly wonderful.

Franzensbad,

July 2nd, 1895.

How many of our friends have so many houses that they do not know what to do with them! And yet they talk "poor!" The St. Levans with St. Michael's Mount, a villa at Pau, and

Hours) fell asleep one after the other, and sank down softly and slowly in the most exquisitely beautiful attitudes; it was really lovely! The audience was one blaze of satin and jewels and bright eyes.

The Imperial family were present, and as our seats were directly opposite the Emperor's box, we had a perfect view of them all, and fell in love with the dainty Princess Stéphanie, who will one day be Empress. That she is the dearly loved Princess of Belgium, and that I had heard my Brussels friend speak so enthusiastically of her, may possibly influence me a little. . . . She was dressed in white satin embroidered with pearls, and her face and neck looked like more pearls!

* * * * *

* Winkelmann grows upon me more and more, I did not think I could like him any better, and yet each week his voice seems lovelier and lovelier, and his acting is not only equal to his voice, but is full of delicate little touches. . .

We had a "treat" on Handel's birthday anniversary. The Philharmonic Society gave the oratorio of "Saul," and the chorus was of the same society which was established during Beethoven's lifetime and called "The Music Friends"; Handel's bust stood above the organ with a wreath of laurel. . . *From Earlier Letters to Miss Mather.*

a house in Grosvenor Square, the von W—s, whose superb house in Vienna is really beyond description; and yet they have country-places also. Did I tell you about the beautiful dinner there? The dining-room is truly superb, such china, silver, glass and flowers and such things to eat and to drink! And such charming, handsome people! . . . On our last visit, Frau von W. took us into her little breakfast-room, done in light blue and white, overlooking the exquisite garden. . . . Think of a house having *three* dining-rooms! . . .

Grace Carter and her maid, Wally, joined us at Franzensbad. . . We went with them to Munich, and, on August 14th, left for London, taking a *coupé lit* for us three and Tello! . . .

Mr. James said he would come up from Torquay and be with us the week before we sailed. . . . We dined twice with him, once at the Indian Exhibition. . . . The weather was very hot and we spent the evenings on the tops of omnibuses (!) trying to get cool.

. . The voyage on the "Trave" was the most unpleasant that we have ever had—ship overcrowded, cabin hot and weather bad. So much for our first August crossing! We had Klafsky* on board, and one night there was a delightful concert.

We reached New York on September 2nd, 1895. The heat was terrible.

And thus ended our 7th trip abroad.

*Katharina Klafsky, Wagnerian singer.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD"
(Told By C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER and Miss EMMA BECK.

SAILED March 27th, 1897 on "Kaiser Wilhelm II." Had upper deck cabin. . . Othello was allowed with us. Mrs. William Walter Phelps had the Captain's rooms. Thomas Nelson Page and Miss Agnes Repplier were passengers. . . All the rest were uninteresting people (like ourselves). We had no storms, but the ship rolled a good deal and people were, as usual, *very* ill, and we, as usual, *very* well. Othello was a good little sailor. After he took his morning promenade with his lady on the lower deck, he let me lock him in the room, and he crawled into his basket and made no noise. The Captain says that Othello shall go ashore with us at Gibraltar on Monday. . . .

Monday.

We spent the morning on shore, going through the wonderful "galleries" of the wonderful fortress, and driving in Victoria Gardens, admiring the superb heliotrope hedges. Othello enjoyed his day on shore even more than we did!

After leaving Gibraltar, we took the southern course, passing Sardinia and having lovely views of that island, as we had had the week before of the Azores. We had a concert and reading by Mr.

Page and Miss Repplier for the benefit of that (by this time) *rich* Seamen's Home. . . . We reached Naples early in the morning, but did not disturb ourselves. . . and had breakfast *alone* in the big dining-saloon with Mrs. Phelps. Then we came ashore on a tender *alone* with Mrs. Phelps and the doctor of the ship. . . . and were soon in a nice room at the hotel overlooking the magnificent harbour, Capri before us and Vesuvius on the left, the "tip-top" covered with soft white clouds. . . . Thursday afternoon we took a heavenly drive, and Friday, as it rained, we spent the day at the Museum, looking at the wonderful things I have heard of and seen pictures of, all my life. Saturday we crossed by steamer to Capri . . . a very hard excursion—six trips in little boats. . . . By the time we had reached the Blue Grotto, the sea was very rough, and it was difficult to enter. Fortunately, we had a good man, who managed to get his boat in and not wet us—but many people were wet through, and others very sea-sick and terribly frightened. The grotto was exquisitely blue, but it was an experience that one would hardly care to repeat. Capri is more beautiful to look at from other points than to go to, in my opinion.

Sunday we went by train to Pompeii. We took a private guide, "Prospero" and had a most satisfactory time. . . . Wednesday we spent in visiting the Naples churches—particularly those that Connie had marked in her Baedeker.

Thursday, we took the early train for Paestum. The train stopped half an hour at each station! At

Paestum . . . we were soon seated in the magnificent Temple of Neptune. It recalled Athens*. We had three hours to remain and to admire. Then we went by train to La Cava. . . . We walked to the Hotel de Londres, where we had some really hot toast and a cup of tea, and ordered a carriage and two horses to take us to Amalfi. It was a most lovely drive, taken at the loveliest time of day. We reached Amalfi about seven, and were carried up the long flights of steps to the hotel in chairs, and had the most fascinating cell to sleep in with *such* a view before us! After an excellent table d'hôte, served in the refectory, we walked up and down the terrace in the brilliant moonlight. . . The next morning we wandered about Amalfi and saw the interesting cathedral—then, as we were determined to have the whole drive to Castellamare, and as the most unique proprietor (Vozzi) of the most unique hotel (Cappuccini) declared we could not do it in one afternoon, we ordered our carriage for twelve, likewise a bottle of wine and some sandwiches, eating our luncheon in the carriage, and while exclaiming over the exquisite views, taking bites of bread and butter!

On Good Friday we went to the English Church—a desolate church and a desolate service, quite appropriate for Good Friday, but which would have been most forlorn for Easter. . . . We reached Rome on Saturday night. . . .

* We went to the British Museum to take a message to that poor lone Portico maiden there from her sisters at the Acropolis. Poor lonely creature, how beautiful she is, and how she *must* miss the heavenly blue sky of her former Athens home!

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

Easter was a perfect day. . . . We drove early to the cemetery with flowers. At that hour we were quite alone there.* We found the ivy growing splendidly, the violets so thick as almost to hide the cross, but it was all so beautiful that I did not feel like changing it. . . . On this visit we went to look at some of our favourite pictures, statues and frescoes, and saw also the newly-opened rooms at the Vatican—the Borgia Apartments. During our stay in Rome, there was an attempt made on the life of the King; this gave us many opportunities of seeing the King, Queen and Crown Prince. We also attended the opera and heard "Götterdämmerung" in Italian—commencing at nine o'clock, and ending towards two!

Vienna.†

April 30th.

Here, the music is very fine; the young dramatic soprano, Fräulein von Mildenburg, promises well—she has a powerful voice and is an accomplished actress. We go almost every night to the Burg-theater or to the Opera; besides the splendid acting

* You would hardly believe what I suffer from the curious—they are determined to see whose grave is being decorated, and they peek about and tip-toe and whisper and pretend to be looking somewhere else, and ever come nearer and nearer on an upper or a lower path until my nerves give out and tears drop.

From a Letter to Miss Mather, (1914).

Vienna.

† I have told you the practical part of our life—how shall I—how *can* I, half tell you the delight of the music! . . . *Always* excepting Parsifal, with which nothing can compare, all representations here are entirely beyond anything I ever heard before. Everything is so artistically mounted; such scenery, orchestra, and the singers in every part, perfect. Add to this the immense variety they give, and you

can faintly imagine all this has been. The "Walkyrie," with Materna and Scaria was magnificent. After Wotan puts Brünnhilde to sleep upon the rocks, the entire stage breaks out in the fire he calls forth, and as this matchless orchestra played that beautiful wailing music I am so fond of, I felt *I* must be a Walkyrie and yell also!, In this opera they have five or six real horses, indeed, I believe they have a dozen trained horses which belong to the company—In "Lohengrin," Scaria, who takes the part of the King, rides out on a most prancing, immense horse! I certainly thought he would plunge over into the orchestra. Winkelmann's Lohengrin was splendid. Oh, how he does sing and act! No one who saw his quiet, almost, expressionless face in concerts would believe in the intensity of his acting. . . . Herr Scaria himself has been very kind and I now know Frau Scaria and the daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen. They all speak English but say such funny things. Herr Scaria is as proud of his English as a boy and is delighted to speak it. He interests himself in all our interests. He is really painstaking and if I allude to anything I cannot find, he asks everybody, and finds out for me. For instance, I had been two Sundays to the British Embassy Church and found the gates locked; afterwards I heard there was a service held at the Scotch Church, and spoke of it. He found out all about it, and then came to tell me. He apologized for the church, saying: "In other German cities there is much American peoples, and everything is *well put on;* here there is few peoples, and everything is *very* bad put on," just as if he were speaking of a play! Madame Scaria was so funny about her husband's journey to London. She said she was "so *nervious* to *tink* him cross the big *ocean* by night." I could not understand her for some time, but at last made out she was meaning the channel! And when I endeavoured to explain it to her, she said, "Oh, it is all the *same water* what goes away to America" . . . When they wish us to go somewhere, they say: "If I could *animate* you to go." And when they express despair they say: "I was *desperated.*"

Clare is understanding and learning German rapidly. I *refuse* to have anything to do with it. I have now learned not to *run* when they salute me with what sounds like "*Curse drunk*" for it seems it is meant as a *great* compliment and is, in pretty English: "I kiss your hand." For some time, after making out what this "curse" meant, I was pleased, but now that I see it is only *said* and never carried into action, I find it disappointing! It is the most contradictory, confusing language. I came home the other day "mad" because the box office man had called me—through the little "cubby hole"—window what sounded like "*nigger frau.*" I knew I was yellow and dark, but I didn't like to be told so. Now I learn that it means "gracious lady," and although I do *not* like the sound of it, I try to smile when they say it.

Clare is busy with lessons. German, with a German master; French with a pretty Austrian girl who has lost all her money and is obliged to earn her living; English with an English lady, and music three times a week with a Fräulein who prepares her for a professor who comes once a week to hear what Clare has accomplished. Add to this, three hours and a half each day for music practice, and you will see that Clare has not much spare time. . . And then her reward comes in this *perfect* opera. It begins here at the delicious hour of seven and you know by painful experience how little we care for food when music can be heard. We have dinner at six o'clock, and behave very well and properly when we are *not* going to the opera, but dash off frantically, without salad, coffee, etc., on nights that we *are* going!

We never tire, and always want more. Anything more complete cannot be imagined For instance, in "Tannhäuser" in the first act where Tannhäuser is in the Venusberg, at least seventy of the ballet corps were employed

and singing, the ease of going is so great—to put a lace scarf over your head and walk about two blocks. And I confess that I like the pleasant Austrian salutation of the Opera House ushers: "I kiss your hand, gracious lady"!

Franzensbad,†

June 10th, 1897.

We have commenced our "cure" this morning; were up at six-thirty, dressed and out at seven, walking up and down, sipping our water, listening to the band and watching the interesting people. . . .

in the tableau, charmingly grouped; one could see them through a thin pink gauze curtain; some as though swimming in water, some asleep in mossy caves; others dancing on the grass. And yet, elaborate as it all was, it was only for ten short minutes. And so it is with everything. The other night we saw "Orpheus," exquisitely mounted. The lovely Theodore Thomas had made some of the Gluck music so familiar that I have long wished to see this opera. In the opera, Gluck brings Eurydice to life twice, and all ends well, much to Clare's delight; she feared the ending would be according to mythology. . .

* * * * *

You can have no idea how the full dress uniforms of the officers in the boxes add to the brilliancy of the house. The first night we had a splendid view of the Emperor and the King of Servia. They sat in a box very near us, and between the acts we could watch them. Since then, the Emperor has been to the "meeting" of the other two Emperors, and then to open the new railway tunnel, so we have not seen him again. *From Earlier Letters to Miss Mather.*

† I think I must have written you of my whole afternoon of glory? One afternoon when walking in the park at Carlsbad with Clare—the path being very uneven, she was behind me—I became suddenly aware that people were following us, peering through bushes at me, and that much whispering was going on. I was dressed in black, of course, and happened to have had my small black parasol up. Immediately I jumped at the truth—the Carlsbad paper had had a note in it that the Austrian Empress was in Carlsbad *incog.* for the day with her lady-in-waiting. I saw that I had been taken for her, because my veil and my parasol prevented my face from being seen! So I told Clare in a whisper to keep on assuming the manner of a lady-in-waiting, not to talk, but to follow. You can form no idea of how perfectly delightful I found it to be an Empress—it went straight to my old American head, and when towards dark, we slipped out of sight of the people and then reappeared just as Clara and Clare Benedict, Clare always declared that I was cross for three days!

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1897).

We are greeted on every side by old friends—the roll-woman, the butter-woman, the bath-woman, and the spring girls—"I kiss your hands, gracious ladies," hails us from all directions. We are told we look—"Oh, so much better than before," and when we say we have been two years in America, they sigh and look as if we had said *Mars*.

We take a glass of iron water, walk twenty minutes, then another glass and another twenty minutes' walk; then we go to the bakery, and there, placed on the counters in the cleanest baskets, are all the different varieties of fresh, almost hot, Vienna rolls. We pick out our favourite kinds—mine is called the "Stéphanie," made in the shape of a large "S"—most crisp and delicious. Afterwards we go to the "butter place," where we buy *three cents'* worth of the best butter (I ought to have said that our eight delicious rolls only cost us *seven cents*). We then go to the bath-house, and Clare disappears into her iron water bath, and *I* go into mine, into which is put a canvas bag of malt, and made all foamy and delightful by the girl. In this mixture I remain fifteen minutes, then, when we are clothed, off we hurry to our comfortable rooms where the little table is spread ready for the excellent coffee which the nice Fanny brings quickly. I have told you this a hundred times, I suppose, but if this letter reaches you on a hot morning, you won't mind reading it for the 101st time!

On the "rest day" we went over to Bayreuth to see about our rooms, expecting to return at

night, but we had no luck; at every house, either there were dogs or the rooms were engaged. . . . Herr von Gross helped us all he could, and so did everybody, but all in vain. We worked on until we lost our train. And our luggage for the night consisted of two parasols! We bought toothbrushes, combs, etc., and fortified by a cup of coffee, searched on. At last we found a delightful place—big cool rooms. Afterwards we wandered about in the lovely twilight in the Hofgarten and slept peacefully in our new purchases, Clare pronouncing hers to be sailcloth, and I feeling mine to be bedticking! We went back to Franzensbad next morning and found Tello and Auguste all right.

We left Franzensbad on July 17th, and reached Bayreuth about three, our big "Nuremberg" rooms were all ready for us and we soon started out, and drew the money to pay for our precious seats—a big fat pile of pale blue, pink and yellow tickets, delightful to look at and almost all in the front row, where we like best to be.*

* To the old pilgrim, there is a peculiar sanctity about the first row of the sombre amphitheatre, for in it have sat year after year the most distinguished of Bayreuth's visitors, and it can count among its lovers many great ones in the world of art and society. When an outsider penetrates by mistake into this hallowed precinct, he finds himself the target for cold looks and surprised stares. The truth is that the faithful like to keep the place to themselves—to receive the first waves of sound from the mystical abyss, to gaze unimpeded upon the familiar stage scenes, to breathe in the wonderful sea mists of the Norwegian coast, to revel in the Nibelungen clouds—to smell the sweet flowers of the Good Friday Spell.

A dual nationality seems to cling to the frequenters of this favoured row. There is a saying, indeed, that no one there is what he seems; the Italian, for example, is really a Spaniard, the Frenchman turns out to be an Austrian, the Englishwoman was born in Germany, the Russian proves to be a Pole. (*C.R.B.*)

On Monday, we heard our first "Parsifal"—Van Dyck, Brema, Grengg, Plank and Perron—a finished performance and the audience (as a first performance always is) composed of musical people, celebrities, critics and Royalties. . . .

The "Ring" was superb; we felt as if we had never seen it before. The Wotan—one Van Rooy from Rotterdam—was very fine, a magnificent voice, and a good actor; Gulbranson's Brünnhilde also very fine, Breuer's Mime and Friedrich's Alberich perfect, the Rhine-maidens' voices exquisite and the scenery splendid. Richter conducted. Vogl and Sucher enchanted us by their beautiful rendering of Siegmund and Sieglinde.

We have seen my old friend the flower-woman, and she still calls me her "Boss-Lady." She walks four miles—from the little place where she lives—to Bayreuth every day during the performances, with her basket full of flowers to sell. She is very old and feeble, and, for years, I have interested myself in her, given her money and talked to her. To my dismay I have heard that two days before the Festival, she begins asking everybody, right and left, if they have seen anywhere "The one good mother with the one good daughter and the little black son?" What people have thought she meant by the "little black son," I cannot imagine! A year ago last summer, she gave me her picture. *My* picture, with "the one good daughter and little black son," *I* think is very good, but one is never a judge—besides, our whole minds were upon the great question of whether Othello would keep still or not!

THE ONE GOOD MOTHER WITH THE ONE GOOD DAUGHTER AND THE LITTLE BLACK SON."

[*To face p.* 26]

After a month's feast of music at Bayreuth, we dropped down "hard-bang" at Dresden to see our dentist. But, as he found nothing to do, our spirits rose again, and we went about looking at some of our favourite pictures, waving a welcome to the King of Siam, and doing a few more things! They were "house-cleaning" at the picture gallery and the Sistine was out in the room with "Holy Night." Strange as this seemed, the brilliant light from above brought out the colouring wonderfully. At Leipzig, to my horror, I found the dreadful trolley cars! So we fled away to sleepy, old-fashioned, unchanged Weimar, where we had a most delightful time, looking at the extremely interesting Goethe, Schiller and Liszt houses. In the latter, the Grand Duke has left everything just as Liszt left it when he went to Bayreuth that last summer of his life. We were taken all over the historic old opera-house, where so many gifted ones have acted, sung, conducted and listened. It was in this small house, in this small town that (thanks to the energy of Liszt*) our beautiful "Lohengrin" was heard for the first time. Think of it! So successful had been this little stop that we decided upon making another at Eisenach—more in order to see the Richard Wagner Museum in its new home than for any other reason. (We knew

* We reached Bayreuth on the anniversary of Liszt's death, and through a friend of Frau Wagner's were allowed to be present at the memorial concert given in the Catholic Church. Everything at Bayreuth was the same, streets full of people, flowers, programmes, pictures of the singers. And yet, as some one said, "How like a pilgrimage it is, and how serious and in earnest everybody is!" Of course, those two graves, Wagner's and Liszt's, were piled high with flowers; our little offerings adding to the heap.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

the Museum by heart, as its first home was in Vienna and its creator, Herr Oesterlein, was our friend). It occupies the second floor of the Fritz Reuter Villa, which is in the pretty wood at the beginning of the Wartburg Hill. Afterwards, we walked up the romantic forest-path to the Wartburg*, thinking far more of "Tannhäuser"—and: "Could Elisabeth have come up this path"? and: "Is Wolfram at the bottom of the hill, singing to the Evening Star?"—than of Martin Luther translating the Bible in his small room at the castle!

Heidelberg,
Schloss Hotel,
August 21st, 1897.

So unexpected was our coming here that I have almost to pinch myself to see if it is really Clara W. Benedict! . . .

From our terrace we have a splendid view of the "most lovely ruin in Europe," as it is justly called, and on the other side of our big room, we have another large enclosed terrace, which commands a full view of the valley of the Neckar and the town of Heidelberg below us. . . . We eat our breakfast on one of the enclosed verandahs, and exclaim between every mouthful over the lights and shadows on the hills, river and ruins.

* I telegraphed to the little inn at the Wartburg, asking them to reserve for us the *one* bedroom there and to meet us upon arrival of the train, which they did, and by brilliant moonlight we drove up to the beautiful castle. We spent the next day in going through the castle twice, and wandering all about the woods.
From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

Afternoon.

This morning we took Tello for a long walk in the forest . . . the signposts drawing us on and on, and up and up until at last we found ourselves at the top of the highest mountain—1860 feet. Upon the summit has been built a tall tower, which commands a superb view of the Rhine, Neckar, Odenwald, Taunus and Black Forest. It was an ideal day and we all three enjoyed it immensely. And now we have been reading aloud and looking at this heavenly view before us, feeling, after our four hours' walk, as if we must rest, and yet rather longing to go out into the woods again !

* * * * *

We were most fortunate in hearing some model opera performances at Carlsruhe, "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "St. Elisabeth" and Berlioz's "Trojans" under Felix Mottl's inspired baton . . the "Lohengrin," one of the best that I have ever heard, and as it was my 43rd hearing, I suppose I may be considered to know the opera ! . . .

Vienna,

October.

. . . The new Director Mahler is sweeping with a new broom at a great rate ! . . . There is no orchestra (excepting Bayreuth) equal to this—the strings are so perfect. We go and go and go and often feel sorry that we cannot go to two performances the same night ! Clare has had the realization of her dream,

and has heard Reichmann sing in that beautiful music-room, charming Frau von W. playing his accompaniment. . . .*

We decided, because of our iron stock not paying dividends and our frozen orange trees in Florida yielding no fruit, to remain in Europe this winter.† One gets so much more over here for one's money.

We left Vienna on the night of the 18th of December . . . and had a very comfortable journey to Rome. . . . travelling with some rich Russians, who had all kinds of luxuries . . . afternoon tea served, etc. . . . It amused us to watch them. . . . We reached Rome early in the morning of our joint

* Clare had made in Vienna an ideally lovely black satin and tulle dinner dress—it was a beautiful dress, the soft tulle looked like butterfly wings (as Henry James described it). Well, we both were so pleased with Clare's costume that I said "Let us have a photograph taken of you in this dress," and we did. This required much planning—to dress up in such a costume and drive across Vienna in broad daylight to the court photographer required an effort. A fixed appointment was made and off we started, but Clare looked pale, and I suggested that she take her American letters that had just arrived; perhaps she could read them *en route*, and perhaps while waiting—it was my idea of quieting her. Now among the letters was one from one of Clare's intimate friends—she wrote a large hand—people always thought it was a man's handwriting; one would never think a girl wrote it.

When we entered the photographer's splendid rooms, Clare still carried her letters in her hand, but when she was "placed" by the artist, who was quite wild over the extreme beauty of the dress, she put the letters on a table. All seemed right as to Clare's costume, figure, hair, hands, arms and neck, but the man said: "Try to look happier." But Clare *couldn't*. Then the man walked towards the table, and, with a very significant look, took up what he supposed was a "man's letter," and holding it in his hand by his machine where he had directed Clare's eyes to rest, he said with a knowing smile, "Perhaps *this* letter will bring a smile!" And it did—a smile and a blush overspread Clare's face, and snap! the man caught just the moment.

Henry James, when he heard the story, said: "The gracious charm of the Austrians! In an American or an Englishman, it would have been impertinent."

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

† For America, one must have loads of new clothes and bright new stories!

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

"PERHAPS *THIS* LETTER WILL BRING A SMILE!"

[*To face p.* 30]

birthday. . . . We left Rome for Naples on the morning of December 22nd. . . . The day was a fine one, but before we reached Naples, we were in the clutches of a fierce Tramontana. We took a room at the Grand Hotel, had a fire started and sat before it with all our wraps on . . . then, with all our luggage, were driven to the boat. It was crowded; no order—goats, sailors, and first-class passengers jammed together ! . . . We spent a wretched night because Tello was so afraid. I held him in my arms during the greater part of the crossing. The night was horrid, but when we saw the glorious Palermo harbour the next morning, we grew enthusiastic about it, even if we *were* frozen. . . .

We were soon in the Hotel des Palmes, and, after breakfast, took a look at all the vacant rooms Ragusa had. He and his manager were very disagreeable, and put up the prices—and Tello was " seasick " almost *anywhere.* We stood about in stiff attitudes to hide the scene from the waiters—and the awful wind still blew ! So the beginnings of Palermo (excepting the magnificent harbour) were failures and disappointments. However, the next morning the wind stopped and a sun of June-like warmth poured over us and the sight of the lovely flowers and heavenly blue sky and water cheered us.

We spent six delightful weeks at Palermo, seeing all the interesting sights, taking all the drives and walking in the private gardens. The mosaics in the Royal Chapel and at Monreale are beyond description—Monreale, one of the most beautiful places I have ever

seen—the cloisters, the monks' garden and above all, the 70,400 square feet of marvellous mosaics! The head of Christ which fills the whole of the tribune has a strange Byzantine type of face, with powerfully penetrating eyes. We took all the excursions—near and far—even to Girgenti to see those ruined temples, standing silent and grand, twenty-three centuries old! And nothing really to tell one how they were built or how destroyed. We saw these ruins surrounded by almond trees in full bloom, one mass of white, with the lovely pink blossoms, here and there, of the bitter almond; it was all enchanting.

We were in Palermo during the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Sicilian Revolution, and had fine opportunities to see the Prince and Princess of Naples. The Sicilians think her "too sad-looking," but I thought her *very* pretty. . . . We often went into the rooms that Wagner occupied in the Hotel des Palmes the winter of '81 and '82, where he completed the 3rd act of "Parsifal," and we often blessed that hot Palermo sun which kept him alive to finish beloved "Parsifal" for us.

From Palermo we went to Syracuse, and, as the train left at seven a.m., we saw the only thing we had missed seeing—a sunrise over that lovely Palermo harbour. And when, later in the day, we swung around a curve and caught our first sudden glimpse of Etna—it fairly took our breath away! . . . It was wonderfully grand and imposing—and *just as it should be* (so few things are). . .

We stayed—in Syracuse—at a queer little hotel... adjoining the Latomia de' Cappuccini, and very near the old crypt of St. Marcian (under San Giovanni) where St. Paul preached to the first Christian congregation (Acts xxviii. 12.) We also "tarried there three days." . . . The trip in the boat through the papyrus plants was unique . . . and the "Ear of Dionysius," most wonderful. As the man tears a piece of paper, you hear the immense echo of it like thousands of bushes crackling, and the shutting softly of a door sounds like thunder. . . . Poor prisoners—those sighs and whispered complaints must have been easily heard, and fresh punishments invented for them! But there is so much history connected with Syracuse as almost to discourage one—at least, such a one as C.W.B.! . . . You must study, read and remember to make it vivid and real, for there is little left to see.

And then we jumped from all these "twenty-four centuries ago" things to modern Malta—to English army and navy officers, to golf, bands of music, afternoon teas. We did enjoy our five days there immensely . . . and I am not at all sure that we did not score a point by holding to our date of departure, leaving regrets for the invitations to the races and a ball to be given by the officers of the Duke of Wellington's regiment. Two officers of this regiment were at Palermo for some time this winter, and we got to know them quite well; they added much, of course, to our pleasure. One evening we went to the opera and were quite dazzled by the

brilliant uniforms of the English officers. The next day we saw the interesting Knights of Malta Church. At three o'clock we drove to San Antonio, the summer residence of the Governor, where Bainbridge and Strafford met us and gave us tea, "Melita honey,"* etc.

Taormina,
Hotel Castellamare,
March, 1898.

If you could only see what *I* see as I write this letter! Hare, in his delightful book on Sicily, says: "Sir Henry Holland, who had rambled all the world over, recalled in his old age the view from Taormina as one of the three most beautiful in his recollection." I must tell you an amusing thing about this room. Last autumn in Vienna, I read aloud to Clare an article on Taormina by the Duchess of Sutherland in one of the English magazines. As I looked at the illustrations and read the enthusiastic descriptions of this place, I said to Clare: "Oh, why doesn't she tell of things as prosaic as *hotels*, for, just *her* view I want when I go to Taormina." So, after I saw this one large room with its superb views, and had decided to take it, the landlord said: "I am glad you like the view; so did the Duchess of Sutherland; she was in this room for three weeks last March" . . . Wasn't it strange that quite by chance I had selected the very room? The house is built on a rock, high above the blue water, and we look

* When Clare and I were so enthusiastic about Malta, the officers to whom we were talking said: "Oh, yes, but *you* can get away!"

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

directly down into its lovely clearness; on our right is Etna, its "snowy head in the clouds, its feet in the sea"; and, on our left, Calabria and all the lovely shores, water, sails, and so forth. One could never describe it—it is too beautiful. . .

We have plenty of society, rather too much, sometimes, as many of the same people who have been with us at Palermo, Syracuse and Girgenti are here at the different hotels, and we meet them for walks and chats quite often.

There has been much excitement over the finding at Taormina of some Greek gold coins, twenty-three centuries old! Clare has secured one of these and has had it made into a ring.*

* * * * *

Almost everybody shirks stopping at Messina because of the poor hotels, but I felt that our winter in Sicily would be incomplete were we not to see Scylla and Charybdis (about all I knew of Sicily as a little girl!) and we were fully repaid. The hotel did very well and we met some pleasant English, who were stopping for the same reason that we did. The drive to Faro was most interesting, we climbed up to the top of the lighthouse and had a superb view of Scylla opposite, and the whirlpool, Charybdis, below us, and also of the Lipari Islands

* It made us feel very near you to receive your welcome letters from Taormina. You must have seen our *Kersploshy*† footsteps everywhere—we walked all over those lovely goat paths and rarely missed a sunset—during our whole stay of four weeks—from the Greek Theatre. No view I have ever seen goes beyond that one—Etna with its head in the blue sky and its feet thirty miles down in the blue waters!
From a Letter to Miss Mather (1909).

† A "Woolson" word.

and Stromboli. As any volcano *I* look at becomes sullen, and emits grey smoke only, so—just now—Stromboli had no red flames to show, and therefore we gave up the troublesome night crossing from Messina to Naples, since we had only arranged to take it so as to *see* the red flames of Stromboli. . . .

The little boat trip across the straits from Messina to Reggio is enchanting, but we were too low-spirited at leaving Sicily to enjoy it as we ought to have done. Taking last looks at that lovely island and watching magnificent Etna slowly disappear, was not a very cheerful occupation. And then at Reggio we felt as if we had been struck in the face by seeing one of our own Pullman sleeping cars drawn up on the line, awaiting us! We *detest* sleeping-cars at home, and how out of place one seemed on the threshold of Sicily! However, we were partly compensated by travelling with one of Crawford's Italians—old Prince Saracinesca—and found him charming. Clare hoped that Don Orsino, his grandson, might join him at some station! We reached La Cava early the next morning, and . . . were soon delightfully settled in the most excellent hotel . . . It is an old monastery, fitted up with every comfort . . . open wood fires in all the rooms, charming little halls and sitting-rooms and nooks where one can always find a comfortable chair or sofa, a good lamp, writing table, etc.

We have spent one interesting day at Pompeii, driving there in the most luxurious fashion, taking Auguste and Tello with us. Auguste was anxious to see Pompeii. Just as we started, we were told by a

Naples courier that no dogs would be allowed to enter. However, I kept on, although assured by our driver that Tello could not get in. Before reaching the entrance, we made our plan of action : Clare was to buy the tickets, Auguste to carry shawls, guide-books, etc., and *I* to walk in boldly and as a matter of course with Tello ! This plan we carried out, and although the ticket man and guides looked as if on the *point* of objecting, yet we kept deliberately on, with heads high, and decided steps, and no one spoke. When we passed in through the gate, the inspector pointed to Tello and held up his hand, whereupon I fired off my saved bullet. *"Cave Canem,"* I said in a most reproachful tone of voice, and all the men roared with laughter, and in went Master Othello ! And, oh, what a happy day he had in the buried city of Pompeii, not giving a look at the Temple of Isis, or the House of Panza, or the fascinating new house of the Vettii. No, indeed—he would not even look at the skeleton of the poor Pompeian dog or the House of the Tragic Poet where the original *"Cave Canem"* was found. All *he* cared for were the hundreds of lively little lizards of 1898 that he is so devoted to !

Another day we went into Naples and spent two hours at that wonderfully interesting Museum, looking again at all the Pompeian things. We had heard that Vesuvius was active, and so we made this plan . . . for taking an evening train back, *so as to see flames from Vesuvius !* And we really did see masses of bright red on the edge of the crater.

It was very exciting—rather more so than was altogether pleasant, as we swept along nearly underneath—any moment, we thought, we might spy the hot lava running towards us! . . .

It is great fun here to watch the crowds of people coming and going; they start out in the morning for one of the excursions, and then, in they all come at night, full of enthusiasm about Paestum, Pompeii, Salerno, Ravello or wherever they have been.

We have enjoyed Sicily immensely. The brigands troubled us not at all, for once and *once only*, our small incomes were of use. The brigands never think it worth their while to trouble any but the very rich—they are always after a big ransom. Indeed, Naples is far worse, as regards beggars, impudent cab-drivers and all kinds of disagreeable people, than the whole of Sicily put together.

We vowed that on this trip to Sicily we would "hob-nob" at table d'hôte and "study types," as we were told by some friends that this was a very interesting study. We have lived up to our vow, but I cannot say that I care for this study—I suppose, because *I* am a "type" myself, and therefore, as I look at and overhear other "types," it has a very depressing effect. We *have* met a few pleasant people, some very dull ones, some funny ones, some awful bores, and grumblers by the hundreds! I felt that it was a good lesson and that I would *never* complain of anything again. It was so overpoweringly tiresome to hear people find fault with every

thing from how the eggs were cooked to the weather. One longed to echo what the rude landlord at Palermo said to the complaining English lady: "Why didn't you stay at home? I am sure *I* didn't ask you to come!"

This winter, Clare has been studying Italian, and gets on "splendidly" (I say), and she says "badly."*

* * * * *

We spent Holy Week and Easter at Bologna.† There is a small English chapel fitted up in the hotel, and the "two or three" gathered there made the services peaceful and attractive. We not only brought flowers for the Easter services, but were allowed to arrange them ourselves. We had the great pleasure this visit at Bologna of going one day to Ravenna. . . . It is full of intensely interesting sights; there is enough to look at and enjoy

* The child is by nature a thoughtful and industrious student in her youthful way, and very intelligent. I don't know that she has her mother's quickness; but she has all the Benedict thoroughness. Like a certain aunt of hers, too, she wants to go to the root of a thing. The myriad of questions she asks all the time remind me of my own!

From an Earlier Letter of Constance Fenimore Woolson to G. Pomeroy Keese.

† We stopped to look at the two leaning towers there, and to see the St. Cecilia by Raphael. The two towers make me far more nervous than the famed Pisa one. . . The Pisa tower you can stand at a safe distance from and gaze at in astonishment, knowing that if it *should* fall while you are looking at it, not a piece would strike *you*. But the Bologna towers are in the heart of the town and lean in *different* directions, so, no matter where you stand, you feel unsafe. But they are wonders, and the St. Cecilia is as lovely as I hoped she would be. It gives me a strange feeling to see at last the original of such a famous picture.

We stopped at Ferrara to see the cathedral, castle and Ariosto's house. The cathedral is a little like Peterborough, although the marble-stucco façades of the Italian churches seem so *sham-like*.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

for weeks rather than hours. . . Another lovely day we spent at Parma, studying the "Correggiosity of Correggio," . . . We left Bologna on Easter Monday going straight through to Vienna. . . . At Mestre, as we have done once or twice before, we let Auguste go on into Venice, and we stopped off—this gave a nice little walk for Othello. As we stood waiting for our train, the Milan train came in, and I noticed at the window of a first class carriage a familiar face; at the same moment, the owner of the face seemed to discover in me a friend—he waved frantically and called to the guard, and, with wife and child holding on to him, he jumped out and rushed up to me, and I saw it was my old Cleveland friend, Johnny H.! We had but a moment to talk. He and his family were *en route* for Paris.

* * * * *

We had ideal weather at Franzensbad; spent hours out of doors. Read aloud ten novels—Meredith's "Amazing Marriage," being far and away the most absorbing. . . .

We made two "breaks" in our Franzensbad life of rules—one to go over to Marienbad, the other, to go to Höritz, to witness the Passion Play there, a wonderfully interesting experience—so interesting that I followed my impulse and wrote an account of it.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED OBERAMMERGAU.

ON a beautiful morning in June, our little party left Franzensbad, resolved upon making the difficult pilgrimage to Höritz in the Bohemian Forest to witness a performance of the Passion Play. Several times in former years, this pilgrimage had been proposed and abandoned because of its difficulties, but the spirit of sight-seeing, which never quite sleeps in some of us, was violently aroused once more by the reports of this Passion Play which reached us in our little green bath-place, and, thanks to the energy of our leading lady (whom we named "Mrs. Baedeker"), the start was actually made on this beautiful June morning.

From Eger to Budweis we travelled by what is called the "Luxury Train," which runs every summer between Vienna and Carlsbad. This train is well-named. Seated in comfortable easy-chairs, in a handsome compartment, with broad windows, pleasantly shaded by dark curtains, our feet sinking into the pretty soft rugs, we literally rushed on towards our destination, too fast altogether to please those of us who delight in this picturesque country. When hungry, we walked through the corridor into an elaborately fitted-up dining-car, where anything and everything we desired in the way of food was most attractively served; when thirsty, we touched

the bell, and immediately an attentive waiter appeared, who carried out our orders promptly and refreshingly. In the midst of all this luxury, we could not feel that we were taking the first steps of our religious pilgrimage to simple, primitive Höritz.

At Budweis we left this "Luxury Train," and, on stepping from the car, were asked by a polite official whether we were the ladies who had ordered a carriage for Höritz. Upon our answer in the affirmative, we were conducted to a comfortable landau, and were introduced to the smiling driver, "Fritz," who assured us that his horses were good and strong and could accomplish the journey in "no time." Our bags and rugs were packed in, and off we started, congratulating ourselves upon our cleverness in having telegraphed for the carriage, and having thus avoided the three hours' wait at Budweis and the tedious journey on a slow branch railway.

Before we had driven a mile, we began to feel in the proper spirit for such an enterprise. From the roadside and the cottages, we were greeted with a "Good Day" and a "*Grüss' Gott*!"—and at each shrine and crucifix (of which the country is full), our Fritz lifted his hat, and made the sign of the cross. Our drive was most delightful; the road plunged one moment into the deep shade of a pine forest, and then emerged into the brilliant sunshine, where to the right and left of us extended the beautifully cultivated fields—the different grains looking like long ribbons of green, yellow and brown; the cornflowers and poppies adding lovely tinges of colour to the picture.

About half-way between Budweis and Höritz lies the little town of Krummau, which is crowned by Prince Schwarzenberg's picturesque castle. We rested here at a funny little inn, where, in company with Fritz, we refreshed ourselves with a glass of native beer. The landlord was immensely interested in our expedition, and told us that he knew " Judas " very well. He seemed distressed lest we should think that his friend's character resembled that of Judas. He assured us that the contrary was the case, and that, in fact " Pihali " had been chosen for the part because he was " the very best man in Höritz."

From this point on, as we continued our drive, we found more and more little forests, and fewer and fewer dwellings, and finally, just before sunset, we caught the first glimpse of our Mecca.

Höritz consists of one long, broad street, that winds up from the station to the Passion Playhouse, which is situated on the top of a gentle hill, about half a mile from the village. This long, up-hill village street reminds those who have made the literary pilgrimage to Haworth of that other long, up-hill village street, at the top of which stands the desolate parsonage home of that great genius, Charlotte Brontë ; and the pale red theatre on this hill, reminds those who have made the musical pilgrimage to Bayreuth of that pale red theatre on the Bürgerreuth, where a still greater genius—Richard Wagner—has left his spirit.

On entering the village, we were obliged to ask our way to the house of Herr Joseph Frieper, with

whom we were to lodge, as Fritz did not know Höritz. Several peasants stepped forward, eager to assist us.

"Why, Frieper is our Caiaphas," said one. "He lives in the Market Place opposite the stone cheating post," cried another.

"Near the Paradise Inn," explained a third. "Above the Hotel Devil," added a fourth.

Alarmed by these rather startling directions, we mounted the street to the house of Caiaphas. Here we were met by a melancholy, dignified man, who greeted us with mingled courtesy and shyness that was most attractive. Fritz was dismissed with his tariff and his "*Trinkgeld*," and we were ushered by a sturdy Bohemian maidservant into Caiaphas' sitting-room, and dining-room, which had been turned into two comfortable bedrooms.

The evening was so beautiful that we started out at once to get an impression of Höritz before dark. In front of the cottages were benches upon which sat the peasants resting after their day's work in the fields ; the men smoking long pipes, the women knitting long stockings, and the children playing. We were greeted politely by the women as we passed, and the men raised their caps.

Suddenly, the vesper bell sounded. We happened to be directly in front of a row of most interesting-looking peasants of the sort that Walter Gay loves to paint. The men instantly took their pipes from their mouths and caps from their heads, the women ceased knitting, the children stopped playing,

and all eyes were turned towards the church, all hands were clasped, all lips moved in prayer. We too, stopped and turned towards the church. In the face of such reverent worship, it seemed sacrilegious to walk on or talk. We had indeed found our impression.

We were awakened Sunday morning by the crowing of Caiaphas's cocks, and so imbued had we become with the spirit of the place, that in our half-dozing state, we felt we had—with St. Peter—denied Our Lord, and it was with a sigh of relief that we realized who and where we were!

The day was a glorious one, and from the "eye window," in the roof of each cottage hung a long slender flag. The peasants were seated on their benches as on the night before, but now arrayed in their Sunday clothes; the women in full petticoats, white bodices, and elaborately trimmed jackets, wearing on their heads silk handkerchiefs arranged like hoods; the men were dressed in the picturesque costume of the Bohemian Forest.

The whole street had such an air of solemn expectancy that, although it was still early, we hastened to the little inn for our breakfast, fearing that we might be late. We were waited upon by a sweet-faced young woman, who brought us quickly fresh butter, freshly-baked crisp rolls, delicious coffee and eggs. She added to this "fresh cherry cake, if the ladies would like it." We liked everything!

When we came to pay for this excellent breakfast we found that our bill amounted to sixty-four

kreutzers—(about twenty-five cents) and we therefore gave our little landlady a comparatively large "*Trinkgeld*." She objected, and, indeed, all the inhabitants of Höritz seem to be absolutely free from any mercenary motives; this adds immensely to the attraction of the place. Our fee caused the shy young woman to talk a little, and with tears in her eyes, and a slight trembling of her lips she said: "I once took the part of Mary, blessed Mother of the Lord." She showed us with pride a photograph of herself as the Virgin Mary. As we looked at it admiringly, she gave a quick glance towards the front room, where her husband, the landlord, stood, and said with a half sigh: "And then I married *him*, and now another takes my part."

After bidding farewell to this gentle Mary of the past, we soon found ourselves in the procession which was moving slowly towards the theatre. It consisted almost entirely of peasants who had come from a distance, either by early morning train, by waggon, or on foot. Almost all the women carried prayer-books—usually in the left hand—and wound round the hand and book a rosary. During the whole day, while they ate, drank, walked and talked, the hand, the rosary and the prayer-book were ever united.

The theatre is very skilfully built upon a plateau facing the village, the back part, or auditorium, rests upon the ascending slope of the hill and this gives the natural elevation to the seats, and one's feet rest on the earth. Most of the seats can be obtained for

a low price, as the greater part of the audience consists of working people. For Royalties and those of the upper classes who make this religious pilgrimage, a few places have been arranged with divisions and foot stools. Thirty-two doors, sixteen on each side, give ample and easy entrance and exit, and in a moment one steps from the dark theatre out upon the grassy hillside. The sunken orchestra is invisible, and is composed entirely of miners, who work in the lead mines four miles away.

The first signal for the beginning of the Passion Play is the firing of three guns. This sound is echoed and re-echoed back and forth among the hills, and there is still time to reach the theatre if one starts after hearing the guns. A little later, the first call is sounded—a few bars of music played by the horns. Then follows a second call, and after all are seated in the silent dark hall, a third and last call is given, the thirty-two curtains are dropped, and the thirty-two doors are closed. A herald, picturesquely dressed in the costume of the Bohemian Forest appears and bids the stranger welcome in a few simple words, begging the indulgence of the audience for the peasant performers.

So much has been written about the Passion Play at Oberammergau that nothing need be told here save the differences between the two plays. At Höritz, the parts are all taken by the peasants with no professional help or training. The spirit of the performance is intensely religious. These peasant representations are a revival of very old

Passion Plays that were formerly given here. At Oberammergau there is a juxtaposition of models from the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New Testament. At Höritz the main stress is laid upon a chronological representation of biblical history from the Creation and Fall of Man till his Salvation by Christ.

The actual play begins with the "Chaos" from Haydn's "Creation," played by the hidden orchestra. The morning performance of two hours is devoted to pictures from the Old and New Testaments from the Creation onwards, and ends with the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The pictures were very life-like, and into a few scenes a dialogue was introduced. One scene taken from the parable of the lost sheep was very interesting. A little girl twelve years old acted the part of the shepherd of the flock. He is crying bitterly in the woods when a pilgrim meets him and asks why he cries. The dialogue between the Boy-Shepherd and the pilgrim, alluding to all the promises, brings tears to the eyes. To leave the "ninety and nine," and seek after the one which was lost until found, had an intense ring of reality about it. After this life-like scene, the Shepherd Boy disappears again into the woods calling out as he goes: "Lambkin! Lambkin!" In a few moments, a second curtain is raised, and standing up against a cross is the radiant-faced Shepherd Boy, holding the lost sheep on his shoulders. "Rejoice with me, I have found my sheep which was lost." This tableau is an exact copy of a painting of the "Good Shepherd," in the catacombs at Rome.

In the picture of " Let there be Light," the effect arranged to represent the "Void" was very striking. One felt rather dizzy, and actually breathed a sigh of relief, when, at the sound of the organ, a sudden light shone down from above, and through soft white gauze clouds could be seen a tableau of the Lord and His angels.

Adam tilling the soil by the sweat of his brow was a very powerful scene. The physical fatigue shown in the weary attitude of his body, the mental anguish expressed in the haggard lines of his face, the hopelessly sterile look of the earth—the general sense of heat, dust, labour and failure, were all depicted in a life-like manner. The Holy Family Scene exposed to view the interior of a simple, poorly-furnished cottage; seated on one side of the room was the Virgin Mary with her distaff, on the other side, Joseph at work at his carpenter's bench; between them stood the Child Jesus, who had picked up from the shavings and pieces of wood lying on the floor a cross, which He held up before Him. The Temptation Scene was also extremely impressive. One saw the roofs, towers and domes of the City below, dimly outlined against the sky, while in the foreground the brilliant light shed on the figure of the Saviour contrasted strangely with the dark red glow surrounding the figure of the tempter. Almost for the first time one felt the reality of Our Saviour's hunger, thirst and weariness—so terrible was the suffering expressed in His face.

The morning performance closed with Christ's

"Entry into Jerusalem," in which scene over three hundred peasants were on the stage. It all seemed so real—the antics of the children; the hysterical excitement of the women; the scornful aloofness of Caiaphas and the high priests; the stolid behaviour of the stately ass—that many in the audience made sudden movements forward as though longing to throw down palms also, and to join in the shout of "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

The chorus, consisting of about fifty men and women, were dressed in loose white robes, with bright red cloaks. Each tableau was described beforehand either by the chorus in song or by the chorus leader alone, in blank verse. This chorus leader (the schoolmaster of Höritz) did his difficult part with extreme grace and dignity.

There was a sign on each door requesting that no applause should be given, that hats should be removed, and that the doors should not be opened during the performance. The attention paid to these requests by the simple peasants might be a lesson in politeness to many a fashionable audience.

The day was a beautiful one, and the view most exquisite. After luncheon we went into the pine woods near by, feeling somewhat oppressed by the sense of what was to come. So real had been the morning's performance that we dreaded to go in and yet we could not stay out. We felt that some one must interfere—the tragedy could not take place.

The following true story came to mind. It

occurred long ago in the " palmy " days of the Union Square Theatre, during the long run of " The Celebrated Case," when a lady was so overcome by the play, that, as the curtain dropped after the first act, she called out: " This *cannot* go on; some one must stop that child from testifying against its *own father!*"

At the first call of the horns, however, we hastened back into the dark building, and there, together with the devout peasants, absorbed bishops and priests, and awe-struck tourists, we sat for three breathless hours—watching, listening, and feeling!

The afternoon performance begins by the playing of the prelude to Haydn's " Seven Words of Our Saviour." Then follows the Passion Play itself, which consists of five parts, each part containing several scenes. The first of these scenes where Christ confides His future sufferings to His mother, is very powerful. The Virgin implores her Son to soften the manner of His death, or to let her die first. Her anguish is heartrending to witness, and Our Saviour is moved to tears; but after a reluctant farewell and blessing, He leaves her.

The " Last Supper " was most impressive. No one could fail to be touched by the earnest manner in which the peasants played their parts. The Apostles themselves were represented as being ordinary, devout men, not saints. The scene was simple and homely and yet it never dropped into tameness or lost any of its intensity, in spite of its length and many repetitions.

I have refrained until now from speaking of the man who assumed the part of our Saviour, but there can be no more appropriate place to describe him than here, in the scene of the Last Supper, as he sat at table surrounded by his disciples. The part was taken formerly by the schoolmaster of Höritz, but this year a young stone-mason named Jordan Wiltschke undertook the difficult task, and he seemed to us an ideal choice. He was both graceful and stately in his movements, and his face was most expressive, lighted up by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, reminding one of those penetrating Byzantine eyes of the wonderful mosaic Christ at Monreale. A soft silky beard added immensely to the naturalness of his appearance and spared one the sight of a hideous false beard. This honoured stone-mason carried himself throughout with eminent dignity. One felt that he could not have been told what to do, he must have been inspired.

The scenes of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," "The Betrayal," "Jesus before Annas and Caiaphas," "Mary seeks her Son in the Night," followed one another in all too rapid succession. Then came a very pathetic episode called the "Saviour's Lament." The stage represented a deserted courtyard faintly illuminated by the moon. On the right rose the solid prison wall, and through the heavily grated window came the sad voice of the Saviour. The lament, which was supported by a soft organ accompaniment, ended with the words:—"For you, O sinners, my blood shall be shed, my death brings you all everlasting life."

In "Christ before Pilate," every small detail was carried out with a life-like action impossible to describe—the screaming of the children, the shouting of the men, the laughter of the women, the angry jeers of the soldiers, Pilate's distressed face, rendered doubly so by his anxiety to hear his wife's message through the deafening uproar. . . . Then came the "Scourging," the "Condemnation," and the "Carrying of the Cross," in which scene Our Lord made the following address to the cross itself—"Be greeted, O Holy Cross, for thou art the rest of my wounded body, thee have I feared, and yet loved with all my soul, for this have I come into the world in order that I might on you redeem the human race. O dear Cross, since I am forsaken by all men, receive thou me; I will embrace thee and die on thee!" He threw his arms around the cross and kissed it.

The scenes of "Peter Bewailing his Sin," and "Judas' Remorse" followed. Judas, while declaring that his sin can never be forgiven, hears the sound of a trumpet, which he thinks is the signal of the Last Judgment, and with a start he turns to see Lucifer by his side. And Judas rushes to a high rock and hangs himself.

The Crucifixion can be better imagined than described. The tragic story hurries on to its bitter end—in half an hour, through the medium of the eyes, one felt the reality of the Crucifixion far more acutely than in half a century through the medium of the ears. Seated in comfortable pews, in well-warmed churches, with beautiful music

echoing in our ears, how can we fully realize the actuality of the familiar, oft-repeated story?

A scene of strange interest followed the Crucifixion. The stage was divided into two sections, an upper, and a lower. In the upper section, which represented the Place of Departed Spirits, stood Christ surrounded by Angels, Patriarchs, and Fathers. In the lower section, which represented Hell, crouched Lucifer and other devils. At the sound of soft music, our Saviour, clothed in a loose white robe, the flag of victory in His hand, slowly descended to the gates of hell and demanded admittance. At a loud clap of thunder the gates burst open, the Archangels, Michael and Gabriel passed through, scattering the devils who sank, terrified, into the flames. Then followed three most beautiful tableaux, copied from well-known paintings—the "Descent from the Cross," the "Entombment," and the "Resurrection."

A solemn pause succeeded the final tableau, and then, with the rest of the absolutely silent audience, we stepped out again into the brilliant sunshine, looked off at the lovely green hills and picturesque little village below, heard the tinkle of the cow-bells, and the singing of the birds, and wondered which was real—what we had just witnessed or this peaceful June Sunday in the Bohemian Forest?

It was a long time before our little party felt like talking, and when at last we could speak, our conversation was all about the Passion Play.

In the audience that day was a Roman Catholic bishop, and just as a most glorious setting sun shed

its rays over Höritz, the little band of miners gathered in front of the priest's house to serenade the distinguished visitor. We sat on a bench close by, beside an old peasant woman. When she felt sure of our interest, she broke through her shyness and told us many things about Höritz. She related to us the history of the "cheating post," which had puzzled us when we had heard of it the night before, and had puzzled us still more when we saw the strange-looking stone column opposite our windows. She said that long ago the market had been held there and measures with false bottoms had been discovered among the sellers of the grain; so correct measures had been made of stone, and fastened to the column in the middle of the market place.

One of the party asked "What is the iron band at the top of the column for?" The old woman laughed and said, "Any man who jilted a girl was put upon that upper ledge, and his neck was fastened to the column by that band, and there he stood until he was ashamed of himself." Upon being asked what was done with the girls who jilted the men, she half whispered: "There are those who say the girls also were put up there!"

By common consent we had refrained from asking this old peasant if she saw in the crowd assembled to hear the bishop's serenade, either of the two most important actors of the day's drama, the Saviour, or the Virgin Mary. So impressed had we been that we dreaded disillusions and feared lest she might point out one of the jolly peasants near by.

A little removed from the throng stood a man, whose beautiful dark eyes and soft brown beard seemed like those of the central figure of the day's performance. Suddenly the old woman touched one of us and said solemnly: "There is our Christ." To our relief, it was towards the lonely man of our choice that she pointed. Thus encouraged, we ventured to ask whether she saw the "Mary" anywhere? "I saw her a moment ago," she answered, and searching the crowd with her bright eyes, she soon discovered her—a small slender girl of about twenty, standing modestly behind a group of women, her face wearing rather a sad, appealing expression, even while she was listening to the strains of the most spirited march.

The next morning we left this peaceful village most reluctantly, gazing back at the large black cross that is fastened upon the external wall of the Passion Playhouse, and that can be seen for a long distance. The spirit of all that we had witnessed was over us and kept us silent as we traversed again the pretty country lying between Höritz and Budweis.

We happened to reach the Budweis station at the noon hour when no trains were passing, and therefore we still felt far removed from the "madding crowd." Even the inevitable "penny in the slot" machine assumed here a strange and unique appearance. Pictures of different forest birds in all their varied gay plumage were painted upon the exterior of the box, underneath was an appeal from the birds to the passer-by for a penny to provide them with food, lest they should die of hunger and cold in the

coming winter. We were so much touched by this original appeal that we dropped in our pennies with American recklessness.

The guard announced the immediate arrival of the " Luxury Train " and, as we stepped into one of its beautiful compartments, we felt that we had indeed returned to the world.

Vienna,

Sept. 18*th*, 1898.

We have been in a state of excitement and sadness for over two weeks. First, the taking of Omdurman . . . As Gordon is one of our heroes, we were intensely interested in each detail—the account of that memorial service at Khartoum the Sunday after the battle on the spot where Gordon was killed, was most impressive. It brought so freshly back to mind Gordon's terrible sufferings and death. I could *never* forgive Gladstone. . .

But all we felt about the Soudan matters faded away as nothing, when this awful blow struck the dear Emperor. Nothing so terrible, so uncalled-for, it seems to me, has ever happened before. . . The whole world is indignant—the whole world mourns. . . The Austrians have ever felt such pride in and admiration for their beautiful and gifted Empress, and they adore the Emperor. Were I to write you for a month, I could never even begin to tell you of all we have seen and felt during this last week. . . Each day that passed added to the scene of sorrow and

mourning—some fresh sign of it. From every building, balcony, window, church spire, hung long black flags, accumulating ever more and more until the whole city seemed spread with black. The swaying back and forth of these flags made them seem alive—like ravens' wings fluttering over everything! All the women were in mourning, all the men had black on their sleeves; the papers for a whole week had deep black borders. The arrival of the funeral train from Geneva was one of the most impressive things that I have ever seen. Masses and masses of silent people commenced gathering, long before dark, at the West Station, and the whole long distance to the Hofburg was black with sorrowing people. . . the gas lamps were arranged as torches—the glass and the whole top taken off, leaving the gas to pour forth in a long thick flame. The effect was very strange, the low roaring of the gas seeming to add a sound like the sobbing of a great multitude. . .

Of the funeral procession itself—silent and solemn—no words can give any idea. The mounted Hussars with drawn swords, six abreast, the horses with heavy black trappings; the funeral carriages, each drawn by six black horses, coachmen and footmen in black liveries, even the whips tied with crape. The Emperor's splendid bodyguard, each carrying a tall candle with glass top swathed in crape, walked before, beside and behind the magnificent funeral car—then the members of the Household and the high ecclesiastics. . . Every head in that black mass of people was uncovered. . The fact of there being

no music, no muffled drums even—added to the solemnity, for all we heard was the steady, slow tramp of all those feet of men, women and horses. The only other sound was the tolling of every bell in every church in Vienna. It was overpoweringly impressive. Another feature was that the gas and electric lights were turned on and then every glass and shade covered with crape, this—in the face of brilliant summer afternoon sunshine gave an added touch of weird strangeness, impossible to describe.

As the officers gathered, more and more, for two hours before the procession was to move, no more brilliant sight, I think, could have been imagined. From the gorgeous Hungarian uniforms to those of the Knights of Malta and Teutonic Knights—each group, as it passed, seemed more gorgeous than the last.

The crowd was so immense that after the service in the church, many of the Royalties walked back, found and entered their own carriages. We saw the Prince of Naples, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Crown Prince of Roumania, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Duke of Coburg, and many more.

But the one all longed to see was the Emperor himself, and he looks as if he had lost twenty pounds of flesh during this past week. We had happened to have seen him the week before, and the change is great.

These two remarks have been repeated as having been uttered by him: the one when he first heard it—"Then God spares me nothing!" and a little afterwards: "I *must* still trust in God!" They say

that he has attended to everything himself—just how he wishes everything arranged.

Austria has been in great political danger; the Emperor's troublesome subjects cannot agree; every one is hoping that this awful sorrow that has fallen upon him will cause them to unite and give him what help they can.

The Hungarians adored the Empress, and the account of how the news was received in the Hungarian Parliament was most wonderful. The President, Baron Banffy, could not speak because of his tears, and all the men broke down and wept.

The Empress had always dreaded for the Emperor the death that has come to her; she herself always warned the guards when the Emperor came to pay her visits—at Mentone, Kissingen, etc. . . "His life is so precious and so very necessary; nothing must happen to *him!*" She herself was often warned regarding the careless way in which she went about, alone and unguarded. But she always answered: "No one, surely, would harm *me;* I am a woman, and I have no enemies." And so she had, all her life and in all countries, gone about quite simply and freely.

It has been creeping out more and more, during this week, all that she did to make the Emperor happy whenever he came to visit her. She could not (because of a nervousness at being looked at which amounted almost to a disease) be all to him that the country wished, but she seems to have tried to make up to him in other and private ways, what

she could not do in public ways. She had the rarest of flowers placed on his writing desk, she herself picking them in garden and greenhouse, and they would take long walks together through the woods or parks, or sit together before her open wood-fire in her castle at Lainz. She arranged also the most charming "surprises" for her grandchildren, when they came every year to visit her. . . Her last letter to the Emperor, received by him on the morning of her death, spoke of how enchanting Switzerland was, if he could only come and enjoy it with her. She always said that she wished for a sudden death, and the doctors declare that she could not have suffered at all.

The Emperor has already instituted an "Elisabeth Order" for Austrian ladies who are distinguished in any line. The first of these orders he gave to the lady-in-waiting who was with the Empress that day at Geneva.

The shop windows have been beautiful—some of them with all the photographs ever taken of this most lovely Empress; others had busts of her, covered with crape; even the florists had nothing in their windows but palms and violets. All the theatres were closed, no bands played, no concerts were given. They say that she looked like an exquisite marble statue as she lay in her coffin, her crown of splendid hair being most wonderful. She was dressed in plain black, and held a white ivory crucifix in her hands.

I have let my pen run away with the thoughts that have filled my mind during the past week. We have been so much in Austria, that we feel like the Austrians, and we have sorrowed with and for them.

We left Vienna on the night of the 15th of October, reaching Genoa at midnight of the 16th. . . . We had fine warm weather, and the sail down to Naples was delightful. At Naples we went ashore with Tello and he had a good day of it. As the load of lemons and oranges for America was so large, the steamer was delayed, and therefore we had a view at night of the new craters of Vesuvius—a magnificent sight. The trip from Naples to Gibraltar was charming—brilliant moonlight evenings, and soft warm air. The voyage from Gibraltar home was broken by the excitement of a cyclone and of being shut in our 1st Officer's cabin by the big waves that swept over the lower deck! Captain Högemann sent the Chief Steward to say that we were to be moved to another cabin; so we packed in bags and Tello's basket what we needed for the night, and stewards took them. Then the steamer was slowed down and slightly turned, and on the arm of the kind Captain, we were taken safely in to a big, comfortable cabin where the Captain said we could remain for the rest of the voyage.

For fellow passenger we had an interesting little girl named Alexander, who occupied the Captain's room. She was very friendly. We came up to the dock on Thursday morning, November 3rd, 1898—a beautiful, bright day. Sam Mather had obtained for us the "Courtesy of the Port." We had no trouble, therefore, with our luggage.

And thus ended our 8th trip abroad.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD"

(Told By C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to

Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER.

WE sailed April 25th, 1899 on the "Kaiser Friedrich" . . The voyage was delightful, no storms, no fog. Lilli Lehmann, Dippel, and several other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company were fellow passengers and sang to us charmingly on the night of the concert. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Miss M. Lee were other celebrities on board. The trip across the North Sea to Bremen was attractive although cold; the effect of the snowy white caps and intensely blue water was very beautiful.

Bremen was new to us, and we found the Rathhaus and the statue of Roland most interesting. We fell in love with the historic old wine cellar there, and I longed to be employed as a "taster"! You know, of course, what high salaries the wine merchants pay to their wine "tasters," and, as I saw one of these men seated comfortably, sipping the golden wine from a gold-coloured glass, I said to Clare: "*I* would be a 'taster' for nothing." Upon which, this particular "taster" wheeled round, took off his hat, and, shaking with laughter, drank to me!

The journey to The Hague was pleasant, and at the Hotel Belle Vue we found a delightful room overlooking the park, and from our window, during our two weeks' stay, we often saw those peculiar and beautiful Dutch sunsets that look as if there were a great fire* somewhere, and that another sun had come up to meet the sinking one, and as if—when they both dropped out of sight, one would never see them rise again. Indeed, the Dutch have a saying; "In Holland, the sun does not set, it dies."

We were so comfortable at The Hague, and Othello was so happy running in the parks that we made the place headquarters, and went off, for the day or half day, to see all the Dutch towns far and near. Holland seen in "tulip season" is beyond

* There is nothing quite so terribly exciting as a fire . . . I wonder if I ever told you that a few days before Clare was born, *I* myself, discovered *fire* in my house—in the room in which had been carefully placed all Clare's beautifully-made baby clothes, all the presents that had been sent her, etc.

Before I knew what I was doing, I tore off the sheets from the beds, pulled out and dumped into the sheets the contents of the bureau drawers, closet-shelves, etc. tied the ends, dragged these sheets to a front window through another room—opened the window, and flung out every single thing saved from the fire in this particular and precious room! I had myself given the alarm out of this front window first, and then went to work.

The next thing I knew, a big fireman lifted me in his arms and wrapping a cloak around me, saying, "This is no place for you, my dear lady," carried me out into the street and a little distance off into the house of a friend. I was taken to my mother's afterwards, and there, in a few days, Clare was born—I suffering untold agonies and all kinds of bad effects. I was taken ill on the morning before my birthday, and before I knew what was coming, I said laughingly to the nurse, "Oh, why didn't she wait, (I always said "she," as I wanted a girl) until to-morrow and be a birthday present!" And Clare did not arrive until the next night at six.

(*But she was worth it all to me.* How often I have thought that—how she has brightened and blessed my life, and helped me over and through all its dreadful sorrows, from the first and most awful one when, as a baby, she knew nothing, but comforted me as only a baby can—until she grew into knowing just what to do and how to do it.)

And all this story of long ago to explain to you why I am afraid of fires. I paid for that shock for years; indeed, my nerves have never been as before that fire. *From a Letter to Miss Beck.*

MRS. BENEDICT AND "PLUM."

[*To face p. 64*]

description—imagine miles and miles of Hitchcock's pictures, with the added charm of atmosphere and light, and you can faintly know what it was. We laughed all over again, as we did on our first visit, at the Dutch phrases, the one for "smoothing over a mangle done here,—*men mangled here*," (written *mangelt hier*) does *sound* so bloodthirsty and the favourite name for a home, meaning "rustic felicity,"—"Lust in Rust,"—does *look* so terribly bad and immoral!

Of course we were in the full "swing" of the Peace Conference, flags of all nations flying, our own star-spangled one was directly under our windows, as Mr. Seth Low stayed at our Hotel (did they select him because of his *name*, for the Low Countries?).

We went off on a little London "spree," and, as we knew the time was limited, gave ourselves up to the delights of it all to the very brim, as if we were very rich people! It was very exciting and pleasant, I frankly confess. We saw our favourite old pictures, and also this season's collections, and the Gordon relics at Whitehall Museum. One morning we found Wimpole Street, and looked a long time at No. 50, thinking of all that had happened there, made so fresh to us from reading those wonderful love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. We walked up and down the street several times, knowing there could be no spot in the pavement where, first or last, Robert Browning had not stepped. We also looked up the church

to which Elizabeth went when feeling her wings a little before her final flight.*

Another morning we visited Great Ormond Street Hospital where has been established, as a memorial to Lewis Carroll, the "Alice in Wonderland Cot," . . . It is placed in the large Alice Ward (in memory of the Princess Alice) and the head nurse was a very attractive woman who seemed to look upon Clare as being the only American contributor. . . . "Robespierre" at the Lyceum was so fine that we went more than once. Saw Wyndham and Hare and, last and best of all, had a delightfully satisfactory call from *Pendragon's Son* (Sir Henry Irving) . . . and a few hours before our departure, we received a charming note from him and the most gorgeous flowers. . . We took a large bunch back to Holland with us. So our London visit was a great success excepting the one disappointment of not seeing Henry James.

After resting a little, we proceeded to Franzensbad. We travelled with a funny old gentleman who praised Othello as a good traveller, and was so grateful to us for allowing him to smoke that he gave us a basket of delicious strawberries.

Franzensbad, *June 5th.*

Franzensbad, even after the beauties of Holland and the brilliancy of England, still holds its own for greenness and prettiness. The delicious iron has

* I always go, when in London, to the church where Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were married, and where Mr. Browning used to go every time he came to London after his wife's death and kiss the pavement where she had stood. In these days of forgetfulness, divorce and re-marriage, just to *think* of this is uplifting. *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

so braced me up that even my steel pen feels brisker. Before we had been here three days, we felt like giants refreshed (if they feel very strong and well). We are surrounded by Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans and Austrians, only a handful of Americans and English. The treatment is much more particular than at Schwalbach, with much more variety. The name "mud" bath sounds horrid, but the baths themselves are quite nice. The tub is rolled in on wheels through the lower half of your window (which is a door) and the place for the tub is a foot or two lower than the rest of the floor of the room. Then alongside of this is a tub full of iron water and malt, so that when you step out of the mud, you step into the other bath—in a moment you are clean. The sensation afterwards is delightful.

We have arranged to take our meals at a smart hotel near by, where all the titled people stop. When I tell you that we are registered as the "St. Benedicts," (canonized by the authorities!) you will feel that we have a right to be with Dukes, Barons and Counts!

The first Saturday we saw a notice that there would be an English service in the German church on Sunday. So over we went to find only "two or three gathered together." The clergyman was very peculiar, and mixed up the prayers so that I did not know what we were praying for. When he gave out the hymn, he started it several notes higher than any one could reach, and two English ladies religiously struggled on after him. The result was too much for me, and I knew the only way for

me to keep from laughing was to sing as loud as I could myself, so as not to hear them. At this, the English ladies stopped, and the clergyman and I continued alone—"a nip and tuck" duet which convulsed Clare. We had a sermon on the Trinity and at the end, not apropos of anything, he made an appeal to all English-speaking people in Franzensbad to attend these services, adding: "particularly Americans, *because* I pray every Sunday for the President of the United States." I don't think I ever heard anything so funny from the pulpit before! When the plate was passed and I saw only coppers, I recklessly put in a florin, and the man bowed, saying aloud in German, "I thank you, gracious lady."

Vienna,

September.

We are established in our pretty little apartment which is completely furnished, even to silver, linen, etc., and I only pay 50 dollars a month, and only 8 dollars a month to our maid of all work, who does the marketing, cooking, sweeping, dusting, etc. I hear her—early in the morning—washing the entire parlour floor, also the hall floor. Then, when I ring for breakfast, it is carried into the dining-room, and after kissing my hand, Marie takes her basket and while we are sipping our coffee and reading the morning news, she goes to market and buys everything we need for the day without asking a question. Is it not a delightful way of living?

We have *very* Austrian dishes, some I like exceedingly, and others I am obliged to cut off from the bill of fare—pork stewed with caraway seeds and pineapple salad, for instance! But chickens stuffed with big French chestnuts are very good.

The custom here is, when a person hires an apartment, to fill in answers to certain printed questions—for the city authorities. When this paper was presented, I filled in all but age. The next day the man appeared and gravely pointed out to me this omission. I told him that I *never* filled that in, and he went away reluctantly. The following day he appeared again, bringing me the signed duplicate paper, saying—"I filled in the age as I thought the gracious lady looked." After he had gone I found that opposite my age he had written 65! Although Clare and I have laughed very much over this, yet it has been a blow. . . The American Wild West Show is here now—Indians—immense crowds follow them everywhere. Would not the sending of all our Indians to Europe be a good way of settling our Indian question? They are so adored over here!

We always go to bed with a satisfied feeling that we have seen something to be remembered, heard music that will never be forgotten. I often think of what Cousin Charlotte Fenimore Cooper used to say when she was shut up for so many years of her life in that one small house at Cooperstown—"Oh I have beautiful memories of a delightful past to keep me company. I am never lonely." When I am too old to fly about as I do now, and when I settle

down by my fire, all these delightful days that I am so intensely enjoying will be ever, I am sure, of deep interest to me. . . It is often a wonder to me how intensely I do enjoy things ; I grow old *outside,* but not *inside,* I think ! Clare has a grand piano, and is taking music lessons, during which I sit with my work and become so interested in the music that I drop stitches in my knitting until it assumes an open-work design ; and I get big knots in my cotton that cause *ruin* to *my* work, but would be a great success in the centre of a marguerite.

We went the other evening to hear " Romeo and Juliet " to compare it with the Paris opera. Van Dyck was Romeo and one of the pretty young singers, Juliet. The balcony was so high up (as it should be) that no Romeo (however agile) could have reached Juliet, and there were none of the Paris students standing on the back of a garden bench and yelling— " *Pas encore, pas encore !* " . . . Romeo is thought to be Van Dyck's best part, but I can never dismiss Parsifal from my mind when I hear some of his tones, and if I shut my eyes I found myself floating off to Bayreuth, the dark house, the absolutely still audience and the heavenly music. . . But when I opened my eyes and saw Van Dyck in red silk tights making violent love to Juliet, it was almost like a *blow.*

I seem fated to receive "age" blows this year. The last was hurled at me from the very pulpit. The sermon at the English Legation Chapel a few Sundays ago, ended in the form of a question—" And are ye then, all ready to die ? Are you, the young

(here the minister fixed his eyes upon one or two young people) ready to die? Are you, the middle-aged (and here he looked at two or three married couples, not a day over thirty-five) ready to die? Are you, who are *tottering* on the brink of the grave, the old (and here, he cast his eye over his small congregation and fixed it so directly upon me that several people in front turned to look at one so old) ready to die?" Of course, we have laughed very much over these stories, still, I acknowledge them to be "blows."

I must tell you of a little scene that made a deep impression upon me. A large party of us were seated one evening in the restaurant where Edward Strauss leads. The huge hall was crammed with people and all the corridors and ante-rooms also. Everybody was laughing and talking and drinking beer, and beating time to the inimitable waltzes; the smoke was thick enough to cut. At last, during the playing of a medley, Boccherini's dainty minuet was introduced. As the first note was struck, a *hush* like a breeze passed over that whole immense audience, and before the fifth note was reached, you could have heard a pin drop! This appreciative silence lasted through the entire piece. It was so sudden, so overpowering—the transition from the noise and hilarity to the silence and attention, that I felt the tears rush to my eyes! It was such an evidence of the self-control of the people and their love of music....

* * * * *

We reached Bremen in the late afternoon and found our pleasant rooms all ready and a big mail awaiting us. Sunday was a beautiful day and we took Tello for a long walk, and in the evening went to the opera and heard "Undine," a very funny performance! Monday, another beautiful day, we made ready for an early start. We were obliged to be called at five to take the "Special" for the steamer. Captain Mirow, to whom we had letters of introduction, was very polite. . . . At Southampton we took on passengers, among them, Mr. and Mrs. John Cadwalader and their daughter, who were placed at our table. We had a bad storm and very high seas in mid-ocean, and Othello was terribly frightened. I held him in my arms one whole night, and remained on the floor with him. It was the only time in all our voyages that the tables in the dining-room were not set. The stewards brought each dish to each person.

We reached New York on a beautiful warm moonlight night; the custom-house officials had waited; for the first time in all my returns to America, they asked me no questions, and passed all my trunks without a word. We drove up under the much-talked-of Dewey Arch to our comfortable quarters, where we found flowers, notes and letters of welcome, and we were happy to sleep in our own two white beds after the stormy nights spent in ships' berths!

And thus ended our 9th trip abroad.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Told By C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Mrs. and Miss MATHER and Miss EMMA BECK.

WE left New York on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," April 10th, 1900 . . . Our seats at table were between Mr. John Harper and his son, and the Cornelius Vanderbilts. . . . The ship we found to be a swift one . . . very little motion, only a deep, steady vibration from the mighty engines. We presented our letter of introduction to the Captain and he allowed us to have Othello with us in our cabin, and to exercise with him on the "boat deck," which, in some ways was the best place we have yet had for Othello's walks at sea. We met—in the Purser of the ship—our old friend of the "Spree."* The meeting was

* At Sea—December 11th, '92. So near have we been to leaving this world that I feel I ought to head this letter from some other sphere, for I still feel unreal and unnatural. We have lived a hundred years (it seems to me) since we sailed away from Southampton on November 23rd, a bright Wednesday, at 1.45, and were soon moving off swiftly towards the Needles. We embarked with no apprehension and felt exactly as we always have felt before; no thought of all that we were to pass through disturbed us. All went well until Saturday morning about five-thirty, when a dreadful shock shook the steamer from bow to stern. I was awakened out of a sound sleep and knew at once that something serious had happened. I was on my feet and out in the passage-way in an instant, where white and terrified faces met me.

We dressed ourselves in the same calm and desperate way that we did last year in the fire alarm, putting on all our heaviest things, and were quickly on deck. (The engine had of course been stopped at once, and the big steamer, without anything to settle her, commenced rolling helplessly about in the ocean). Everybody was there, pale and trembling, and soon word was brought us that the shaft was broken, and, in breaking had torn a hole in the ship, that the water was pouring into the second class cabin, and that all the second class passengers—some 225—had to be got out before the water-tight compartments could be closed. Then the pumps were started and all hands worked at the leak, but the water had gained rapidly. It was a frightfully alarming sight, as whole cabins were cut away and thrown overboard and all the furniture of the second cabin, so as to lighten that part of the ship. From that time until one o'clock, the entire ship's force worked at the pumps and we faced instant death, for at any moment the ship might have gone down. Many things connected with this terrible time I shall never forget—the making ready of the life-boats, the rafts, the rope ladders, and finally, the dull, heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of the sailors' feet as they brought and spread near us on deck piles of life-preservers. Everything was done that could be thought of; water-tight barrels were thrown out to sea, containing news of our desperate condition, in the hope of attracting the attention of *some* watchman on *some* steamer. All the distress flags were flying, tied with black, a large German flag at half-mast was hung over us. At one o'clock the captain announced to us that the danger from the leak had been controlled for the time being, and that he hoped some steamer would be sighted that would tow us back to Queenstown. Of course (after the eight hours of facing imminent death) our relief was great to hear that the ship was not to sink at once! But, oh! that morning! The terrible rolling added to our misery. We drifted about at the mercy of wind and waves from six in the morning of Saturday until early Monday morning. It seemed as though we lived *months* in those long terrible days of watching and waiting. We would sit all day looking eagerly for some speck on the vast waters, and when night settled down upon us and the signal lights and rockets were resorted to, we would strain our eyes into the darkness, hoping in vain—after our poor boat had sent up her brilliant, frantic appeal—to see an answering gleam somewhere. Although nothing was said by the officials, yet

the anxious faces and our own reason told us that if a storm should break over us, or if we kept on drifting until the provisions gave out, more terrible possibilities faced us. Then added to all this, we had the second class and steerage passengers with us, and many of them were desperate-looking fellows, as they stood near the life-boats with their life-preservers on and such dreadful expressions on their faces—which made escape that way impossible, even if the high sea had allowed it. We were rapidly drifting out of the track of all steamers and if the least storm broke over us, our watertight compartments could never hold the five hundred tons of water in our poor boat. It was not until Monday morning, after forty-eight hours of this dreadful drifting, that a light was sighted. This second night our good Captain had had an enormous fire of pitch pine built in a tank on the prow of our ship. This fire, which was kept up all night, was seen twenty miles away by the captain of a little Montreal cattle steamer, the "Lake Huron." He thought it was a ship on fire and came to save one or two sailors, and saved 800 souls! Oh, the happiness of seeing a steamer's lights! The joyful sense of rescue caused many who had been brave hitherto to break down—It was 2 a.m. on Monday morning before the "Lake Huron" lay to beside us, and we watched her lights with dim, happy eyes until daylight, when our precious Polack (second officer of the "Spree") went off in a lifeboat and attached a strong steel rope to the "Lake Huron," and then we slowly crawled back through all the thousand miles of water to Queenstown. It took us from daylight on Monday until four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and during all that time the weather was most fortunate for us—no storms, no head seas—beyond anything ever experienced by the oldest sailor for that length of time in winter. We lived from hour to hour only, and never both went to bed, as our cabin was altogether too near where the dreadful 500 tons of shut-in water rushed about! So we took turns. I would sit up and read, and Clare would sleep, and then she would watch and I would sleep. We never undressed after the accident until we were safe in Queenstown. Mr. Moody had the greatest opportunity of his life, but he was in such terror that he inspired no confidence. I hardly knew which I disliked most—Mr. Moody's terror, or General Howard's smiling bravery! We fell in with the loveliest Countess de Cuelebroeck during this dreadful week. The captain, officers, stewards were all brave, and most considerate.

full of emotion on both sides. We reached Cherbourg on Monday afternoon, and the two hundred passengers were soon put off on the tender, with band playing and flags waving, and our big ship crossed over to England, and by nine, all the passengers for London were landed, and again we kept on—a few of us—to Bremen . . . Clare and I fought hard at the Custom House there.. . . At last, we

They had much to handle in caring for those complaining, disagreeable second class passengers. Then two women of the second class became insane; one fellow threw himself overboard, as he could not endure the strain; several babies were born! I never felt safe for a single instant until we were anchored near Queenstown. The Company did everything generous—allowing us to go to the hotel at Queenstown at their expense. Clare and I went to the hotel and slept long nights after our narrow escape. Drove one day to Cork, and were entirely won to the Irish forever because of their warm sympathy and affection. Connie sent me many telegrams as did also Mr. James, who offered to come to Queenstown for us. I decided however, that I must go at once with these people, or *never!* The "Havel" was sent to Queenstown for us. . . and off we started again across all that water! After the first days of nervousness passed and nothing happened, the rest did us much good . . . and to be away from those disagreeable second-class passengers was an enormous relief—the foreigners who have lost all the good of their own countries and have imbibed all the bad and none of the good of America, are hopeless! We reached New York on Wednesday night, December 14th. An enormous crowd had gathered on the North German Lloyd pier, band playing, and handkerchiefs waving. This enthusiastic welcome made the behaviour of the U.S. custom officers all the worse by contrast—they refused to let any one go ashore with any luggage more than a toothbrush! Many, who had bravely borne all that went before, broke down at this. We spent the night in a third class Hoboken hotel! I vowed that I would never write "America" after my name again.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

separated our trunks and took the train to Hanover. There, at the comfortable Hotel Royal, we remained nearly a week ; and also spent one day at Hildesheim. Tuesday afternoon we went to Brunswick . . . and found the place full of interest. . .

Reached Vienna on May 1st, and were soon settled in the corner rooms so often occupied by us before. . . Heard a splendid " Ring," and dear Winkelmann and Reichmann in other operas also. Found some of the new singers most interesting. Kainz, at the Burgtheater, gave us intense pleasure, and we saw also the Berlin Company in Ibsen—desperately depressing ! Had a beautiful dinner at Frau von W's. . . . with the ever-fascinating Reichmann. We decided, on leaving Vienna, to take what is called the " Luxury Train " which runs between Vienna and Ostend. . . . It is the most perfect train I have ever been on. . . . We spent a week at Ostend, going one day to Bruges. The weather turned off very hot. I had a bad attack of " head roaring," and Cork Street wrote that we could not have the rooms promised us, so we were very " down " about our trip to London.* However, we would not give up, and

* I at last muster courage to stammer words of welcome to you on your return to the fold of *Knauchod.*† Your last news depicted you on the other side of the globe. . . I gasp and grow dumb as I see you flash past ! . . . Here, at any rate, is a very hearty greeting and an equally hearty hope that your present pilgrimage may have possibilities for you of reappearance in this country. Come and try it a little here. I will kill the fatted calf and pluck the clustered gooseberry

† Knauth, Nachod and Kuehne, Mrs. Benedict's faithful Leipzig bankers, over whose names Mr. James never tired of making merry.

on the morning of our start, the weather changed and my ears ceased their roaring, so two of our troubles were dispelled. I telegraphed to a hotel for a room for one night. We reached the hotel about five; took *quarts* of good English tea, and "lots" of thin bread and butter, and then a hansom by the hour, and off we started to get some Mayfair rooms. But we were met at each door with the answer of "All full, Madam." Still, we were happy to be in London in a hansom, seeing the nice old "busses" (no trolleys, no cable cars) the "safety places," the smart women and smarter men! After an hour of looking, we went to Cork Street to ask for more addresses, and there we found a note containing two stalls for the opening night at the Lyceum, sent with Sir Henry's love! This was a sufficient tonic to fortify us for further search, and just before eight o'clock we found a drawing-room floor in Dover Street. In ten minutes we had made our bargain, and before eleven the next morning, we were settled there.

The Lyceum opening night was very brilliant. Duse, in a box, gave an added touch of interest—to watch smiles and tears sweep over *her* wonderful

and dig out—scoop out—the stodgy tart. I long and languish for you. . . I am here, hopeful and ineradicable, the portals of my little house will stand wide open for you all day and the places for you at my board perpetually set. . . . I hope your American swing has done nothing worse to you than wholesomely exhilarate—may you have come back with zeal and with patience. Also with pig-iron.*

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

* One of Mr. James's favourite gibes, as Mrs. Benedict had once told him that she owned a little iron stock.

face as our dear Vicar moved her. Sir Henry was never finer, and our dear Ellen in lovely *new* dresses, and her *old* charm, won everybody.

We went to *all* the theatres. The best plays were "Lady Huntington's Experiment," and "A Message from Mars." We also saw Wyndham in "David Garrick," and wonderful Duse in "Magda." The Wallace Collection was opened to the public for the first time while we were in London, and we went there one afternoon with Henry James; also to see the beautiful Romney Collection. Mr. James urged our coming down to Rye, but we could not go so far, so he came up to see us, lunching with us one day, and taking us to tea at the Grosvenor Club. Since our last visit, he had shaved off his beard, which gave us a queer feeling of being extremely intimate with an entire stranger, but as soon as we heard his voice (particularly the things he said), we felt quite sure who he was! *

On Sunday we went to Westminster Abbey;† heard some lovely music, but were dreadfully

* It's all quite too dreadful and I feel as if I were but just escaping a most horrid danger. . . I mean that of your going off again, after Heaven knows how long in England, without seeing me—or to put it better—without my seeing *you!* . . . I rejoice in your telegram and its allusion to a "happy solution." But there will be no *really* happy solution till you come and live in England. That will simplify everything. *Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.*

† TEMPERLEY. HENRY VII.

This book is both interesting and clever; it has but one fault in my opinion—namely that the author, in his desire to rehabilitate Henry VII, overlooks the fact that the latter's so-called *humane* acts were due to the weakness of his position as King. As soon as his position was firmly established, he became cruel.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

disappointed in the Archbishop of Canterbury; his voice, manner and sermon seemed so ordinary. Our other Sunday we gave to St. Paul's; it was Hospital Sunday, and the Lord Mayor and party were there. We took long looks at General Gordon's beautiful cenotaph. Some one had placed a cross of scarlet geraniums on his breast. How I wished I had thought of doing it! But I did contribute to Lord Kitchener's fund for erecting a statue to Gordon at Khartoum. . . .

Schwalbach,

July 22nd.

I think the valley of the Lahn is as charming as any in Germany, and we were able to take the most charming excursions. One day we went to Früchт, and as Clare and I entered the queer little place, we saw all the inhabitants gathered near one house, the women in black, and the men with their hats off—and as we came nearer, we discovered that it was a funeral. The coffin stood outside, in front of the house and a clergyman was making an address. Afterwards, the school children sang a hymn and the procession moved through the narrow street to the churchyard at some distance away, all following in solemn silence. Everybody in the place seemed to be there. Afterwards, when talking to the old man who has charge of Baron Stein's Burial Chapel, Clare asked him whose funeral it was that we had seen, and he said: "A poor old widow lady, who has been taken care of for *years* by the people." To think that all these poor, hard-working men had come in from

the fields and changed their clothes, that the women, more hard-worked still, had put on black, that the whole school was there to sing, that roses had been made into wreaths, etc.—and the whole noon hour of their much needed rest had been given up to it! And all for a poor old woman that they had been taking care of for so long! And as we left Früchtl, we saw these same people, in their ordinary clothes again, hurrying back to their work. We had an interesting experience with the old man in charge of the Baron Stein Chapel. When he found that Clare could talk German, he was delighted, and when he discovered that we had come all the way from America, he was astonished. After a little we found out that we had happened to come upon the anniversary of the Baron's death, and that excited him, and he poured out his whole history to Clare, the tears running down his thin cheeks. He had been coachman for twenty-five years to Baron Stein's granddaughter, a countess, and had seen gay, grand times. For ten years he was in Paris with her, and it was pathetic to hear him try to remember his French. When he found that we had been in Paris, he waved his trembling hand towards Früchtl and said, "Then you who know, can see the difference between *this* and *that*." He was reluctant to have us go; he seemed to think that because we knew somewhat of Stein—such as that he was

> "The foundation *stone* of right,
> The stumbling *stone* of the wicked,
> And the precious *stone* of Germany"

we must be related to the family! (Indeed, we felt a little the same way, and the first thing we did on arriving here was to get out of the library the four fat volumes of the "Life and Times of Baron Stein".) As long as we could see, the tall, thin figure of the old man stood watching us—for at last we did get away, he giving Clare her hands full of Marshal Neil roses.

Another day we took a large steamer to St. Goar, and visited that interesting place, and then by a little boat to the fascinating Bacharach. What a day we had! We fell in love with the Rhine all over again for the *eighth* time. You will remember Bacharach because of the ruined church of St. Werner (that looks like Melrose*). We walked up to the lovely ruin, and had a perfect view of the river and country. And at twilight we had a delicious little German supper, in an ideal German garden above the Rhine; having, of course, a bottle of the far-famed Bacharach wine, in order to decide if the

* We walked through the Trossachs by morning sunlight and saw Loch Katrine at its loveliest. We saw many things by sunrise, including Melrose, for we slept there. We took the drive to Jedburgh Abbey and found the ruins most beautiful; then back to Dryburgh for an hour of admiration of that beautiful spot. We then drove back to the Inn, where we had one of those inevitable gooseberry tarts and our first cream! When in Devonshire we ordered cream, and had it, but nowhere else in all England did we have a drop—which reminds me to add that during our whole English and Scottish trip we never once saw oatmeal served, excepting at Peterborough, when it was ordered the day before by two American ladies, the waiter told us.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

old rhyme was true which says:

"At Würzburg on the Stein,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
There grows the best of wine."

It certainly was delicious, but is one very critical under such circumstances? In the morning, we took a little rowboat and whirled about in that rapid river until the steamer came along, stopped, and we climbed up on board. It is an every day affair to these skilful Rhine boatmen, but I confess that my heart was in my mouth as the monster of a boat rushed at us, and I was thankful enough to be safe on deck.

We decided in favour of the Schloss Hotel at Heidelberg for an "after cure," and engaged the large corner room with covered terrace towards the castle, and enclosed balcony towards the Neckar. This room has twice been occupied by the Austrian Empress.*

We settled down in this delightful room for six weeks, spending our mornings in the woods with a book and some fancy work and happy little Othello. I think this summer of 1900 has been the happiest of his seven years of life. In the afternoons,

* I was told that the Empress was perfectly beautiful at the private Court Concert, her short sleeves caught up with *bunches* of emeralds; three strings of diamonds about her neck, a diamond girdle, and a tiara of diamonds and emeralds on her graceful head. Her dress was white, trimmed over the front with gold braid, and a court train of two yards long, edged with magnificent dark fur.

Now the German Emperor has gone to Italy... The Empress of Austria, with her jewels put safely back in the Treasury, has gone to an island she loves—Corfu, and we must content ourselves with archdukes—I believe there are fifty of them.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

we went down to the castle terrace, heard the band play, had a cup of tea and ate three fat slices of coffee cake—pretending we never knew *which* of the three kinds we liked the best! . . . We decided to go to Oberammergau from Heidelberg* . . . When we reached there the day was lovely, and we enjoyed the place—upon the whole—better than afterwards, for the crowds had not yet overwhelmed the village. Late in the afternoon we walked to the little hill to see the crucifix that King Ludwig II. had given the people in memory of his visit there in 1871; and the sight of the devout peasants dropping on their knees before the cross in prayer was most impressive. We lingered on until nearly dark and still they came.

* It is very beautiful and delightful to hear from you, and I should say that your note came at the very moment when I was on the exact point of penning a cry to you† . . . (for it's the perfect truth) were it not that I have a slightly blushing sense of having said it to you before. Well, I *have* said it, but never without the fact that it has again and again happened! My letter has just been spreading its wings toward you when your own has, dove-like—or your mother's (with a little more of the Eagle, bird o' freedom!) fluttered gracefully in.

I retain the most grateful recollection of our so full little London day—mutilated fragment though it was—and only gasp a little with growing melancholy over the way everything is whirled backward into the quickly receding, irrecoverable past. It was only the other day that we feasted together so fondly and delicately and strolled through the glittering Wallace maze, but the weeks have already trampled over the charming memory and pushed it into the limbo of the things that have been. Yet I can seem to hear the cabs in Dover Street through your pleasant warm open windows and to taste again the so much appreciated benevolence of your hospitality.

† Mr. James and Clare Benedict had repeated proofs—from the earliest times until their last meeting in 1913—of the existence of a strong telepathic sympathy between them.

We were called even earlier than necessary the next morning and went to the church to High Mass which is said on every performance day, beginning at 5. a.m.

The summer has rushed along with me since then, and when I think that the hour at which I write you is the very last one of it by the calendar (August 31st, 11.30 p.m.) I have another of my gasps as before-mentioned. You have dozens of Augusts before you yet, but mine are so narrowly numbered that I am ready to weep—in my quiet little midnight study—over the death of the present. . . I don't quite see where, or how, between this and Christmas, I can squeeze in Vienna. Yet wild and sweet were the dream! Squeeze it *you*, yet not so hard that there won't be left of it something for *me* when I can—as I am so fiercely determined to do—yet come. . . It is actually lovely—a cool perfection of Summer. May something like it prove your portion at Oberammergau. I was there for the last play, 10 years ago, mainly in the rain, and sleeping 3 in a room or almost, with 2 worthy American matrons. May you and your mother have not more than *one*. The Play was still impressive and interesting then, but I thought it gravely menaced by the already extreme modernism and elaboration of arrangement and by Cook, Gaze, Baedeker and Co.—so that I rather shudder to think what these ten years may have wrought. They have wrought I hear, a *closed* Theatre, but I frankly hope you haven't been occupying a stage box. There must be a new Christus, for Joseph Mayer* though admirable, really beautiful—is, if alive, too old.

My brave little painter cousin, Bay Emmet . . . painted of me a troubled, anxious, even alarmed portrait . . . So much for my chattering news. I wish I had other and better news. I mean that I am cocking my hat and counting my shillings for a dash into Austria. Alas, I'm afraid that it's partly by reason of that counting that I continue to grovel here. But I like to watch *your* great wide, sustained flights. I crouch in my corner, but I hark to the trumpet from afar. . .

P.S.—A copy of The Soft Side (just out) goes to you with this. *Henry James to Clare Benedict.*

* The famous Christus of 1870, 1880 and 1890.

The Passion Play itself begins at eight, and ten minutes before that hour, the 4,000 were seated. Had we never seen the simple, religious earnestness of the Passion Play at Höritz, I presume we should have felt differently about Oberammergau. That wretched railway, dragging its crowds back and forth through that romantic, and (formerly) mysterious country of King Ludwig* came as a kind of

* I could not but think of poor King Ludwig all the time in Munich. It was in that opera-house where he used to give those famous private representations. I have ever thought him the most fascinating of kings, and I felt his sad and mysterious death at the time more than I cared to let the indifferent world about me see. While we were in Munich . . . we were more stirred up than ever on the subject, and we determined to take the rather difficult trip into the heart of Bavaria to see some of his castles. . . If a mind diseased planned, built and furnished Neuschwanstein, then it is a great pity that more minds are not diseased! I have never seen a more beautiful castle; every proportion and view of the exterior, perfect; every view from every window beyond words lovely, and every small detail of the interior—rugs, curtains, furniture, glass, china, books—all showing the most refined and cultivated taste. The King's own rooms have been left just as *he* left them on the night they surrounded him and took him prisoner. Clare talked with the landlords, drivers, boatmen and peasants, and they all declared the King was *not* insane. He certainly was very eccentric, but the line where genius ends and insanity begins is too fine to excuse what they did and the *manner* in which they did it. . . The peasants say: "Yes, our King *did* love beautiful things, and he built expensive castles, but he employed his own Bavarians to build them and thus provided for hundreds of them." And one old woman said: "Other kings marry and their large families cost the country far more money than our King spent." And still another said, in speaking of the thousand wax candles that he would sometimes order to be lighted in his magnificent hall, "Yes, he did have a thousand wax candles, but other monarchs would *also* have had a thousand guests, and no one would have thought it extravagant!" Before I

shock to us. (We had twice taken the drive through that lovely country before the railway was built.) The peasants seemed in earnest, yet the over-training and skilled "outside" aid were plainly visible. One rather wished that Anton Lang would not walk about town so much just at train time, and yet he knew that everybody wanted to see him and there was no harm in his being seen. But the whole spirit of the Passion Play was different and far more impressive at Höritz.

We had an agreeable English physician next us at table and also at the Passion Play. We also met a Scotchman and his wife—quite of our kind—to whom we took a great fancy, and who made the long, slow journey back to Munich very pleasant to us.

We heard a performance of "Götterdämmerung" at the opera. . . Strange to say we had also heard it in Dresden (whither we had gone from Heidelberg), thus giving us an opportunity of comparing Munich and Dresden. The performance, as a whole, was

fall asleep at night, I often see (in my mind's eye) that lovely castle, just as I hear again the heavenly strains of "Parsifal". Already these castles are open to the public, and I foresee in the near future that the whole world will be called upon to come and see what fine castles *we Bavarians* can build! When one gets at the tragic fate of this ideal King, one realizes that even we "civilized" people of the 19th century need no longer shake our heads over the terrible stories of ancient history. . . We entirely agreed with the peasants and wept with them over the *murder* of their loved King. When we saw the wretched room at Starnberg, with holes bored in the doors so that the eyes of the guards were upon him day and night, we did not wonder that Ludwig spent but one night there!

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

better done at Munich, the singers not so good as those at Dresden. But Anthes as Siegfried was intensely funny, a "free and easy" Siegfried, swinging his arms and "stepping lively" around the stage, with a broad smile of good-natured "Come on, now; this is Dresden, and we do things here—not according to Wagner's rules or anybody else's!" *

* Very kind, very charming, very artistically "mounted" and above all very much believed in, the four-leafed clover of which you have so gracefully made me the sacrifice. I lay it tenderly away—being much too nervous (about its luck-bringing powers) to leave it familiarly about and look to it as if I were over-boldly counting on it, I shall simply breathe a small prayer over it, before I close its little drawer, to the effect that I shall trust it to bring me whatever little scrap may be left over of all the luck it has brought *you*. It has brought you innumerable happy voyages across the Atlantic (oh, may it *not* bring me those!) a wondrous wandering in beautiful places—delightful repetitions of Italy and of Vienna and for *those* I pray to it. If it only makes us meet again at some convenient time, I shall sufficiently thank it. But my acknowledgment for it has an accidental air of crowding out my gratitude for your letter, which is really a more charming freak of nature even than the clover, inasmuch as it is eight-leafed. All thanks for each. I watch from my dim distance the great swoops and plunges of the Eagle and the Dove*, bearing the Poodle with them, by the strangest of combinations! And feel as if all my adventures were being done for me by deputy and all my travelling expenses incurred and (better still) discharged. It's excitement enough to see you all three circle, hover, drop and then shoot up again with the "whish" of a rocket. I know it's the Eagle who "bosses" the flight—unless indeed it be the Poodle—the Dove only fluttering *her* wings for ornament and to beat a kind of wondrous Wagner time.

I have just had to interrupt myself to take, to drink down, according to my wont at this hour, my regular 10.30 p.m. glass of hot water. It takes me 10 minutes (or at

* Eagle, Dove, and Poodle were Mr. James's favourite names for Mrs. and Miss Benedict and Othello.

Vienna,

November 20th, 1900.

The city never looked more attractive; it is always clean, but now the streets are like house floors (and cleaner than many). The first month, out of thirty evenings, we were only home four! Besides all else we were present at the first performance of

least 5) in microscopic sips, as it's too hot for any other; by the time I've engulfed it, I've always lost the thread of my ideas and become temporarily weak-minded. It doesn't intoxicate but it crushes. If you should ever have really to crush the Eagle, try it—and *keep it up*! *I* keep it up in the expectation of some mysterious benefit which has never yet dawned. But let it sufficiently represent for you, my dear Clare, the difference in our lives. At the hour when you are usually enjoying the opera at its climax and ecstasy, I am sitting in a lonely upper chamber, drinking boiling water! . . . Well, I'm succumbing to my combination of 350 excoricating sips, the effects of a bicycle ride and the good night visit of Smith* (it's now 11.30) to tell me the kitchen fire is out, the ground floor windows all latched and the burglar and the fire fiend generally defied. . . So, my dear Dove, Eagle and Co., good-night and *Schlafen Sie auch wohl.* I am much touched by your welcome of the Soft Side. I forget what I said about the Hard—but should be too sorry if *any* Side were "hard" on me. Let us be all soft sides—though if a certain fine firmness *does* come in, it will naturally be (in character) the Eagle's. Has she not been known to be firm to the Poodle? Give her please, my faithful love, and my best wishes for all strength to her—not as they wish in Ireland, "elbow"—but incomparable pinion.

P.S.—You date "Schloss Hotel," but *what* Schloss? You live in *Schlossen*, but I am bewildered and fall back, as usual, on the "jaw breakers.†" I hope, by the way they are not proving for you *law*-breakers.

Henry James to Clare Benedict.

* Mr. James's old man-servant.

† Mr. James's favourite name for Mrs. Benedict's faithful Leipzig bankers.

"Orestes"—at the Burg—most interesting. We commenced getting our winter clothes of Rudolf Hofmann, but he was engrossed with the rich Miss Rockefeller, and gave us but scant attention. I paid his bill and left him! We have spent many of our mornings at Schönbrunn, the little underground railway taking us in fifteen minutes to the park gate.

We disliked to leave fascinating Vienna, but when not facing every kind of blizzard in America, we feel that we must seek a better climate than that of Vienna*

December 5th, 1900.

* The autumn has waned and the dark winter has broken out (to-night here is tempest and rain, a wild channel-gale to which I listen at 11.30 p.m., while the clock ticks, the fire crackles and the windows try a little to rattle), so that most summery of days when I was with you in London is quite too awfully away *in die Ewigkeit.* I have been feeling none the less ever since, how much I value its impressions. It was a blessing to insert flesh and blood, voices and looks into your long impalpability. And as I so at last got you a little again, I have kept you. I've thought of you very often and very faithfully, and puffed after you in fancy through the wild arabesques of your life. . . . *My* only arabesque will be to go up to London for 3 or 4 months. . . . My nose is on the grind-stone and my grocer's "book" is open on the table at this minute before me. (I think *I* write books, but it's a trade at which he—the grocer—beats me hollow!) . . . I go through everything with my dogs who perish in their flower, and am now trying to raise a wire-haired fox-terrier, who, a month ago, broke his leg badly. He is, strange to say, mending rather fast, and all my hopes are fixed on him. But he will have been the 4th in a period of less than a year and a half. Mine haven't, alas, the indestructibility of Tello. Tello, however, is made of pig-iron, which accounts for everything! I figure you at Vienna, operatic and dressed. I wish I could, to-night, sit between you. We would attract great attention. I mention it, because what use to me is the attention you attract when I'm not there?

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

for the winter. We therefore decided to go first to Pegli, which we were told had the best climate in the world. Pegli's natural beauties are great, but over everything is a sense of desertion and desolation—a place that has once been full of splendour and now is not, is always depressing. We occupied two of the rooms that the Emperor Frederick had during the winter of '79, and often sat under the beautiful palm tree he was so fond of, near the old Saracen tower with the inscription under the sundial: "I am a fixed iron bar, nevertheless I am the servant of the sun and the slave of movement."

We spent three days at Pegli, going by train to take a look at Nervi. As soon as I saw Nervi I decided that *there* we would stay! We engaged our rooms for Monday, and went back to spend a desolate Sunday at Pegli, being the only two in the little church and a poor broken-down clergyman struggling with the service. He hurried after us to ask if we were to remain in Pegli, and when I answered "No"—he almost wept! We invited him to come and have tea with us in the afternoon. . . . built up a large wood fire and warmed him, gave him quarts of hot tea and pounds of bread and butter, and cheered him up as best we could. Monday morning we took Othello and Auguste and the small luggage and drove to Genoa, and then on to Nervi. It seemed a strange Christmas Eve, with windows open, birds singing and garden full of flowers, the thermometer at 75.*

* *Vide* p. 92.

We very much enjoyed our walks and climbs. In the mornings, we took happy Othello with us, in the afternoons, we strolled on the beautiful water promenade along the rocks of which Nervi is justly

* The Athenæum, London, Jan 3rd, (1901).

. . . I sit here this a.m. writing to you while all London turns out to welcome poor dear kind old Lord Roberts, who returned to-day from S. Africa, and is to be much palavered over, even while the hateful war flares up there again quite as if—or almost—the conquering hero had never conquered. There is to be a public reception, procession etc., but I greatly prefer your society and I get enough of the murky London manifestation as I sit at this club window and see the more or less multitudinous mob pour along Pall Mall. It's a different London from that bright yellow one with red stripes as seen under a big fluttering sun-blind that you introduced me to that so pleasant day last summer, when you introduced me to so many good things besides. Such as it is, however, I find I like coming back to it from my Hermitage—for Hermitages are dark and dull and dreary when the days are short and the rains are long. Only I loathe the war . . I don't quite know where you are, but I continue to figure you more or less at the opera balls—yet still, I continue to hope, not going too far? They are places, always, moreover, where the Eagle should watch the Dove and the Dove the Eagle. I am glad you have each other to be conscious of—and Tello to mount guard over the whole nest. I hope the new era announces itself for the Nest most favourably and fondly. One has a vague sense, as from the drift of things, that pig-iron is loved of the Gods—(for me such things don't matter), but that all profits in America are on the roar and the rave—such I gather to be the happy consciousness of those, who, like you, are in great affairs. I seem to see you soon floating on this gilded stream eastward or southward—which is the same pleasant thing for eagles and doves (though my "stream" seems to imply fishes—gold fishes I trust you feel!) May your winter go on wildly yet not too much so. I watch it through the mist of distance, through which, none the less, let my voice reach you always faithfully and affectionately, yours both most constantly,

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

proud. We had a peaceful winter, only interrupted by the excitement caused by the illness and death of Queen Victoria. Mr. James, with his splendid letters*†, kept us quite in touch with London...

Before this happened, I had broken a little piece of a back tooth, and, as all I have to be proud of are my "wonderful teeth" (as all dentists pronounce them to be), I wrote frantically to Dr. Jenkins in Dresden to send me the address of a cousin who lives at San Remo, who could take a look at the tooth. So all our plans were made for a ten days' trip to the French Riviera and we arranged to be at Cannes

January 22nd. (1901).

* I am much touched by your anxious telegram (as I was also delighted and spellbound, my dear Eagle, a few days ago, by your so brilliant and interesting letter). To proceed immediately to the point, the poor dear old stricken Queen is rapidly dying . . . the fluctuations caused by her obstinate vitality and the wonderful doctors' arts being but flickers of the lamp of which the oil is spent. Blind, used-up, utterly sickened and humiliated by the war, which she hated and deplored from the first—(it's what has finished her) and by the way everything is going, she is a very pathetic old monarchical figure. . . It is a simple running down of the old used-up watch and no winding up can help for more than from hour to hour. I feel as if her death will have consequences in and for this country that no man can foresee . . . the Queen's magnificent duration had held things magnificently, beneficently together and prevented all sorts of accidents. Her death, in short, will let loose incalculable forces for possible ill . . . There will be tremendous obsequies, of course, even if they take place at Windsor and not at the Abbey as the nation will wish. (She has probably arranged to be placed at Frogmore with her husband—"Frogmore" for the Empress of India!!) and probably for a year's mourning. Wear it you, too—as good Americans ought, for she was always nice to us—for a month.

† *Vide* p. 94.

for that most impressive service on the day of the Queen's funeral.

We stopped a day and night at San Remo, and the dentist—in fifteen minutes—fixed the little broken spot. But San Remo we did not like—either the place or the people...

January 29th.

† Very interesting and moving to me your good and beautiful letter . . . with its pathetic account of your baffled sympathy and struggling efforts in respect to the curiously big yet curiously near and almost intimate historical event taking place here. . . For it *has* been interesting and picturesque and a sort of revelation to myself, as to others, of the comfort one really took in the honest and sturdy old woman, who for 60 long years was so supreme an English Convenience. Empires and republics and revolutions rose and fell and shivered and rose again, everything in the world came and went, but she patiently lasted and laboured in her way, and rendered excellent service, never doing a silly or an unkind thing (wonderful woman) and doing in a quiet way a great many beneficent ones to the country and the world (fighting always with her ministers for peace to the last, and throwing her good fat weight into the scales of general decency). It is "kind of" felt now that she was more politically and widely important than ever showed and in short that we have lost our good old patient, watchful mother—I found your telegram late in the afternoon and wrote first a longish reply—then on rushing out before dinner to send it, met "Death of Queen"—at the door on a huge newspaper bulletin. So I dashed back and rewrote a single word, being awfully late for an engagement to dine very quietly with a friend. On my way there the streets were strange and indescribable—the people dazed, hushed, curiously still and as if helpless, almost as if scared, a very curious and unforgettable impression. The accession of the Prince of Wales has had a kind of historic picturesqueness—an Edward VII. joining on to Henry VIII.'s little son Edward VI. (who died at 16) being really quite a luxury to the imagination. The funeral next week will be really more than anything else, a great naval pageant—a huge train of battleships following the bier across the Solent from Osborne...

The French Riviera*† seemed to us spoiled, what with the cheap buildings everywhere, horrid electric trams and awful automobiles! The East

The German Emperor has done himself a huge lot of good by coming and staying through the whole thing. He is a wonderful living abounding creature. The mourning (black) here is deep and universal—and the court mourning is to last a year! Humbler mortals have 3 months of full and 3 months of half. As Eagles, and even Doves who associate with Eagles and wear their black plumes, are *not* humble, you and Clare will of course take the former—I mean the year. In the streets here it goes curiously down to the slaveys becraped in *such* crape! . . . But it's astonishing how generally becoming deep mourning is. . . . For the rest, after the funeral our next emotion will be curiosity as to how Edward VII. will compose his court. The people he has known best appear to have been female Americans . . . therefore it will be difficult. Still, there are chances for some of our withered western flowers.

I envy you your brilliant dental trip to San Remo. Mine are only to Harley Street and not brilliant, not cheap either as yours must be with nothing but compliments from dentists instead of gouges, devilish drills and still more devilish bills. To whom do you say it that Rome is complicated? It's all but fatal—but what place anywhere now is favourable? . . Pisa is possible for warmth, but not for much else. Too much Campo Santo. But wherever you go, all peace and plenty hang about you.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

* Our pomps and pageants are for the time in abeyance, but will probably break out again unless the country finds that (as may very well be) they cost too much. The old Queen is already but a name, and if it weren't for all the black that is worn, she might have died 10 years ago. The black—meanwhile—is—in general—very becoming and . . . I've been able to see how well it goes with diamonds. At the other end of the scale the women of the lower orders—who all wear it too—are made to look by it as if they were of more exalted station. Next month, we lighten and the shops are already, as to their windows, breaking out into all the shades of lavender and pearl. But I'm writing like a lady's maid.

Your late excursion . . . doesn't seem to have been delirious. Shun the French coast altogether and always, it is, except Hyères and Costebelle (which are dull and dusty), hopelessly bedevilled and vulgarized. But how rich and bloated and booming you appear in all these doings! No wonder Othello fawns upon you. Keep something for coming back here and lunching *me* on soda water and toast.

Henry James to Clare Benedict.

† *Vide* p. 96.

Bay at Mentone still seemed the pleasantest spot on the coast. I remembered it all only too vividly, Clare but faintly; her strongest remembrance being that of a lost doll, Rosebud Mollie Benedict§.

St. Ouen,
June 12, 1827.

† My dear Cousin Hannah,

. . . My letter as you will have perceived is dated from St. Ouen. We left Paris about 10 or 12 days ago, after having been there going on eleven months. Whether we shall return and pass the winter there, or go into the South of France, is not yet decided. St. Ouen is a small village about four miles only from the centre of Paris, so that while . . . we enjoy the pure air, stillness, etc. of the country, we possess a great many advantages from our proximity to the city. We are thus happily situated between the two mediums. The situation of the house is healthy, at the foot of the garden is a terrace, washed by the River Seine, which commands a pretty view up and down the river and of a considerable extent of country. I do not know if I am writing to suit your taste, or not. You must let me know when you answer this if you are fond of descriptions of "Cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces," or with the antiquary you love to let your imagination run on "Tott'ring towers, crumbling into dust" or with the philosopher you love to see,

"Manners and man in every age and clime."

In short, whatever you may be disposed to have described by my pen, you may command, even were it to know the *fashions* of Paris. If I am any judge of ladies' tastes, I expect to be very much bothered with fashions. . . . I can make out very well to tell you of what stuff a fine frock is made, and whether 20 or 30 yards is the necessary number of which it is to be made, but if you wish any further knowledge on the subject, I must resign my pen to Susan,‡ who has promised to help me out if ever I am at a loss.—The country is doing Uncle James a great deal of good, all the children are very well, and little Paul speaks French as well as he does English and perhaps better. He is so young that he has caught the French accent exactly. . . . I must now conclude, as Uncle James wishes to put in a postscript

William Cooper to his Cousin, Miss Hannah Pomeroy. ("Voices out of the Past." Fourth Voice).

[Postscript by J. Fenimore Cooper.]

My dear child,

I have been so much occupied or I should have written your mother the promised letter. Tell your mother as follows: I have taken a country seat near Paris only four miles from the gates of the latter. It is a spacious, handsomely furnished house, 90 feet long, and contains more than 30 rooms. Opposite to us is an island, and beyond, a vast expanse of country, unusual for the proximity to so large a town. . . . Your cousins are all perfectly well in body, in mind and in principles. Susan carried off all the honours due to the most excellent native talents—she has admirable gifts and what is far better is an excellent young woman. . . . As for Paul's French, he thinks in that language. Adieu. Give my love to your mother.

Your affectionate uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper

‡ Susan Fenimore Cooper.

§ *Vide* p. 97.

From Mentone we took the well-remembered drive to Monte Carlo. We spent a long time watching the gambling, seeing faces and sights that made Clare positively ill, and even weatherbeaten C.W.B. glad to go out into the fresh air! The crowds of pale, miserable-looking people, and the horrid painted women, and one or two things we witnessed sent us out gladly into the sunshine and we hurried towards the front terrace to take a look at that lovely view of blue sky and bluer water and try to forget, if possible, the scene inside, only to discover—as we joined the crowds gathered there—that we were looking at the odious pigeon shooting called "sport!" So we hastened away from the place and Monte Carlo.

I want to tell you of the deeply interesting service in the Duke of Albany Memorial Church of St. George at Cannes. As we could not go to London, we thought the next best thing to do was to be in Cannes for the memorial service held in the very church the Queen had built and in which she had placed that exquisite monument to the Duke of Albany. . . . As Cannes was filled with Royalties and English aristocracy, there would be hundreds of people who would try for the very few free seats. Therefore, on Saturday we drove to the church an hour and a half before the doors were opened; even

§ If only you could see the home called "Roseleaf," which Clare has arranged so beautifully and furnished so exquisitely for her first real doll—Rosebud! This precious Rosebud travelled everywhere with Clare for years—every one knew Rosebud, and her lovely house is a fit tribute to so historic a doll.

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Miller (1919).

then, to our despair, a quiet, elegant-looking crowd of ladies and gentlemen stood in a dense black throng before each door! I could have wept with disappointment. However, we joined the people who stood, absolutely silent, before those closed doors, the warm sun pouring down on us, the singing of the birds and the soft rustle of the leaves being the only sounds. At last, I ventured to approach a charming-looking English clergyman, who stood away from the people—and begged him to tell me where I had the best chance. He gave me a long look, and then said in a whisper, "That," pointing to one door "will be opened first." And thanking him, we moved there. At two, that door (one half of it) was opened, and as the crowd was composed of the English aristocracy, there was no pushing; all entered slowly, one by one. When *our* time came, I again kept my eyes far ahead of me, and seeing an Englishman holding a closed curtain (we discovered afterwards that the Royalties were seated in that part of the church) I asked him: "Is there any hope for two places?" He gave us a close look and said quickly: "Just there are two places," pointing across the church, and almost before we knew it, we were seated in the *last* of the remaining free seats! Hundreds were turned away, and besides every spot of standing room in the church being *black* with people (this often misused expression meaning so much here as every single person was in deep mourning)! crowds stood outside the church throughout the ceremony.

The beautiful simplicity of the service made it far more impressive than any elaborate address could have done—the church filled with those distinguished, sorrowing people, the whole altar—everything—draped in deep black, the only tinge of colour being the bank of blue violets which rested on the smaller altar of the side chapel, where is the recumbent effigy of the Duke of Albany. The life-like figure of pure white marble, so intensely outlined against all this black, made one almost feel as if he, too, must be joining us in this service. Among the Royalties present were the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Archduke and Archduchess Frederick of Austria with two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and his morganatic wife, the Countess Torby, the Crown Princess Stéphanie (Countess Lónyay), Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and many more of lesser importance. . .

Nervi,

March 7th, 1901.

Last week we had an enchanting drive to Spezia, taking a comfortable carriage, and doing it all in a most satisfactory manner. The horrid automobiles, and the electric trams have not (I am happy to say) *as yet* invaded the Italian Riviera, therefore our horses remained with all four hoofs upon the ground, where well-bred horses (undisturbed by automobiles) should keep them! We had the whole splendid road to ourselves, and superb weather, as

warm as May. It was indeed beyond *description* charming, and yet, in the face of this last sentence, I *will* attempt a description!

First, we drove to Rapallo and the next day along the "High Road" to Spezia, a magnificent drive equal to any mountain pass I have ever seen. Such views as we obtained at every turn, each new one making us wonder what more beautiful could be seen, and yet, ever new beauties bursting upon us. At Spezia we spent two delightful days. Of course we went to the villa at Lerici, and talked it all over again. When we looked at the mirror-like water, it seemed impossible that Shelley's boat *could* have been lost.*

* * * * *

Clare says that when we leave here I shall be followed to the station by three donkeys, two dogs and a lot of birds, for all winter I have been feeding the birds, two poor stray dogs, and three donkeys who draw little charcoal carts. It is very funny to see the donkeys; they all know me, and as soon as they spy Othello (who runs far ahead of us), they stop stock-still and refuse to move, and crane their necks nearly off to look for me! I fill my pockets full of broken up pieces of Tello's dog biscuit, and the donkeys love it. I have also made friends with some chickens to whom I carry bread-crumbs. So I shall be missed at least by animals when we leave.

* How strange it is that very good men always uphold Shelley (who broke his wife's heart, and deliberately persuaded a young girl to go away with him) and are down on Byron, whom the women all fled after and held on to!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

The " poor " of Nervi I have found out. I have discovered that those who whine about the streets are frauds. One man, labelled in Italian, " I am blind," saw us the other day as far as the youngest, strongest eye could distinguish and came nearly a quarter of a mile to get in our path ! Another, who pretends he cannot walk, we saw recently at Genoa footing it most briskly ! At Nervi he never smiles, and bends down nearly to the ground with two crutches, groaning very hard !

* * * * *

About the middle of March, we left our ideal winter home and moved to Pisa, where we remained a week, visiting some of the Tuscan cities (Lucca, Leghorn) which we had never seen. One day we drove to the spot on the sea-shore where Shelley's body was washed ashore and afterwards burned by Byron, Leigh Hunt, etc. We were so fortunate as to find at the Church Library at Pisa Trelawny's book, which we read aloud.

After Pisa we went to Florence, but I found the place too sad for me to linger in. One afternoon we took Othello up to Bellosguardo. All looked absolutely unchanged.

Perugia, Hotel Brufani.

Easter Sunday.

Perugia has a superb situation and from my window I command the whole Umbrian plain ; little towns dotted about in the mass of green ; wild flowers everywhere—miles away are some lovely green hills and

still further and higher, some magical snow-capped mountains. The place is full of interest and charm.

* * * * *

When we left Perugia, we took at last the difficult Ancona trip. We did not care for Guercino as an artist any more than Browning did, but his enchanting verses about that picture (The Guardian Angel), he writing them as a sort of defence of the abused artist, lifted it—the picture—into a higher rank. . . . The day we visited Fano, we found in the deserted church an artist copying the picture. I took out my pocket Browning and began reading the poem in a low voice to Clare. When I reached:

"And I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world"

the artist stopped his work and very slowly removed his ladder, implements and all the candles and vases, and got down and listened. He seemed much moved. Now comes a little "puffed-with-pride" addition to this, for when I returned to Ancona, I flung out to Henry James (who was in London and had been silent for nearly two months, and who always both envied and admired us, while "pretending" and saying all kinds of things of despair and disapproval of our "wild" excursions) an adaptation of the last lines of the poem, as follows:

"Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Thames at your world's far end?
This is Ancona, yonder is the sea."
Clara and Clare*.

* *Vide* p. 103.

Bologna was very pleasant. We took a look at the familiar pictures, and several drives to try to hear a nightingale—all in vain! Then we went to Vienna where in our same rooms at the Grand Hotel, which hotel is now one of our homes, we settled down into weeks of solid pleasure. We arrived in time to attend the wedding of Frau von W's. young daughter to Herr von P. An Austrian wedding is quite different from ours, and interesting to see. We heard

* No, you shall not for a day longer nourish the dark delusion that I am instituting another of the great Saharas of our correspondence—an elevated table-land or sandy desert unfavourable to human life. The trackless plain *has* stretched for a little, in my quarter, but . . . you are entreated to regard this as a decent oasis, in which flowers or fruit make something of a show. I have before me *your* beautiful last oasis or really, rather, land of milk and honey altogether . . . as well as the scrap of herbage that cropped up for me the other day so sweetly—your greeting from Ancona—after the sandstorm seemed quite to have set in. It did me good and I browsed upon it gratefully, mere scrap of herbage though it was, for it had in it the taste of Italy and of far-away Ancona, where I never was but once, in the distant years, but which I remember, I scarce know why, romantically. Where you were on your way to there, I don't positively divine. . . . I can't fill out, in the wild geography of your life and Clare's, the great continental stretch since Nervi . . . I don't at any rate seem to see you spellbound at Nervi till you made your rush for Ancona. . .

The poor old Queen's vanishment is complete, and it makes me feel strangely old. I feel, that is, that I've not only seen so much of her reign, but seen her left behind and bedimmed. . . it's very much as if the monarchy hadn't a monarch. While the Queen lived, it quite had. . .

It's one o'clock or all but, in the a.m. (my usual writing hour) and my lamp burns low. . . may this find you among bowers and flowers. Is there no chance of Dover Street again this summer? If there is the least germ, cultivate it hard!

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

the "tenor of the future" (as some call Slezak), but we did not care for him. He is of the "high C" order.

We left Vienna for Franzensbad on June 8th, for a "cure" of ills we happily do *not* possess!

The excitement of the summer was the arrival of the cable telling me that dear old "Deacon Place" (hereafter to be called "Pomeroy Place") was mine! It seemed—and seems—too good to be true. All my life I have wanted to own this little old stone house with the magic initials "G.A.P.C."* under the gable, but *never* expected to obtain such happiness! It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life; I am thankful and grateful beyond expression.

We have taken again the same nice Bayreuth rooms we had last year, and our front row seats are already ours. My ears are straining ahead as I write to catch the first note.

* * * * *

Arrived at Bayreuth . . . we started out and walked up the hill (hot as the day was) to see if the Magic Red Building was all safe and sound. Many others of the musical pilgrims were doing the same. The performances were very brilliant. Gulbranson

* The initials G.A.P.C. (George—Ann—Pomeroy—Cooper) built into the side of the house (which was given to my grandmother as a wedding gift by my great-grandfather, William Cooper, by whom Cooperstown was founded), were most appropriate, as these grandparents of mine lived to be over eighty and were devoted to each other. In those days, this was a splendid wedding gift. The walls are two feet thick, solid stone, and I have eighteen of the wide window-seats and seven of the deep fire-places.

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1917).

(she of the white velvet voice combined with the dramatic temperament) was still lovelier both in voice and acting as Brünnhilde ; Schmedes, not in good voice but acting splendidly ; Bertram and Van Rooy sharing the honours as Wotan and the Holländer. "The Flying Dutchman" at Bayreuth was absolutely another work—I felt as if I had never before heard or seen it.

When we took our seats in that magic front row for the first performance who should step in and seat themselves next us but "Abbazia" and "Athens." We all four laughed right out—it was so funny. To know such agreeable musical men added much to our pleasure at Bayreuth, and we had many talks about music and dear Vienna, and at parting, plans were made for meetings in September. . .

Before we could settle in Vienna up turned both gentlemen, and before we left, they gave us a most beautiful dinner in their charming apartment. . . We plunged into dressmaking and Christmas presents by day, and by night, theatre and opera. . . . We left Vienna on the Orient Express . . . for Paris . . . which seemed full of Americans and Parisian demi-monde. . . . At the Cherbourg hotel we had a fight to secure the double-bedded room with bath ordered, and when we secured it, we discovered that the hot water *never* ran in the tub ! We had a funny time of it. We took Othello long walks and struggled for our food. However, the start from Cherbourg was easy. Our big boat

" Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse " appeared in the harbour at five, and before six we were aboard and in our nice cabin. Besides Captain Högemann to welcome us, there was Purser Tielbar (our good " Spree " friend) and to our astonishment, Chief Steward Vollers, also of the " Spree."* He and the officers were all attention and we had the best voyage we have made in years—no storms, no fogs—a "break record" passage. And thus ended our 10th trip abroad.

* After our terrible accident on the " Spree," we were towed back to Queenstown and the " Havel " was sent there and we all sailed to America early in December. As the same people were with us, there was no passenger list, and our experience had been so terrible that we entirely overlooked the fact that this voyage was our 13th that we had been dreading ! *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

* . . .Oh, that experience of ours has never been forgotten ! Our " thrust " shaft was where the break came, and our poor boat was made " lifeless " in one moment, and the water poured in upon the second-class passengers . . . and all the people were got out before the water-tight doors could be shut ! And we had no boat to aid *us*, no wireless to cry out to, and for nearly a week we might have gone down at any time. The pumps never stopped night or day. Oh, you cannot faintly grasp one hundredth part of what it all was !

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1922).

* That awful (" Spree ") experience, from which we never quite recovered ; my nerves were never quite as before or Clare's eyes—straining out over that black water for oh ! one gleam of light !

From a Letter to Miss May Harris (1922).

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"
(Told By C.W.B.)

and from a LETTER to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER.

SAILED from New York, May 20th, 1902 on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." The voyage was a trying one—the first we had taken without Tello* and the ship was full of associations. But, from the Captain to the deck

* I send you both . . . my tenderest condolences on the death of poor little gallant romantic Tello. It must be the loss of the most intimate of friends, almost the nearest of relations—a brave little black, barking son and brother! This end of his career takes me back in memory to the other end—the melancholy days in Venice when he came to you for refuge and you covered him with your charity. You can at any rate both reflect that you filled to the brim for years the cup of his capacity for happiness, and that while he lived he was probably the most important and glorious dog in the two hemispheres. . . But . . . while you were making Tello the cosmopolite of his race, I committed to earth the three valued friends whose names are inscribed on the small tombstones in my garden, so I know the particular pang of loss. For you, moreover, Tello was born (at least your interest in him was) of a particular terrible passage in your lives out of nothing resembling which, thank God, can any successor to him come to you. And I think of him with gratitude always, that he was there to take a part of your feeling—I well measure the amount of missing in your bereavement. . . *Henry James to Clare Benedict.*

This letter was written to Clare Benedict in answer to a letter of hers, announcing the death of Constance Fenimore Woolson's dog, the dear little black Pomeranian, whom she had named "Othello, the Moor of Venice." It was in Venice that Mr. Daniel Curtis had given this dog to Miss Woolson, and after her death, for eight years, he was the treasure of Mrs. and Miss Benedict. Mr. James, having been in Venice with them and often seeing them in London and elsewhere, also knew and loved Othello. (*Note by Mrs. Benedict*).

stewards, all were attention and kindness, and everything was done to make us feel better. . . Reached Plymouth on May 26th. When we read our letters, we learned from Henry James that he had just lost his little dog, and had fled to London for a change. . . We wired Dover Street asking whether we could have rooms and when the answer came "Yes," off we started. Mr. James appeared the same evening and often afterwards. We engaged splendid places at Westminster Hospital, immediately opposite the west door of the Abbey; so, had the coronation taken place in June, we should have had a fine view of the approach and the dismounting; then, while the ceremonies were going on inside the Abbey, we should have been served a hot luncheon in the Hospital, after which we should have returned to our seats and have seen the departure of the procession. We had also been so fortunate as to have secured beds to sleep the night before at the Westminster School for Trained Nurses, so that in one moment we should have been in our places. A very fine plan had the King only remained well enough to be crowned!

Coronation Day*.

I have seen many national calamities, but never one quite like this because of the sudden change from the joyous, brilliant preparations of one hour to the dismay, fear and despair of the next! It was a sight never to be forgotten, and the manner in which the English bore this blow spoke well for the stuff

* *Vide* p. 109.

*THE FRUSTRATED CORONATION.

On Monday the town was in an uproarious state—there was no mistaking the fond determination on the part of the public to make the utmost of the occasion by indulging in every kind of merriment and rejoicing. The streets were paraded by carts and waggons filled with country visitors, who gazed, open-mouthed, at the vivid decorations, and who were, in their turn, gazed back at with amusement by the gay crowds on the pavements. Good nature reigned supreme, and noise ran riot, for everywhere the last blows were being dealt to scaffolding, the last crowns were being hoisted into place. It was very difficult to follow the route of the procession, but, whoever was pushed aside by the throng, comforted himself by making a hasty little digression into a side street, where he could, for a moment, stand still and admire the animated spectacle. Huge prices were being asked for windows and seats—the shops had dejectedly disappeared under the ubiquitous stands which occupied every available space—even the roofs were not safe from depredation.

Hyde Park was literally black with people that afternoon; as late as seven o'clock there was no diminution in the steady line of carriages. Expectancy was in the air; His Majesty was, in fact, expected. But no king appeared, and at last the people—still in the brightest spirits—left the park. For what was one sight more or less in view of a week of such superb opportunities? The streets were almost impassable owing to the removal of those blessed "refuges" which are surely one source of London's comfort if not of London's greatness! Omnibuses loaded with "upstairs" passengers followed one another so closely as to give Piccadilly the appearance of a two-storeyed street. The crowds were well-behaved—neither peacock feathers nor toy whistles were in evidence—there was merely a vast concourse of people, mostly from the country, parading the streets in high good humour, which was increased by the sight of placards announcing in large headlines the King's safe arrival in town that noon.

The next morning the sound of hammer and the tramp of feet re-commenced. Fresh signs announced seats for seven guineas. There was, however, one ominous fact—the hospitals on the line of route had not by any means completed their stands; in fact, work had come to a standstill during the last week, so that holders of hospital tickets were speculating rather anxiously as to their probable fate.

At about half past eleven a rumour proceeding through the back door of Devonshire House to the aristocratic neighbourhood made a slight stir among the people who heard it; it was said that the coronation was postponed owing to the sudden illness of the King. One could not gather from the expression of the hearers whether the report was believed or not. The "extras" did not make their appearance until one o'clock, and even then the passers-by maintained immovable countenances, not a trace either of consternation or surprise could be discerned.

At length the hammers ceased, the crowd lessened—the rush was now towards Buckingham Palace, where all the notables assembled in a flash to pay their respects to the stricken sovereign and to hear the latest news. An uninterrupted line of carriages passed in and out of the ambassadors' entrance, while in front of the palace a vast crowd of silent people had gathered, choosing as far as possible the neighbourhood of the red bulletin boards. Royal carriages rushed back and forth, their occupants hardly recognized by the crowd. Distinguished visitors hastened in and out on foot; telegraph boys and mail waggons lent added significance to a scene which was above all impressive by reason of its intense reserve. The people were singularly impassive, there was not a trace of emotion anywhere, although extreme interest was, of course, manifested in each new bulletin, but no comments of any kind were audible in the crowd. The famous English self-control had fairly carried the day and had made of it a dignified, polite occasion quite free from overstrained excitement or "gush."

On re-passing along the route of the procession, the shopkeepers were seen to be already removing from their windows the more cumbersome of the obstructions. Workmen were stolidly pulling down festoons and royal crowns; the gaily illuminated sentences of "Long Live King Edward" seemed to assume a mocking air—one wished that their colours were not quite so bright. Not a word of complaint was heard, however, though everyone looked very grave.

The indescribably sharp contrast between the two days will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—the unrestrained gaiety of the first—the carefully restrained despondency of the second. The King may well be proud of his people.

(*C.R.B.*)

of which the nation is made. To many it meant ruin, and yet not one complaint was heard, and rich and poor mingled in the crowd before Buckingham Palace, straining their eyes to read each bulletin in a way wonderful to witness. It seemed almost too wilfully tragic.

On Monday, when we returned from our little trip of ten days in the country, the city was in a ferment, men hard at work finishing the decorations, streets crowded, every one jolly and smiling. The day was superb and the great world went in the late afternoon to Hyde Park to see the Royal guests and the Royal Family. But when seven o'clock arrived and no member of the Royal Family appeared, I think a good many began to be anxious.

Tuesday morning, quite by accident, we heard through a person who was near to Devonshire House that something was very wrong with the King, and that there would be no coronation. By one o'clock the blow had fallen, and every one knew. Such a sight as it was—the foreign Royalties dashing in and out, regardless of ceremony—we have seen every one over and over again, as we never should have at the coronation, not with their jewels and fine clothes, but quite intimately, so to speak. . . It was all strange and queer, as the *Morning Post* so well put it : " It made real the unreality, and then, by a curious reversion, it made the real, the unreality." . . . And to see these elaborate decorations *destroyed* without ever having been seen or used has indeed been pathetic and dreadful to us. And then to have

an absolutely ideal day as to weather seems an added irony of fate! . . . One cannot but think that in the condition of the King's health the coronation should have come first, and all the social functions afterwards, then, had he been ill, only the rich would have been disappointed, not the poor*.

We made a delightful little trip into Surrey, going first to Guildford. We took Lewis Carroll's favourite walk up on the Hog's Back and found his grave in the cemetery and put some flowers there. . . In the afternoon, we had a charming drive across country to Burford Bridge, taking tea in the pretty garden

* Very interesting and moving your account of the shock of last week, which must have been, on the spot, the horrible spot, awful enough, and which you and Clare advanced so innocently from your prosperous country time to take full in the face. It was dismaying enough here—in town it must have been sickening to the soul . . . It's what comes to those—such shocks are—who fish in such deep waters! London, at the last time of my being there, seemed to me too impossible to be borne. . . . And the future is so ambiguous—if the King does get well. He will still want to be crowned in the autumn, yet a private coronation would seem to be unthinkable. On the other hand another attempt at a public one would be wreck and ruin to the town. . . . Your provincial wanderings sound most interesting, though the grand scale of them takes my breath away. I'm beginning to think Clare as great an eagle as yourself. Therefore, don't, oh don't, as eagles, think of giving up your little episode here. September . . . ? I don't believe in September—I've seen too many "other times" kick their heels in my face. . . . You must stay over long enough to come down on the 9th,—attach yourselves to that prospect and all will be well. May this be constantly the case with you in town. I don't know what obscure—that is, inscrutable ties you may have formed there, but I trust they are not such as will get you into trouble. I'm a trifle anxious, but am very constantly your old friend and Clare's— *Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.*

of Burford Bridge Inn, seeing the room in which Keats wrote "Endymion," and that in which Nelson said good-bye to Lady Hamilton. We looked at the outside of George Meredith's* house, and saw him in the garden. We heard he was ill, and the next morning got the prettiest flowers we could find and carried them to his home with a few lines expressing thanks for his wonderful books. After luncheon we walked up to see the view from the top of Box Hill, and while we were gone, Mr. Meredith called upon us! We would rather *never* have seen the view, and shall never cease to regret having missed such a visit !†

* Lady Butcher. Memories of George Meredith.

A very interesting book, which gives flashlight explanations of many (formerly) clouded subjects. To ardent admirers of Meredith (as are C.W.B. and C.R.B.) these "flashlights" are thrilling!

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1919).

† Box Hill, Dorking,

June 4th, 1902.

My dear Madam,

Your letter is pleasant reading to me, though I have to regret that you suffered a disappointment, and that I lost the chance of tendering my thanks in person for the gift of the flowers. But judging from the experiences of my youth, I think it prudent to keep to the spiritual impression of an author. There are worse disappointments than in the failing to see the creature.

I hold Americans in sympathy, and have good friends among them. Faithfully yours,

George Meredith.

I am so fortunate as to own two signed photographs of George Meredith. When he told me he would sign a photograph for me, I sent him a copy of the Watts portrait. He sent me my picture signed, but told me that he did not like it,‡ and that if I would give him my American address, he would send me one he did like, and in about two weeks he sent this lovely Hollyer picture, also signed.

Mrs. Benedict to Miss May Harris (1909).

‡ It has rather the look of a valetudinarian cynic practising at philanthropy. *George Meredith to Mrs. Benedict.*

We returned to London by coach, a pleasant ride made quite exciting by the signs of rejoicing because of the good news of "peace"—the end of that *horrid* war in South Africa.

Another delightful trip was to Broadway (which our American artists have made famous), to Evesham and Shrewsbury, and to that dear little inn at Bolton Abbey, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Next we made Mansfield our headquarters, staying at that inn with its queer staircase three hundred years old, up and down which we twisted several times a day. We took the splendid drive to the "Dukeries"*, and continued our Byron pilgrimage,

* The circular tour, known locally as the Dukeries Drive, is in some respects disappointing, that is, the Dukeries are—never the drive, which is a perpetual delight to all forest lovers. The ancient trees speak so plainly of Robin Hood—the so-called Shambles Oak being especially loud in his praises, for in this tree, the gentle outlaw is said to have stored his venison. Robin Hood, indeed, showed excellent taste in his choice of an abode, for Sherwood, though marred and stunted by centuries of encroachment and misuse still retains much of its charm and gracious seclusion, which in earlier days must have rendered it the Queen of English Forests.

The great ducal seats are peculiarly incongruous in a region so steeped in legends of unlawful hunters—but the incongruity goes further—for the memory of these same hunters is fondly cherished by the noble landlords, in whose devotion there lingers, one may be sure, not the faintest grudge against the ancestors of the modern poacher.

Welbeck Abbey, which is approached through an incomparable avenue of limes, enjoys the profound admiration of the district by reason of its superb hothouses and sumptuous stables. In outward appearance the house is not particularly impressive, but it possesses one unique attraction in the under-

ground palace, which was built by the late duke at a vast outlay of time and money. A peep into the long damp tunnel that connects the huge riding-school with the Abbey, hardly makes one fall in love with the eccentric nobleman's fancy for submerged apartments, since the tunnel seems to lack everything that makes life happy—air, light, warmth and colour. The sunken rooms are, however, perfectly lighted and ventilated by means of an elaborate system of bulls'-eye openings, which are visible at regular intervals in the garden above.

The late Duke of Portland, whose tastes were at least unconventional, is, after Robin Hood, quite the most striking personality connected with Sherwood, unless Newstead be included as within the precincts of the wood, in which case Lord Byron would have an indisputable claim to the first place among the lions of the forest. The Pilgrim Oak which guards the entrance to Newstead Abbey is the sole survivor of countless Sherwood brothers, wantonly destroyed by the "Wicked Lord," great-uncle to the poet.

Newstead Abbey, though far smaller than its famous rivals, Welbeck and Clumber, possesses, nevertheless, a certain harmonious distinction, which places it in the front rank of show-houses even without its associations with the poet. There is something peculiarly beautiful in the slope of the ground and in the effect of the water and trees—the whole place, in fact, is eminently picturesque, the ruined Abbey Church with exquisite Early English tracery, the fine west front looking out on the lovely lake, the monk's fish pond, (into which, at the time of the dissolution, the wary brethren sunk their treasures), the Devil's Wood, the favourite haunt of the "Wicked Lord," Boatswain's Tomb with its tender inscription—all these things charm the eye and stir the imagination before one enters the house itself.

That favoured dwelling seems to unite in its lovely person—we must be allowed to speak of Newstead as a person—all the perfections that one has never seen united except in dreams! The cloisters suggest Monreale, the crypt rivals Glamis, the splendid dining-hall is above comparison, as is the matchless chapel—finally the Byron rooms, kept exactly as he left them, are full of interest to the lover of the poet, whose restless spirit seems indeed to haunt the whole place.

(commenced in Italy) visiting Newstead Abbey, which charmed us, and Byron's tomb in the little church at Hucknall Torkard. We went to Nottingham, more to take a look at Wollaton House than for anything else—(Father used to think that *Woolson* came from *Wollaton*). . . . We finished up this trip by spending Sunday at beautiful St. Albans.

On our return to London we found our costumes from Vienna, very pretty and—wonderful to relate—all right. Our returned coronation money paid for

The famous revels at Newstead, when the guests assumed monks' gowns and drank wine from an abbot's skull, when the wild young master practised at shooting in the hall, and harboured strange pets in his bedroom—these things are truly of the past. It is difficult indeed to believe in such extravagances when face to face with the immaculate and carefully tended mansion, in which there lurks not a speck of dust or an inch of mould to claim kinship with its former dilapidation. In Lord Byron's time, we were told with infinite pride, there was not a decent bit of roof on the whole house, except that over the small suite of rooms occupied by the poet, a suite remarkable for its simplicity and lack of pretension.

It would be ungrateful to deny that Newstead has been most carefully preserved and restored by its two former owners, much of infinite value has been saved from ruin and decay, and the poet's memory, moreover, has been most lovingly cherished.

And yet one would like to see it as it looked when Lord Byron first beheld it—

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle :
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way."

(*C.R.B.*)

them. Some little consolation! (The Westminster Hospital refunded all our money excepting the 10 per cent that we agreed—in the event of no coronation—to leave with the Hospital).

We went often to the theatre, and twice to the opera, once with Henry James . . . saw the pictures, walked in the Parks and did a little shopping, but the weather was warm and we had been through such commotion that we decided to give up our visit to Rye and our week in the New Forest and to go to Dover for some fresh sea breezes and hot salt baths. . . . We enjoyed our stay at Dover immensely*. I did my Bayreuth embroidery. . . . On July 16th, we took the Ostend boat for the continent, travelling across the channel with Van Dyck.† . . Found our Bayreuth rooms arranged as we requested. . . We went out to get our tickets and Herr von Gross asked if we would not like to go to the last dress rehearsal of the "Flying Dutchman." Of course, we were delighted, and hurried up to the Magic Red Building on the pretty green hill. To his surprise and our joy, we had seats directly in front of Reichmann (who had kindly come to sing Amfortas). . . It was all enchanting, the performance and the audience. Indeed, the whole Bayreuth month

* One of our favourite "staying places" (we had so many in nearly every country in Europe), was a very large, handsome hotel at Dover, England, "The Burlington." The rooms were beautiful, and charmingly furnished, open fires and perfect service, and our sea view was superb. All the channel boats and ocean steamers by day, and at night, the wonderful lighthouses of Calais, Boulogne, and Gris Nez flashed red, white and green across the water to us. We even liked to be caught at Dover in a "North-easter."
From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1920).

† Ernest Van Dyck, the famous Bayreuth Parsifal.

acted like a charm* . . . all the people we knew were the right kind for Bayreuth—no "wet blankets;" the weather was fine, and we had unexpected pleasures

* Bayreuth casts a truly subtle spell over those who linger in its midst—a spell, moreover, quite distinct from that woven about the musician by the Master's insinuating harmonies.

At first, the pilgrim, absorbed in the greater glories of the Festival, scarcely heeds the humbler charms of the grey old town, but little by little he becomes attached to many a quaint corner—to the fine round tower that serves as a landmark to weary pedestrians—to the quiet Friedrichstrasse, where every house points to a noble past. The eighteenth century atmosphere is almost perfectly preserved in many of the streets and squares; the Market Place, indeed, adorned with three ancient fountains and safeguarded by three venerable apothecary shops—the Moor, the Eagle and the Court—carries us back to even earlier times. The two handsome palaces, built by the splendour-loving Margraves, the stately Hofgarten—never failing in courtesy and shade—the charming little opera-house, are likewise very dear to the heart of the faithful pilgrim, who cherishes lovingly the frank rococo charms of the last-named edifice, an edifice, which in spite of comparative neglect, still retains an indefinable air of distinction, as if it were saying in a delicately-scented whisper that, although defrauded of its rightful destiny, it never for an instant forgot its high birth and breeding.

As he strolls through the Hofgarten, this same pilgrim finds his thoughts drifting easily towards Margravine Wilhelmine, Frederick's witty sister. He wonders whether she, too, would have become a fellow-worshipper at the Wagnerian shrine? He concludes that both Wilhelmine and her ghostly relative, the redoubtable White Lady, would certainly have joined the ranks of the elect, if only for the excitement of the thing. The Eremitage is closely associated with these two lively ladies, for Wilhelmine passed much of her time within its charming precincts, and the White Lady, according to the tales of the inhabitants, seldom leaves the place. She is said to appear to each royal sleeper in the château, Napoleon and King Ludwig II. of Bavaria having been specially favoured by the fair countess.

(C.R.B.)

such as being introduced to Mottl . . . We left Bayreuth the day after the last heavenly "Parsifal".

Our stay in Munich was not very pleasant, and the performance of "Lohengrin" at the Prince Regent Theatre, very poor. Nordica *sang* Elsa beautifully, but she could not carry the whole performance; the rest of the soloists had little or no voices, several bad mistakes were made in the orchestra, and many funny things happened. The little "back yard" with high painted green fence—supposed to be trees—where people walked up and down between acts, seemed absurd, and the theatre itself is built in the ugliest part of the suburbs of Munich; no view, no anything; we were glad to go to Vienna the next day.

We worked early and late during our short stay in Vienna and all went very well until August 28th, when a cable told us of the sudden death of Mother Benedict.* It was a great shock and we hardly knew what to do. After a little we decided to carry out our original plan and go to Cooperstown as arranged. We reached London September 7th, and put up at Fleming's Hotel in Half Moon Street. We found we had London entirely to ourselves—the walks in the lovely parks were delightful. We took the "Special" on September 10th to Southampton, and were soon on our fine "Kronprinz Wilhelm." Mr.

* Mrs. Oliphant. The Neighbours of the Green.

Read by C.W.B. to Mrs. G. A. Benedict the first summer spent at "Breezy Bluff." Mrs. Benedict liked the book so much; and in re-reading it, all these years afterwards, it is still full of charm and interest.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1917).

Tielbar, our kind friend of the "Spree," had sent his son a letter and everything was well arranged for us. At table, a Mr. Wyckoff was rather entertaining, and it was funny to watch the scion of the Mumm Extra Dry Champagne and his snub of a typical modern girl. We had Lord Charles Beresford on board and we came over more swiftly than any other ship has ever crossed before and reached our dock on September 16th at nine a.m. and were soon safely in our pretty New York* rooms.

And thus ended our 11th trip abroad.

* Every city has its characteristics. Walking through the fashionable avenues of New York, an observer notices its peculiarities, some amusing and others sad, some pleasant and others the reverse. The numerous florists' shops with their lovely flowers charm a stranger's eye. Baskets and bouquets of exotics, graceful sprays of green, clusters of roses and bunches of violets seem to turn January into June, making the old young again with their fresh beauty. In the windows, in glass cases outside, set up in wooden trays on the corner, and offered by little girls on the street, the exquisite blossoms meet you everywhere with a profusion unattainable in the country. As you can always find the best fruit and vegetables in the cities, so it is with flowers; you may scour the country far and wide, even in June and you cannot find such perfect flowers as are offered to you in January in the streets of New York. . . .

Walking up Fifth Avenue one meets the bonnes with their white caps carrying richly dressed babies and talking French to the little girls trotting alongside. On every block one encounters a persistent boy with pins for sale. The peculiarity of these boys—their name is legion—is a wonderful tone of voice, beginning in a whisper and rising to a chanting monotone. You hear the low muttering behind and you hurry on, but it is useless; you say you do not want the pins, but the boy still thrusts them in your face, nor will he leave you until he sees another victim. You give a sigh of relief, but soon another of the band darts upon you and the well-known mournful chant commences. Why would it not be a good idea to engage these boys for the choral service. They excel in just that unexpected minor fall which characterizes the most dismal of the Gregorian chants.

On the fence posts and area steps of the city houses, chalk marks and signs are often seen. These are the hieroglyphics of the beggars, intelligible only to their mates, giving information of the luck they have had thus far, and hints as to the character of the house, whether generous or the reverse. If one could read this sign-writing, the comments might be amusing enough, but it is as mysterious as the dialect of the gypsies. . . .

From "New York in the Seventies" by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (*"Voices out of the Past."*)

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Told By C.W.B.)

AND FROM LETTERS TO MISS KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, MISS EMMA BECK AND RUDOLF DRESCHER.

SAILED on "Kronprinz Wilhelm," February 24th, 1903. Made splendid runs each day, the wind being with—not against us. There were enough passengers to make the boat look bright and gay, but no crowd. The Captain and Second Officer Tielbar were very polite. All went well until Friday, when I took a heavy cold, and then we struck immensely heavy seas. As the wind was still in our favour, the passengers did not realize how very high the waves were. The Sunday night before landing, I felt very ill. I got dressed, and then remained in my berth, and poor Clare did the packing, etc. At Plymouth, the guard let me go immediately to a first class compartment where I could lie down. We reached London about eight, and I went to bed, taking all my simple remedies. But I felt no better next day and on Tuesday, we sent for a doctor. He insisted that it was all the effect of the high seas. Gave me any amount of medicine and I felt worse and worse. Henry James called and called. But I could not feel better. At last I told the doctor I would take no more medicine, and commenced eating nourishing food every two

hours and soon felt better. The weather was warm and lovely so that I could go out every day. We went to the Wallace Collection to take a look at the Velazquez pictures. We had a funny experience when buying our seats for the opening night of Wyndham's New Theatre. We were taken into the theatre to be shown the seats, and saw the rehearsal—all of them on the stage—Sir Charles Wyndham in charge. The opening night was brilliant. . . . We also went to see Barrie's "Admirable Crichton." H. B. Irving was excellent, also Irene Vanbrugh and Gerald du Maurier—a very clever play, which we enjoyed immensely. Mr. James came on Friday to say goodbye, and on Saturday, we started off for Dover... The Hotel Burlington as attractive as ever. We took a pretty red suite with water view from the parlour. Nice open fire. . . We crossed the channel on March 19th. Fortunately, we were able to secure the best disengaged cabin, where we clung to our seats during the very rough crossing, looking out from our dry nest upon the wet, miserable passengers. The journey to Paris was as uncomfortable as (we think) it ever is—always crowded, and despairing-looking-people nibbling bread and "things"—mostly "things,"—after their sea-sickness. We were given barn-like rooms at the Meurice—very large and impossible to heat, and a very high price. . . Every time we go to Paris, we try another hotel. . .

We travelled to Biarritz by a very good train that runs every Saturday from Paris to Lisbon... Had two delightful seats and felt foreign and fine. . .

Reached pretty Biarritz at night, and were given a room overlooking the Bay of Biscay, which *from the land*, looked serenely blue and like a mirror.

Although we had been reading all winter about Spain, I (who am usually equal to any amount of daring) was beginning to wonder: "Could we two women, understanding no Spanish, get on in Spain without aid?" Clare, however, kept on bravely studying and I learned glibly the Spanish salutation which I intended using straight through!

It was an unwise plan of ours to make our first plunge into the Basque district, which is said to own the most difficult language of all—that spoken in the Garden of Eden by Adam and Eve. They also say that the devil studied it for seven years and only learned seven words (it is so *mean* they do not tell you what those seven words were). There is another saying that in the Basque country they "spell Solomon and pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar." However, although we started toward the Spanish frontier with rather sinking hearts, Clare's polyglot Spanish worked all right; when there was doubt, she sprang into Italian and that usually helped; and in one or two "pinch" situations, there was always some one found who spoke French. Of course, with our usual way of getting out of the beaten track, we planned—as our first little trip—a very difficult one, Burgos. And not content with that, we were so determined to see those superb façades at Valladolid that we insisted upon a day there, and also to stop over at Avila, all *en route* to Madrid. And we really think, if we *do* say it our-

selves, that we did well. We had to send any number of telegrams in Spanish to have rooms ready for us at strange places such as Medina del Campo, for instance, and a carriage, for which we had telegraphed, stood waiting at the Avila station. Burgos is, in a way, a disappointment, because you cannot see—as a whole—that superb cathedral. But each little piece we *could* see seemed more beautiful than the little piece we had just been exclaiming over. . . We were so fortunate as to be in Burgos on Annunciation Day, and heard splendid music and most impressive services. The Valladolid inn, and the city itself, are *hopeless*, but . . those façades are really magnificent. Avila is lovely, lovely ! . . . We spent three days at Madrid . . . On Sunday afternoon we had an excellent view of the Queen driving in the park, drawn by her five smart mules. The King also drives five mules. We had fine opportunities to see him, as he attended a great review of troops on horseback, and we saw him go and return. He looks happy, alert and young. We hied us to the Prado the very first morning after arrival " just for one glance "—but that glance settled matters for us both. We " glanced " twice a day for three days, and, on our return from Toledo last Thursday, expecting to leave in the evening for Cordova, we spent two hours there again . . . Since the 300th anniversary of Velazquez's death they have hung all his pictures together. Oh, what a sight ! . . . The " Maids of Honour " hang alone in a room; they have given the same added touch of cleverness that Velazquez

himself gave in the picture (of the mirror reflection) by hanging a mirror opposite the picture. One felt that in a moment more the darling little Marguerita would move and speak, the unknown man go out of the door, and the master resume his painting!

We found Toledo intensely interesting. . . . We spent nearly three days in looking, looking, looking, admiring, admiring, admiring! We walked all day and far into the late twilight over those awful "agony" stones, as the pavements are called, and did not care how our feet ached (I have limped ever since, and have not complained). . . We even carried our enthusiasm to the point of being called early on our last day and going to the unique service at the Mozarabic Chapel, the special ritual used before the Moorish Conquest—so very interesting. But in Spain, no one helps; they do not call out the names of stations, no guard ever comes near you. When you arrive—dark night, any time—you must beat on the door until it is opened; get a man to carry your bags, do everything (you would not believe how much *I* have accomplished with the sign language). The Spaniards would not even touch you and point to a train, they would just let you miss it, and yet all in the greatest good nature, and with no idea of being rude. They "go you with God," every time, and a smile.

We have had such funny experiences. All the travellers tell you that if you eat in a train where there are Spaniards, they consider it an insult if you do not offer them some; then no one of all those travellers, Hare, Ford, Warner, Irving, Hay,

Gautier, De Amicis, tells you the end of the tale. *Do they accept, and take your last morsel?* Our first situation of this kind was a desperate one: a light luncheon at twelve, a delayed train, and only three small pieces of chocolate, and *one* roll (saved by the careful Clare from breakfast). We whispered and discussed the matter for a long time in our corner of the compartment, looking at the nun in her corner, and two grand ladies of Madrid in theirs, to see whether we could judge of their appetites. At last, our own hunger drove us to a decision. I broke the one roll in half, placed my three small pieces of chocolate upon it, and, with a feeble smile, presented it first to the nun; she smiled and declined; then I bravely offered it to the ladies and they declined. And oh! how good our bread and chocolate tasted, and we could eat them with no fear of a hidden Toledo blade! An excellent guide, who devoted himself to us during our stay in Toledo, told us that no Spaniard ever accepted these offers of food, so now we shall dare offer even if it be our last crumb.

We stopped a day and a half at Cordova to look and look again at that wonderful mosque. No one (certainly not a C.W.B.) can find words to express what one felt and thought at the Cordova mosque!

Seville.

Tuesday in Holy Week.

One cold snowy day last January, a lady who knows Spain well warned me to write to Seville then and there if I desired a room for Holy Week, and in

that room I am now seated. . . And none too early did I apply. People flock here from all parts of the world, paying any price almost for a chair to sit upon !

The weather everywhere has been superb ; no wind, warm sunshine, and sky so blue as almost to make you cry out every time you look at it. Palms and cypresses rise up into the exquisite blueness, and towers and buildings of lovely yellow outline themselves against it, and the perfume of the orange blossoms, locust trees, violets and roses, spreads over you night and day ! The cathedral is wonderful. . . . Such solemn processions as we have seen . . . such heavenly music, heard ! One reason why the processions in Spain are so much finer than anywhere else is because in Spain all the splendid embroideries have been preserved—therefore, every banner, flag and vestment can bear the closest examination. Each brotherhood—wearing lovely shades of lilac and white, black and lilac, all white, white with red crosses, etc.—vies with each other during Holy Week in the splendour of the processions. Each owns two scenes from the life of Our Saviour—such as the Betrayal, Temptation, Crucifixion. These are life-sized figures upon a platform carried on the heads of from 20 to 30 men, the men hidden by a fall of sheet. To solemn music and drum beat these are carried through the streets. As the men's faces are covered, places for the eyes only left open, hands in black or white gloves, according to the order of the brotherhood, you can form no idea of

the impressive effect, as the figures approach, pass, and move out of sight. When the Figure on the Cross appeared, or just the Cross alone, every one uncovered; and when it grew from dusk to dark, the candles were lighted, hundreds of them around the image of the Virgin which was covered with jewels (the great ladies consider it an honour to lend their jewels for this occasion), it was really a magnificent sight. Yesterday and to-day we are resting, for to-morrow, Holy Thursday and Good Friday, we shall be up early and remain up half the night to see all there is to see. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday, no car, cab, or horse is allowed on the street, and every woman wears black.

As we were wandering this morning in that fascinating garden of the Alcazar, we saw some Spanish girls seated in the shade with immense baskets before them filled with orange blossoms, which they seemed to be carefully picking over with their fingers. Our old guide told us they were making "orange perfume for the Queen." What a happy life, seated in *such* a garden, making perfumery for a queen! A happier life than that of the 7000 cigarette girls, who work all day for small pay, crowded together in ill-ventilated rooms. And yet, when you see them in the street, they are always picturesque, a flower stuck in the left side of the hair, à la Carmen.

Easter Monday.

Every day has increased in interest. I think Good Friday night reached the climax of solemnity

and impressiveness. We had places in one of the private chapels of the cathedral and watched those splendid, brilliantly-lighted processions enter, and pass through the main aisle, each one stopping before the High Altar. On Easter Sunday we attended High Mass—elaborate music, gorgeous vestments—then, in the afternoon, when the whole world of Seville pressed into the Plaza de Toros to see that awful bull fight (to our astonishment, many of the English and Americans went also), we had a quiet walk in the lovely park on the river. Late in the afternoon, the Seville ladies, dressed in white, with white veils and flowers, their scarlet cheeks and snapping eyes telling of the excitement they had been through, drove back and forth in the park, talking and laughing. . . . I shall be able to tell you all about Spain *except* its bull fights. I cannot even look at the happy, handsome bulls in the fields, ignorant of the torture before them, or at the horses, who, in a few days, are to be so cruelly done to death. And yet "sport" in all countries is brutal. . . A Spanish lady said to an American the other day: "I believe in America you have prize-fights—men fighting *men*, and other men betting about it! We could never do that here!" That's *their* side.

Then began the gaieties of the great Fair—delightful, unusual, fascinating. This fair retains more of the local colour of Spain than anything left in the country. The Spaniards—from the highest to the lowest—give themselves up to it. The rich have tents and houses built in which they live

and entertain their friends. It is a great match-making time, and the Spanish girls have a little taste of freedom and fun. They are allowed to dance, and to be looked at by the gentlemen admirers. It was all so amusing and the gypsy part fascinated us. The girls would dash out and take Clare by the arm, and pull her into their tents, knowing that I, of course, would follow. Then they would call up one of the handsomest of the gypsy men and would offer Clare their sweets, their nice hot doughnuts (or what looked like doughnuts), tell fortunes, and keep up a roar of excitement until another girl or man was captured, and we could thus escape*.

After our two and a half weeks in Seville, we went to . . . poor, deserted, desolate, beautiful, white-towered Cadiz, where we spent a day and night in the midst of South Americans, for about all that is left of Cadiz is the traffic—back and forth—to South America, the pathetic "look-outs" upon the tops of the houses reminding one of the flourishing past when the rich owners of these "look-outs" used to watch for their heavily laden vessels from Cuba ! . . .

* We are starting again on the road. . . . We are really gypsies—we have "wandered" for so many years. If only we could do . . . as the fascinating gypsies . . . do—live in a small "house on wheels" and buy two nice old nags to draw us, hire a gypsy man to act as driver and protector—how happy we should be ! To stop under *any* tree, on *any* road at *any* moment we please and eat our simple meals out on the grass when the weather allowed and inside our funny little "house on wheels" when it rained ! When I picture all this to Clare, she asks whether she or I will slink into a pasture and milk a cow ? We need not decide this matter until we secure our cart, horses and gypsy driver. . . .

* * * * *

We shall never make a home again—that is, buy one ; our home shall be one that we are able to move from. We have been gypsies at heart always, and wherever we have lived, we made a home, if only for a week—and pictures, books, scenery, and oh ! *music*—are much more to us than a home . . . *From Letters to Mrs. Weber (1920).*

The boat trip from Cadiz to Tangiers was trying . . . as we are never ill, we endured it, and Tangiers was so wonderful that we were repaid a thousand times. There you see all those tribes, living as they have always done—such a strange mixture—Moors, Jews,* Moslems, Berbers—following their own customs and religions, indifferent to on-lookers. . . Tangiers is at least two thousand years behind the age,—which delighted us. It is far more wild and foreign than Egypt. . . We secured a good guide, and mounted on two strong mules, each of us having as escort a handsome Arab, we went everywhere, seeing everything. There was a little spice of danger—one scare which ended in great splendour for us. On one of our rather remote excursions, we came suddenly—from a high hill—upon a hundred armed Arab soldiers. Our guide looked frightened, and rapid words were exchanged—back and forth—between our Arabs and their guide, and then one Arab advanced and addressed one of the soldiers; he returned with a beaming face, reporting that these soldiers had been sent to Fez to protect some money and letters which had been dispatched there, and that they were on their way back to Tangiers. So we joined this escort, and entered Tangiers in style, drums beating; and, surrounding us, these queer soldiers in their white, blue and yellow nightgowns, and pink, green and black drawers. Everybody gathered to see us—on pavements, windows and house-tops—and I believe many thought we were captives!

* *Vide* p. 133.

We were so enthusiastic about Tangiers that we told Abraham, our guide, we should return as soon as the disturbances were over, and go on a camping expedition to Fez ! *

We left Tangiers on another windy day and blew across to Gibraltar. . . When we left Gibraltar, we got through the " worst custom house in Spain," that of Algeciras, with positively no trouble and reached Ronda at 7.30. . . . At first we thought it was very nice, but when, the next day, some Spaniards and English smoked us out of the only room we could sit in and the weather turned cold, Ronda did not seem so attractive !

Hotel Washington Irving,
Granada.
April 27th, 1903.

Here we are in this heavenly spot, skies above us of the deepest blue, sun pouring over us by day, nightingales singing to us by night. " A hundred thousand birds salute the day, one solitary bird salutes the night." Two windows of our room look out upon the beautiful elms planted by the Duke of Wellington, indeed, the branches touch our windows, and these birds sing to us in the most entrancing way, so that we echo the following two lines with all our hearts :

" This solitary bird outweighs, outcries
The hundred thousand merry-making birds."

* Much that you described recalled (in a way) our Tangiers and Holy Land experiences. We ventured, with our guide, far out on that road to Fez ; we took off shoes and sat down on mats, and, in the Holy Land, slept on mattresses with bag coverings.
From a Letter to Miss Mather (1921).

A place one has read about, heard about, seen pictures of and dreamed of, is rather a dangerous place to see at last. It seems like a dream that I am really here—at the Alhambra that I used to read about and wonder about in those far-away Cleveland days. I wish I could press into this letter some of these beautiful flowers, perfume of orange blossoms, songs of birds!

The arrival at the Alhambra is doubled in effect because of the sharp contrast between it and Granada.

* Among all the bustle and gaiety of the last day of the week, however, there is one class that entirely abstains from participation; in this as in everything else showing itself a peculiar people. There are seventy-five thousand Jews in New York City, and forty synagogues; the Israelites of the metropolis would form a city by themselves. The political influence of so large a body would be important if they cared to use it, but so far, the Jews have kept aloof from political strife, busying themselves with their own affairs, rolling up wealth, and gradually assuming a position in the city which money, intellect, obstinacy and sometimes beauty have combined to render impregnable.

Since the earliest ages there have been types of wonderful beauty among this people, and now and then one sees a Hebrew face so perfect in its Oriental loveliness that the mind reverts to the ideal pictures of the women of the Bible—Rachel with her flock of sheep at the well of Haran, and Esther standing before the King.

Delighting in magnificence, the Jewesses of New York are clothed like queens in sweeping velvets and satins, glittering with gems, golden chains and bracelets, which, although they would overload an American woman, seem not inappropriate to the majestic forms and dark beauty of these daughters of Israel, that strange nation which through centuries of wandering among all the countries of the globe has so preserved its characteristic outline that you can tell it in an instant no matter where you find it.

The most magnificent church in America is the new Jewish Temple, Emanu-El. The architecture is Moorish, and the interior superbly ornate, there is no approach to gaudy splendour, but the rich hues charm the eye and carry the imagination far away to the halls of the Alhambra, or farther still, to the ancient Temple which King Solomon built of the cedars of Lebanon and overlaid it with pure gold.

The congregation of this temple is peculiarly interesting, as it belongs to the class called "Reformed Jews." Strange as the two words look together, they represent a new and important movement among the Israelites, so long stationary that their fixity has become a proverb. Some fervid enthusiasts see in this movement the first steps towards a universal church and, even now, the Reformed Jews and the Unitarians are nearer together than they suspect. After centuries of immobility, the Jews have taken a step forward. The Temple Emanu-El, at the head of the reform movement, has adopted a ritual of its own, selected from the ancient forms, but relieved from the monotony of endless repetitions and antiquated rites unsuitable to the age. The use of the scarf or jaleth, the wearing of the hat during service and the old custom of placing the women apart in a closed

You leave that dusty Granada, the glare of the sun nearly blinding you, the white dust almost choking you, and the . . . shouts of the drivers, as they beat the poor animals who drag up the heavy vehicles loaded with passengers, almost deafening you. Then up, up, you wind and at the top you enter this enchanting shade—the dark, cool forest of the "Wellington Elms." We cried: "oh, we shall hear the nightingales!"

. . . Frankly, one of our troubles, the wide world over (when on excursions to castles or collections where tickets are issued and people gather and are let in like prisoners led by a guide) has been the necessity of being with uncongenial people. Each nation has its own peculiarities, the sin of our nation is always a certain flippancy and much laughter at anything that is new or unlike U.S.A.*

When I first went abroad, I felt this trait of the Americans with real suffering. I ventured to express

gallery, have all been abolished, and a visitor, with the exception of the sound of the Hebrew scriptures, finds but little difference between the temple and many places where Christians worship, excepting, perhaps, the superior courtesy with which he is treated at the temple; a good seat being instantly offered and prayer books politely given by the nearest neighbours. The whole service, based upon the first commandment, is replete with adoration, and seems but one continual personal worship of Jehovah from beginning to end. In addition to this reformed ritual, the congregation of the Temple Emanu-El have ceased to pray for their restoration to Jerusalem, the rebuilding of the temple, or the personal advent of the Messiah, three remarkable changes in the prayer of centuries. *From "New York in the Seventies," by Constance Fenimore Woolson.* (*"Voices out of the Past."*)

* Flippancy, I think, is the crying sin of the young Americans. You say something perhaps showing a little feeling, and some youth or girl, in an impossible-to-hear voice, says something. All heads turn instantly towards the voice, and I eagerly ask: "What's that?" With smiling face, the one who has heard repeats this pert remark, and all laugh violently; and the subject that you felt should never be laughed at, ends in a roaring joke. All eyes turn to you to see if you did not think this "John" or "Kitty" immensely clever. I always have but one feeling. I am thankful—devoutly so—that "John" and "Kitty" don't belong to *me*! *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

this to an old Englishman, and he said: "we are all alike in this—all nations. I feel perfectly desperate when some dull Englishman makes—in a crowd of sightseers—a 'fool' remark, but I never notice such sins of French, Italians, Germans or Americans."

So our first visit to the Alhambra, beautiful as it was, forced us to plan to avoid being in the crowd, lingering at the very end of the line so as not to hear the guide (for it is his remarks that the Americans usually laugh at). But the beauties we saw and all we felt sustained us, and we left these fascinating halls only the more anxious to go in again, which we did for several days.

Now I had noticed—the first day after our arrival, facing the office of the hotel—a portrait of Washington Irving, handsomely framed. And by his side, also handsomely framed, the portrait of a lady—a very ordinary-looking woman, heavy, dull, and not attractive. Every time I passed, I said: "*Who* can this be?" But I was so eager to see the sights and to sit under those Wellington Elms and listen to the drop, drop, drip, drip of the many fountains, that I did not ask who the lady was. On the third day, as I passed the office, the proprietor being alone, I stopped and said: "As I belong to the Irving family, and as Washington Irving never married, who is the lady you have hung so *conspicuously* by his side? Nine tenths of the sightseers would think, naturally, that it must be his wife."

The man looked much embarrassed and said that it was the picture of the wife of the former proprietor

of the hotel—that he would take it down—and we passed on. But that night we noticed a slight change everywhere. We had upon arrival asked the head-waiter to let us have a small side table at dinner, for which we would pay extra, but the man said he could not do this. That night, with low bows he led us to a lovely corner nook, where stood a table for two with flowers and a special waiter attended to us. There seemed to be a good deal of stepping out of our way as we passed, and I imagined that people were whispering about us . . . both the guests and the hotel staff. Our bell was promptly answered and our open fire replenished—all with sudden attention. The next morning all was explained, for, before we were ready to go out, a boy appeared and said a gentleman and guide would like to be admitted, and there appeared an official and a smiling guide. The official said he heard he had the honour of addressing members of the Washington Irving family, and that he had been commissioned to give us a card of admittance to allow us to enter the Alhambra at any time we desired under the care of—turning to the smiling youth—the grandson of the guide who had always attended upon Washington Irving.

Perfectly delighted, we accepted this splendid gift, and oh ! the freedom and joy this gave us for the remaining week ! We went in when we pleased and stayed as long as we pleased. We saw it by moonlight and by sunset. We read there, and the sympathetic guide let us alone. It was beyond describing enchanting.

Before I left, I wrote a long letter to Cousin Sue Irving (a great beauty, granddaughter of Fenimore Cooper who married a great nephew of Washington Irving)* and confessed the whole story to her, telling her I had been flying *her* flag—the Irving flag. She was delighted with my letter and thoroughly endorsed what we had done. Was not that a beautiful episode for Clara and Clare Benedict?

In short, our week at Granada was fascinating; reading our books before our wood fire by night (when we did not go to see the gypsies dance!), and wandering through those magical halls by day. Our last view was all *alone* after the closing hour on a superb afternoon, a glorious sunset illuminating those exquisite arches and courts with every tint of pink and red; the green cypresses, like stately sentinels, outlined against a heavenly blue sky, and nightingales softly singing... We heard nightingales both night and day—which upset all our past ideas on this subject.... On May 1st, very early in the morning, we departed, the nightingales singing to us as we drove away under the Wellington elms.

We had a funny experience the day we left Granada. We travelled in the same compartment as the Countess Lützow—she with pillows, foot-stools, wine, maid and courier, we, with no pillows, foot-stools, wine, maid or courier—*but* we had my

Sir Walter Scott. Lives of the Novelists.

* As we have been reading "Gil Blas," "Tom Jones," and "Mysteries of Udolpho," these lives of the novelists fitted in finely. When we came to Goldsmith, we read Washington Irving's biography, and, upon the whole, we (at least C.W.B.) liked Washington Irving's li the best.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1919).

precious little envelope,* into which I had put the "collectings" of a year—clippings, newspaper slips, and notes for use in Spain. And from this envelope I knew that on this journey a glimpse could be caught of the historic bridge of Pinos upon which poor Columbus stopped, discouraged and disheartened, after he had been to beg funds of Isabella,† and had been denied. Upon this bridge, the Queen's messenger overtook him and said that the Queen wished him to return. And thus the destiny of the New World was fulfilled.

Of course, we were determined to see this bridge of such interest to Americans, but we discovered that it could be seen from her—Countess Lützow's—side of the car only, so begging her pardon, we pressed our faces against her window panes and *saw* the bridge with flutters of excitement—she looking at us in surprise. As soon as the train stopped at the Pinos station, and her stupid courier appeared at the door, she asked him what there was of interest at Pinos.

"Nothing," was his answer.

"What has happened of historic interest near here?"

* . . . I think in the past I have shown you my "envelope system" (nothing to do with the church envelope system, so do not prick up your nice Episcopalian ears!). I have always put into envelopes marked "Spain," "Italy," etc., anything I saw or read that interested me; then when the joyful day came that we could go to the places, out came my envelope and I was ready! *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

† With this splendid subject, ("Isabel of Spain,") the prosaic, "deadly" mind of the author lost all the inspiring events, scenes and accomplishments. He himself neither saw nor felt anything; therefore his work is deadly dull. *From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes* (1917).

"Absolutely *nothing*, Madam," was his answer, and the door was shut and the train moved on.

But she could not endure her curiosity and begged me to tell her, and when she knew, she grew as excited as though an American born, and all the rest of the day, she clung to us and my little envelope and almost wept when she discovered how much she had missed.

After Granada*, we settled down in Madrid for two weeks, and revelled in those beautiful pictures. That Velazquez room with the 37 masterpieces—so life-like, so speaking! You feel that you know them all—kings, queens, dwarfs, soldiers, horses and dogs—that the next moment the flags will wave, dogs bark, horses prance out of the frames and plunge into the room, and the entrancing horsemen dismount and talk to you!

* . . . I greatly appreciate your vivid card . . . though it fills me with bitterness. I mean, it's a grim, grey thing to sit here in particularly dreadful mockery of May (endless rain and cold) and have your golden air danced before one's eyes. Still, you've got to come back—you can't stay there always—that's one comfort. Whereas I *can* stay here if it be necessary, in fact, it's about the only thing I can do. The Don Quixotry of the names you roll off goes to my head—and I *am*, in short, as green with envy as you could desire. So your work is done, and you can tell Clare you'll come away. I hope you have remained thoroughly firm on your feet and that Clare's apron, cap and hot-water bottle are neatly folded away.

All my love to Clare and the hope of another flashlight at no distant date from this side of the Pyrenees.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

The Prado* takes your breath away—33 Tintorettos, 40 Titians, 8 Raphaels, 66 Rubens, 21 Van Dycks, 52 Murillos, *and 61 by Velazquez*—and so it goes on and on! These kings knew good art. We read about the pictures and went again and looked. Then went to the "Armeria," and saw the real armour and then back to the gallery and saw the same in the paintings of the kings, and it was all wonderful. We held on each day until the closing bell rang and the big iron doors were almost shut on our reluctant-to-leave-backs. (When the gallery shut us out, we walked in the pretty park and bowed to the Queen Mother and Boy King). We hated to say good-bye to the pictures. We felt we knew as personal friends Velazquez's kings, queens, princes, dwarfs, horses and dogs! And before Titian's Charles V.,† I worshipped each day. Clare says it will be "very easy to return," which comforts me to think of.

* It (the Prado) impressed me more than anything I have ever seen—just why, I cannot explain to myself unless it is that the pictures of Velazquez entrance me... You feel... that if you but step near enough, you could hear his people speak.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

† In my opinion no historian should ever undertake a history about any country or its ruler unless in sympathy with that country and ruler. Robertson praises Francis I. all through this volume, which he calls the "Reign of Charles V." Why not call it "The History of the Reformation?" But no power of Robertson's pen can for a moment influence Charles's admirers, and those of us who have visited Madrid positively cheered Charles and Titian as they (in imagination) filled in those lines of Robertson with their never-fading memories of that superb equestrian portrait of the Emperor at the Prado! When one reaches the part of this history written by Prescott, all changes. Prescott touches each unusual trait in the character of Charles with great truth and charm. With one stroke of his pen he makes clear pages and pages of Robertson's attempts to blacken every act of the Emperor. If Prescott could only have written the whole book!

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1920).

It does add tremendously to one's pleasure to know about every little tradition, legend and romance. We turn with delight to our books, and among them all, we always find what we want—if one author fails to tell us something we wish to know, another gives it. We have paid pounds for extra luggage because we *would* carry all our splendid books on Spain. Even the fascinating children and their endless lovely games are made plain to us. . . . Before I had been two days in Spain, I noticed (among the million other things) the happy children and their games. Turning to one of my books, I discovered two chapters letting in much light, and after that, we could always become interested in the children, because we knew what they were saying. They shed a halo of picturesqueness over every game; for instance, our common game of "tag" assumes in Spain such a pretty grace—the one that is "it" is called the "Moon" and must stay in the shadow, and the others are called "Morning Stars," and are safe in light places only—and so on. Even when swinging, they sing rhymes, such as—

"Say good-day; say good-day
To Miss Fanny Fly Away.

At the door the guests are met
But the table is not set.

Put the stew upon the fire—
Higher—higher—higher—higher!"

Our prosaic " patty cake " is—in Spain—

" Patty Cakes, oh ! Patty Cakes, ah !
The sweetest cakes for dear Mamma.
Patty cakes, oh ! Patty cakes, ah !
The hardest pats for poor Papa ! "

" Bread, oh God, Bread, dear God.
For this little child to-day,
Because he's such a baby,
He cannot pay his way."

And every game assumes these enchanting touches. We grew fascinated—as we were with all their ways, their religious customs and their many lovely legends. Every flower, every common herb, every plant, has some pretty association or myth. Do you know why they love the rosemary ? They (the peasants) cannot estimate it too highly. They say it was once a poor common plant in the field, but upon it the Virgin once hung out the baby clothes of the infant Jesus to dry, and thenceforth it became green forever—fragrant and full of virtues. Since the death of our Saviour, they believe that the rosemary puts forth flowers every Friday, the day of His suffering.

We felt that our visit to Spain would be incomplete unless we made the east coast trip—a trip that Cook and Son refused to sanction, but that was carried out most triumphantly by " Benedict and Daughter." Very few travellers go to Alicante, Denia, Valencia, Tarragona and Montserrat, but we found these places full of intense interest. One building—the Silk Mer-

chants' Exchange at Valencia—we thought as beautiful as anything we saw in Spain. At Alicante we were met by the interpreter, a man who weighed some 300 pounds, and whom we named "Count Fosco"...* In the afternoon in a comfortable landau, two good horses and our heavy guide, we drove to Elche to see the curious male and female palm trees there—very interesting... The next day, about 9.30 we started again with the same comfortable landau and three strong mules, and the same enormous "Count Fosco," for the drive of nine hours over the mountain pass to Alcoy—a wonderful drive of splendid views... reached Alcoy after dark, and found a poor inn, but as "Count Fosco" was the planner of this part of the trip, he stood by us and arranged that we were to eat our dinner with "eight of the gentry only!"

We found the journey from Alcoy to Denia a beautiful one... At Denia, at the modest little Inn, we were the only guests and were given two rooms with a parlour between, where, seated in an American rocking chair, (!) I read aloud the "History of Spain" until we felt rested. Late in the afternoon, we walked to the pretty ruined Moorish Castle, a funny little Spanish girl acting as our escort. After a while she was joined by her mother, two babies and two little boys! We were loaded with flowers and sweet-sounding Spanish words. We had arranged to be in Valencia on a Friday so as to attend the unique

* A character in Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White."

service that is held every Friday morning in the church of Corpus Christi. No lady is admitted unless dressed in black and with a black mantilla on her head. I wish you could have seen Clare and myself, thus dressed, walking through the streets in broad daylight! The Miserere is sung before the High Altar—Ribalta's picture of the Last Supper is lowered by machinery and its place is taken by curtains of grey, white and black. When the last black curtain is suddenly withdrawn, as by an invisible hand, you see a figure of the dying Saviour on the Cross. As the church is darkened and strong light shed on the picture, it is most impressive, and the music, lovely. We spent two days at Tarragona, admiring those wonderful Cyclopean Walls, the cathedral and enchanting cloisters. We had two days at Barcelona and then came our last "sight" in Spain—beautiful Montserrat (Monsalvat), that we wished especially to see because of "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal."

It was a strange and interesting experience. You register your name and are given a cell in which they place bed linen and towels. You make your own bed and get what you can to eat at a little restaurant on the hill.

This high mass of grey rock rises up out of a flat green plain, and is considered one of the queerest freaks of nature in the world. The legend is that at the moment of the Saviour's death, the top of this rock split, and in this cut, a monastery was built—and there it is to-day—parts of it.

There is an image of the Virgin venerated here. The figure is clad in pure white satin (the Catholic Queens send their own wedding gowns for this purpose) and covered with jewels, and when the hundreds of candles were lit all about her, she was one blaze of light. Add to this the kneeling multitudes and the lovely music (the monks have a school for church music)—it was all most impressive.

While at Montserrat we talked so much of "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," Bayreuth, Vienna, and our dear singers and then, when we returned to Barcelona, the first thing my eyes rested upon was the black headline in the paper announcing the death of Reichmann! * We had known he had been ill, yet the news came with a shock. It comforts me a very little to feel that I never missed an opportunity of hearing his white velvet voice. How often in Vienna I have gone when tired, or on the eve of a journey, just because he was to sing, even if I had heard him in the same rôle many times. I shall never hear a voice like his again, and I shall never hear a note of his music without sadness and longing. We also knew him personally, and he added much to our pleasure in Vienna... If there must be a "last," I suppose I should have selected Amfortas... I felt last summer (when he unexpectedly came to Bayreuth and helped Frau Wagner through the performances) that I had *never* heard anything more beautiful than his Amfortas.†

* Theodor Reichmann, the first Bayreuth Amfortas (1882).

† *Vide* p. 146.

The more we read, the more we knew of Spain, the more fascinating it grew, but you must care more for sights than for your personal comfort. The inns are poor, travelling difficult, then, to compensate you, you have some of the most splendid sights in the world to see; cathedrals and buildings and pictures too beautiful to describe... I never wrote so much, I can safely say, as about this trip to Spain, and I could write sheets more. It has opened up before our eager eyes so much of interest; hardly a day passes that we do not see, hear or read something that touches upon Spain, its history, politics, art, people, etc... And yet, were you to talk to many of the tourists who were travelling in Spain this spring, what different stories they would tell you! After all, *it is what people are themselves.*

One example to show you. The excursion to the Escurial is, unfortunately, an all day one, not easy, and done with a crowd of people, guides, and all that disagreeable necessity. But we knew what there was to see, and we were determined to see it all, and we did. Tired and content, we dropped into our seats in the train to return to Madrid, straining our eyes to catch the last view of that grey, solemn,

* What a very inspiring thought that was of yours to send to Clare and myself that splendid, life-like picture! As I looked at Reichmann, I could almost hear his beautiful, soft, *speaking* voice—and hear also that first speech he made to me, at that first—never-to-be-forgotten supper. You sat in the middle of your beautiful long table, and in the centre was an immense, superb bowl of pink roses, casting upon your lovely face a faint glow...

And Reichmann said to me in that "white velvet" voice of his: "Oh! We owe you *so* much—for it is for *you*, that she consented again to open her doors—and we are so happy to be here!"

From a Letter to Frau von W. (1921).

desolate mass of buildings, and expecting to talk about it all the way back. But into the seats opposite us sank two Americans, into the seats next us two more, and diagonally opposite to us sat a Spaniard. In two minutes the two couples had made friends, and talked across and over us absolute *abuse* of Spain, its customs, its king and its religion. Such silly, ignorant talk! The angry red mounted to the face of the Spaniard, and I really think I saved the situation (and a fight!) by being myself so angry that I got up and begged to change places with the husband and wife next me—thus placing Clare and myself opposite the Spaniard and showing him that *we* at least did not share the opinions of these senseless people. He raised his hat to me in thanks... But here were four people who had seen nothing, liked nothing, and thought it "waste time" to travel in Spain at all.

Seeing the "13" on my page reminds me to tell you that we broke all records of superstition during our trip in Spain. We started on a Friday, and on the 13th of the month; slept in rooms 13; walked under ladders; spilt salt and claret, and *always* saw the moon the wrong way—yet all went delightfully well. Also I discovered in Spain the following facts... that Columbus started on his voyage of discovery on a Friday, first sighted land on a Friday, arrived at Palos on a Friday; reached Hispaniola (on his second expedition) on a Friday, and discovered "the land of the free and the home of the brave" on a Friday.

Probably the superstitious would say : " Had Columbus only done this on a Monday or a Thursday, North and South America would have been called North and South Columbia !*

We started off from Barcelona on the evening of May 28th, perfectly uncertain as to our fate for the night—we had telegraphed to the stationmaster at the frontier to hold for us a "*coupé lit.*" At the frontier the chief of the station said that our places were reserved. So we took our time getting our trunks through the customs, and all went well until we discovered that the third place in our "*coupé lit*" had been sold to a gentleman ! There was a great scene—I talking in angry English ; Clare explaining in polite French, and the stationmaster saying there was " nothing to be done " . . . At the last moment, the poor, innocent gentleman who had bought the third place, kindly offered to " go in " with a gentleman next, and to let us have the compartment. This was done, he was paid back his money, and we poured out gold ; the doors were banged and on rushed the train into France !

We crossed the channel on a beautiful day and dropped down in that most charming Hotel Burlington, Dover, where we settled ourselves for a two

* We are great lovers of Spain, its splendid churches, its superb pictures, its food, its people—from the highest to the lowest—(whom *some* people would call these very gypsies we are so like !). We have just finished a wonderful book, " The Soul of Spain," that touches upon all subjects. We felt we were in Spain and not here in that country one Spaniard discovered on the 8th of October, 1492. Don't think I could remember that 8th of October ! I found it in that interesting book.

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1920).

weeks' rest. On Saturday, June 6th, we went over to Rye and spent a real old-fashioned "day" at Lamb House* with Mr. James. The house is very attractive, full of handsome old furniture, china, prints, books—enough to make one full of envy. Then there is the loveliest garden with green velvet grass and climbing roses and fine trees; a kitchen garden full of all sorts of growing things good to eat—all this surrounded by high red walls, very old.

On June 18th, we went up to London. Henry James came to luncheon the day after we arrived, Sir Henry Irving sent us a beautiful basket of flowers and called and we had a nice letter written at the request of George Meredith. All kinds of fat "plums" have been ours for the picking them out of the London pie, and mother and daughter have not been slow, I assure you, in putting in thumbs!

* This is really admirable and I need scarce say how delighted I shall be to see you. I rejoice immensely in your conjoined luminous working out of the way of reaching me here—though with many reserves as to your grasp of the way of leaving me. We won't talk of that, but only of the welcome I shall give you most jubilantly on Saturday. You *must* lunch. I intensely lunch, and my household arrangements—the religion of the 1.45 meal—will crumble to ashes if you are alien and exotic over this. Therefore your plates will grace the board, and, I trust, your consumption grace your plates. Avoid food as you would poison at Ashford Station—it's an evil thing... We have been looking lovely, but you come from Andalusia, and we drop our eyes (we also, when fluttered, drop our "h's," but we'll try to be brave). I languish for the news of Andalusia and beg you to keep it all, for the next two or three days, free from evaporation! I shall be at the station, jumping up and down with impatience as you draw near...

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

We went to the banquet that Sir Henry Irving gave to about eighty guests on the last night of "Dante." (The play "Dante" is too much Sardou and not enough of the poet or actor to suit us. But it gives one the very atmosphere of Florence, Pisa, and Ravenna). I have always wanted to attend a large London banquet, and I do not know when I have had a more delightful evening and morning (we did not reach home until long past two a.m., the supper did not begin until after 11.30.) In answer to Sir Henry's first toast, "My dear and honoured guests," Mr. Burdett-Coutts toasted Sir Henry.

The past week we have done nothing but welcome Loubet—the streets have been gaily decorated, flags waving and the French hymn played right and left. The King ought really to be proud of his subjects; the same people who were made bankrupt last year because of his illness, now, at one word from Buckingham Palace, decorate all their shops. Of course this procession brought them in no money, as no seats were sold. We tried to see every Spanish picture in London; even some in private collections to which the public is not admitted. We left London, July 18th, and travelled *via* Folkestone to Cologne. We were given the charge of a poor little French girl, who had a second class ticket and expected to travel first class, who "never ate when travelling," and who was altogether mysterious. One hardly knew if she were very deep or half-witted. We left her all alone at the Cologne station to take her train on to Marienbad at midnight!

On Sunday afternoon we went to the cathedral,* draped in black for Pope Leo XIII, and attended a memorial service. We also walked to 10, Neumarkt, to see if our dear wooden horses still looked out of the upper window. There they were, well-groomed, well-fed and well-housed.

We took a nice slow train from Cologne to Pyrmont, a new country to us. At one place called "Hagen" we bought some post-cards to send to Wagnerian friends!

Bad Pyrmont †

August 8th, 1903.

We were reading the much-talked-about "Isabella d'Este" book, and of the Conclave of 1508, while this excitement about the new Pope was going on—an interesting coincidence. Of course, Clare and I each had our candidate, and argument waxed hot; we both lost, although I came very near selecting Cardinal Sarto. He was by far the best-looking of all the candidates (a very wise reason for selecting a Pope!) But I have more reasons. We had—in Venice—been

* We had an hour and a half at Cologne, and, of course, went to the cathedral... after Chartres, Amiens, Rouen, Notre Dame, Ste. Chapelle, Chichester, Winchester and Salisbury, it was like some god-like father of them all. *From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.*

† You may not entirely *understand,* but I am sure you will give me sympathy when I tell you that I have still to fight the sorrow I feel over Tello's death. I could not have had such a *dear* and yet desperate care for eight years and not feel as I do—at least, if I had any heart; and so, for the present, both the iron bath-places we used to go to with him—Schwalbach, and Franzensbad—I dared not return to; they would haunt me with recollections.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

under his hand of blessing several times. When the Cardinal Patriarch's gondola would pass us, our gondolier always stopped, snatched off his cap, and bent in happy supplication, while handsome, kindly Sarto blessed him, and as we were in the gondola, we shared the blessing.

We like Pyrmont so much. One of our prettiest walks is to a tree where Queen Louise cut her name; it is plainly to be seen; and opposite to us is the house where Frederick the Great lodged when he took the "cure." Years ago, this was one of the most fashionable of the resorts. To be sure, it has rained on us almost every day, but between the showers, the sun shines out, and the grass looks like green velvet covered with diamonds, and the flowers, as if painted afresh every night. So we get into old short skirts and over-shoes and take long walks through the lovely forest paths in the pouring rain!

Clare is trying to buy of our landlord a wonderful old writing-desk that has stood "just there," as he said, "for more than a hundred and fifty years." (Think of the delightful sense of peace that comes over an American to hear that *any* piece of furniture has stood *anywhere* for that length of time!) This desk has an inlaid figure of Moses on the front, pointing with a very impossible hand towards the Table of the Commandments; the first, second and third, occupying all one side, as if balancing in importance with the other seven. (Why?) But fascinating as this desk is, and much as Clare wants

it, her affections wavered a little when the landlord showed her the desk upon which Queen Louise wrote when in Pyrmont! Clare made a bid for *that*, but only received another shake of the head. This old landlord has his house full of beautiful things, and, as he has never married, he treats these old pieces of furniture, pictures, books and china, like his grandchildren... Although we were following the strict rules of the "cure," we *did* break away one day and went to Hamelin, drawn there by dear Robert Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamlin," but at Hamelin they care much more for the legend of the "Rat Catcher" than for anything else, and you see "rats" everywhere, made of tin, glass, china, leather, soap, and even of cake. We were urged to eat a gingerbread rat of a life-like colour, with pink sugar mouth and eyes of cloves! Nor could they quite understand our horror!

We left Pyrmont on August 18th, carrying huge bouquets of flowers presented to us by the proprietor of the Curhaus where we ate and the proprietor where we lodged. We looked like old and young brides without any men!

We went to Cassel, and the next morning came up to Wilhelmshöhe to see how we liked the hotel. We are quick to act (often too quick) and we know what we want and rejoice when we find it. But as the Kaiser, Kaiserin, Crown Prince, Duke of Saxe Coburg, and all the royal children, guests and suite had arrived the day before, we feared that this hotel

(almost within touch of the castle) would be filled with the Imperial overflow (as it was). Fortunately for us, one high official was to return that afternoon to Berlin. He stepped out of his attractive corner apartment at four, and at six-thirty the Benedicts stepped in! We knew at a first glance that the place was just what we wanted. The Park is most charming; endless paths in all directions through the woods, giving, every now and then, entrancing views of lovely valleys. No wonder that the Empress is sent here every summer because of the pure air. A few of the paths only are closed to strangers; a slender cord like a white thread (so delicate as to seem almost like an apology for being there) is placed across the walk thus marked off.

The guard house is just below my windows, and I like to hear the "tattoo" of the drum at night, and to be awakened in the morning by the "reveille" is quite delightful (it does not mean that *we* need get up!). Then we see the beautiful horses, and the children riding with the Empress and playing at tennis, and fishing in the lake, and often the military band plays. It gives us quite a "royal" feeling.

My *maid*, whose wages are paid in love, and whose name is *Clare*, unpacked the trunks, etc., and when she went to the bedroom wardrobe to hang up one of our dresses, I heard a cry, and rushed in to find that Clare had found a Prussian officer's gorgeous overcoat hanging there, forgotten by the servant of the high official. It had *such* a lining, wide belt and

buttons of wonderful brilliancy. We longed to snip off a few, but feared the guard below our windows. . . We got into the coat, each in turn, and walked up and down our parlour, dragging the coat over our handsome red carpet and admiring ourselves in the mirrors! After keeping the coat as long as we dared, we laid it on a chair, rang the bell and with cold American dignity told the waiter we had found "*that*" in our wardrobe!

We have interesting books with us; among others, "Frederick the Second" (Hohenstaufen) by Kington-Oliphant. Clare has long wanted the book, but it is out of print. Finally, this old copy was found. From its leaves dropped out a letter written by William Ward to Dean Bradley. The letter gave an added touch of interest to the book. As the volumes are too large to carry into the woods, we take Paget Toynbee's "Life of Dante," or Southey's "Cid," or Chesterton's "Robert Browning," so that we are not entirely idle. The glory of this Park, the splendid cascades, built in the 17th century by the Electors of Hesse, are shown to admiring crowds on Sundays and Wednesdays.

* * * * *

We found Wilhelmshöhe so satisfactory that we lingered on for three weeks, enjoying every moment. We left there reluctantly, and went only as far as Marburg in order to see the beautiful church of St. Elisabeth where that lovely saint was buried, and what is left of that superb sarcophagus given by

the Emperor Frederick II. (Hohenstaufen). As we had just read Kington-Oliphant's life of this wonderful man, we were particularly interested. Then we came here (Wiesbaden), as we thought it would be a good time to see the "greatest oculist in the world," as I suppose Dr. Pagenstecher is acknowledged to be.... Another thing we came here for was the new opera house. We immensely enjoyed Gluck's "Armide," superbly mounted, "The White Lady," etc.

Now followed a very funny experience. Clare had seen in a paper that "Walküre" was to be given in Frankfort on the night we had planned to be there, so, in telegraphing for rooms, we telegraphed also for two opera seats. We reached Frankfort about two o'clock, and spent part of the afternoon in that fine picture gallery (ever since Spain and the Prado, we have been re-visiting all the other collections; in Cassel we were delighted with the gallery). In the evening we went to the opera and heard a good performance of "Walküre." Then Clare saw in the paper that "Siegfried" was to be given in Leipzig the next night under Nikisch!... Again we telegraphed for rooms and tickets, and off we went to Leipzig on Saturday. This part of it was pretty close... as our train did not reach Leipzig until 5.30, and the opera commenced at 6.30. So I telegraphed also that a little meal was to be served in the room immediately after our arrival. Upon reaching Leipzig (the train late, as of course it would be under these circumstances),

I found that the hotel proprietor was quite equal to C.W.B.! There stood a smiling hotel porter who led us in haste to a fine carriage with two horses, and in a moment we were dashing like mad through the streets of Leipzig! At the hotel we found a little table already set in our room, and soon afterwards a dainty supper was placed upon it, and hot water on our wash-stand. So between bites, we made a hurried toilet, took off hats, washed faces got into fresh waists, new gloves, laces for heads, and then (still chewing!), we stepped into the same carriage and were dashed to the opera-house just in time to get nicely seated, when down went the lights, and Nikisch, baton in hand, gave us an evening of perfect joy. Oh! how he holds his orchestra like one instrument; they played with such exquisite shades of tone as almost to take your breath away... The singers were not any of them great, yet all was so musically sung and well acted. But it was confusing to see one Brünnhilde put to sleep by Wotan in Frankfort and another wakened by Siegfried in Leipzig! I had said to Clare: "To complete this 'Moving Ring' we ought to hear 'Götterdämmerung' in Dresden," and when Clare saw the Dresden paper, "Götterdämmerung" was announced for Tuesday night! Again we telegraphed for rooms and seats, and heard the last of the "Ring" in Dresden. Then we came here (Vienna) and, while our ears still retained the echoes of all three orchestras, we heard "Götterdämmerung" here, and we could truthfully say that

the Vienna opera is far superior to them all. . .Of course we spent some hours in the Dresden Gallery, but beautiful as it is, we still dream of and sigh for the Prado.

We are delighted to be back in dear Vienna again. . . We have the particular rooms we like for the autumn ; three windows on the Ringstrasse ; . . . so we have the sun pouring over us all day. Our parlour is attractively furnished in dark red. Clare has a piano, and there is a bookcase filled with our splendid books, a tea-table and private entrance. . . .*

* My dear old friends (for this applies also to the antiquity of Clare !)

I am dazzled and delighted by your energy, patience and humour, over which I have been poring pensively all day. I say pensively because I am almost awe-struck by such an exhibition of universal resource—beginning with the quantity of paste and scissors or rather more even *quality*—and culminating in what would seem to be the free play of the gift of prophecy. I sit here quaking and sighing at the far-off prospect, and suddenly you make me believe in it, put it before me in a manner not to be denied; I see, as I linger again and again over the pleasing panorama, that this is the way it *will* happen, the way it *must*, all the while that I have been doubting that it could happen at all. You and Clare *make* it happen and your pictured packet seems thus to become my travelling Bible and Guide . . . in the light of which I am to read my fate and arrange my conduct. I will be gentle with you even through my worst necessities and endeavour to make Clare suffer as little as possible. I feel it—having to make her do so at all—yet you render even the great service of helping me to get accustomed to the idea. May I not hope a little that she—knowing thus *her* fate—will be able to make some successful effort to do the same ? Moreover, I can't believe that we shan't at least *meet*, through

some happy hazard and on some possibly crowded crossing or in some lightning elevator, and I can assure her that if this does happen (your sibylline leaves have omitted the precarious page) I shall betray as marked a shade of recognition as—well, as the situation seems at the time to permit.

A week ago, I went out to the dreary Tilbury Docks to "see off" (by an Atlantic Transport) an old friend and her daughter . . . and going aboard with them and with the herd of other compatriots (and almost into their very bunks) in the electric-lighted dusk of the day, I said to myself: "Now or never is my chance; stay and sail—borrow clothes, borrow a toothbrush, borrow a bunk, borrow $100, you will never be so near to it again. The worst is over—the arranging—it's all arranged for you with two kind ladies thrown in." So strong was this feeling that if I had only had a thicker overcoat, and they, my kind ladies, had only had an extra bunk, I would have turned in *with* them and taken my chance. As it was, I shoved my way out of the encumbered, tubular passage, I turned and fled, bounding along Tilbury Docks in the grimy fog and never stopping till I clutched at something that was going back to London. And *now* I see why this was so—why I funked the frugal "Minnehaha." I was reserved for your and Clare's extra bunk in another line and at another date. It's *you* that will lend me a toothbrush and perhaps even $100—so it is evidently written. Alas, otherwise, it is the $100 that are the lion in my path. I want to "go" as much as ever . . . but intensely as I sit here and brood with desire, no opening through which that indispensable sum can come to me so much as glimmers on my anxious eyes. . . . So unless the sum is paid in before August next, the American people will see the cup dashed from their lips—I—being *in* it—will come down hard. . .

So I sit and brood. But you and Clare musn't let my brooding tinge your Vienna winter with even the mildest violet or grey. I hope you are taking music, clothes, coffee and *Butterbrödchen* in all the usual appropriate doses. *I* am taking coffee again—and oh, it's a real "first aid to the wounded." But I am taking neither bread and butter, nor clothes nor even music, for I am grown painfully fat and that is affected by all these things, the *Butterbrödchen* making it worse, the clothes making it (or rather it making *them*) impossible—they won't "meet"—and the music exercising the

We have had almost all the monarchs here—the King of England, the German Emperor, the Czar, and now the King of the Belgians; flags of all colours have fluttered before our eyes, and cheers of all languages have sounded in our ears. "They all come to talk to our dear old Kaiser," as our elevator man said yesterday—and he, Kaiser Franz Josef, the most distinguished of them all, erect, alert, kindly and gracious.

Clare is going back into colours again much to my joy; as I have worn black all my life—or rather since I was in the twenties—I do not like to have her also in black. We are driven quite wild by the beautiful fashions and how to select a few out of all those that we would like to have.

soul at the expense of the body. Happy you and Clare—thin daughter of a thinner mother!

You make me wonder where you are, with easy respiration, to roam—but I don't much care, as it were, (if you are only punctual at the wharf). I shall *live* meanwhile in the precious panorama, and I am yours both very constantly and gratefully.

Henry James to Mrs. and Miss Benedict.

Mrs. and Miss Benedict had sent to Mr. James a "Panorama" (with text) of his proposed lecture tour in America. This "picture tour" showed Mr. James as travelling in the most luxurious manner, as surrounded by the leaders of fashion and of intellect, and as fêted and acclaimed from one end of the country to the other. He was also represented as totally ignoring the poor Benedicts who had "brought him over," One scene depicted Miss Benedict as weeping bitterly outside her own simple little house—beneath were the words: "Poor passed-by Pomeroy Place!"

Mrs. Benedict always believed that the dazzling prophecies of her "Panorama" really decided Mr. James to make the trip. He sailed the following August with Mrs. and Miss Benedict for New York.

Note by Mrs. Benedict.

The death of Theodor Reichmann makes it impossible for us to go to any of his particular operas—"Meistersinger," "Hans Heiling," "William Tell" * and many more . . But we go often to the Burgtheater. I consider it a splendid test of the acting that I like to go as much as Clare does. Then I confess right out loud that I adore the brilliant Vienna ballets.

Last week, I tried to give an "American dinner".† For two weeks before, I heavily tipped the headwaiter and the chef, and all kinds of queer-looking dishes were

* Did I ever tell you how Miss Floyd-Jones and her brother invited us to the opera "William Tell," one night in Vienna? I backed out, knowing the peculiarities of the Floyd-Jones. Clare told them that talking would be hissed in Vienna, but they both talked out loud. When it came to that famous swearing scene, Miss Floyd-Jones said very loud: "Clare, what *are* they doing?" Clare (scarlet), whispered "Patriotism." "Oh," said Miss Floyd-Jones, "don't believe *that*, Clare . . . it's *love*, and there's a *woman* in it!" Frowns and hisses.

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1922).

† Mrs. F., the Minister's wife, gives a grand entertainment on Thanksgiving Day for all the Americans. I hoped she would have pumpkin pies, but Mrs. W. says "No," so I shall not go! Mrs. F. entertains delightfully, and she is good enough to include me in almost all her "dinners," "coffees," "lunches,"; she even invited me to a literary gathering! I was invited of course solely on Connie's account, and was supposed to decline. If you could have seen the expression of Mrs. F.'s face as *I* entered the room, bringing Connie's apologies! It was as good as a play! However, it turned out better than she feared. I was the only lady in the room who knew *who* the "M. Conway" was—the man for whom the entertainment was given. I knew precious little, but what I *did* know I spread all over the conversation, and I really appeared quite well and "literary"—you would not have known me! Since then, Mrs. F. has given two beautiful dinners; at one, "American oysters," was the first course, and I asked permission of Mr. F. to be allowed to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" while we ate, to the intense astonishment of an Austrian officer who sat next me. I know that he will tell this at *his* next dinner party, as a fresh American peculiarity. He had enough decorations and orders around his neck to have hung him twenty times over!

To all these dinners, etc. I wore my same old black silk *rag*, blacking the white places in the seams with shoe polish (!) the last thing before starting and sitting in the darkest corners of their brilliant rooms, and so far, I have escaped detection.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

sent up for me to test. They were called "*American*," and were very good indeed, but all Austrian. So I gave it up, and changed the invitation to an "Austrian Dinner." Yellow flowers arranged in a beautiful black jar ; menu on yellow card, and every dish had little Austrian flags, the candy was covered with black and gold paper, the cordial glasses were of gilt on a black tray, and even the cigarettes were tied with yellow and black ribbons. Clare had a new dinner dress ; embroidered black tulle with lovely yellow flowers on the front and in her hair, and even old mother wore a yellow flower ! The dinner was pronounced to be an " enormously well-carried out idea," " a gigantic success." How I like these extravagant Austrian expressions ! The Austrians are so picturesque in their language about the smallest thing. For instance, the man who came to tell us how to turn on and off the steam, instead of saying prosaically : " Turn this and that way," said : " If I might be allowed the honour of showing the high-born lady ? By pressing her hand there and moving this handle just one little thought's distance, it would be sufficient."

The night before leaving we went to hear a splendid performance of "Walküre."* We had done our packing, paid our bill, bought our tickets, and given all orders before going to the opera, leaving out two

* Vienna is our home in Europe.... We give ourselves up to opera, concerts, dinners and all kinds of amusements when there. We like it, and also, it is better to mix right in every now and then—being all alone in the world, our danger is in withdrawing too much.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris (1911)

evening dresses to wear that night. We said good-bye to our musical friends at the opera, then scrambled home, did last packing, and wrote last letters until midnight.* We crawled into bed, and were called at 5.30 ; breakfast served at 6.30, and off we started in the cold, faint grey morning light for the Südbahn to take the train for Venice. No travellers, so we had two little first class compartments to ourselves, and as we sat there congratulating ourselves, there appeared—to our great astonishment—"Abbazia" and "Athens" bringing us a basket, which deserves four sheets full of description. . . They waved us off and then commenced the surprises ; a real magic basket—such fruit, flowers, candy, Christmas greens, Benedictine cordial, dainty little glasses made to order, exquisite ribbons, etc. It amused and entertained us, between times, on our long day's journey to Venice from 7.30 in the morning until eleven at night. As we are fond of travelling and never bored, how we did enjoy that beautiful long day. As to the superb Semmering Pass, under its mantle of pure white snow, no description that *I* am able to pen can bring to you the faintest idea of its beauty. The sun shining upon this mass of snow made it look like diamonds covering white velvet and the tall stately trees looked like Christmas trees for gods and goddesses ! . . Our plan is to spend Christmas in Rome ; after that we shall go either to

* How we shall ever get away from here, I don't know—with red eyes and heavy hearts, as *always*. If this beautifully clean, brilliant, well-behaved, well-ordered and governed city is on the brink of ruin, as we are told by the English it is, what a pity that all cities are not on the *same brink*. *From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.*

the Canary Islands or Corsica. Probably Corsica, as it is nearer, and the disturbances in Morocco will not allow us to carry out our hoped-for trip to Fez. . . The spirit of sight-seeing never dies in some of us, certainly never in the Benedicts.*

All this mass of snow on the Semmering totally unprepared us for the soft, summery atmosphere of Venice, and our gondola ride from the station to the hotel was like fairyland . . . and we have decided that winter, not summer is the time for Venice—no tourists—it was all so lovely. We spent our mornings in visiting the old familiar churches and pictures, and our afternoons in just moving about in our gondola. Of course, we bitterly mourned the campanile, but it seemed to me that St. Mark's had never looked so beautiful.

Our three weeks in Rome† were delightful ; we did not run against any people we wished to avoid, and did run against one or two whom we had wished again to meet. We heard "Tristan and Isolde" in Italian, all Italian singers with unknown names ending in "o," or "i" ; the singing true, but *tremolo*, and not one "thrill." We had a box, and were amused by looking at our Bayreuth "tall Englishman" (Don C.R.) in a box of "undressed" ladies, who talked and laughed all the evening, and Mrs. L. in very low neck, blonde wig and big jewels ! These two sights repaid us for going.

* So few people are born sight-seers as we are . . . the scenery and the history must compensate the traveller for many discomforts. . . .
From a Letter to Miss May Harris, (1912).

† *Vide* p. 165.

We got up a little scare about Clare's tooth and went to Dr. Webb, who found nothing to be done for either of us, pronouncing my teeth perfectly wonderful for one of my years. I was left in a state of doubt as to whether to be very *proud*, or very *mad*?

The Story monument gave an added touch of beauty to that lovely corner of the cemetery where Connie rests. We had half dreaded to see it, but we need not have feared; this figure of "grief," is most touching and seems to belong to *all* the graves there. If you have read Henry James's "William Wetmore Story," you will have read much about this monument.

Rome, *April* 15, 1830.

† My dear Cousin Hannah,

Before leaving this place, I must steal time to write you a few lines, although you do not deserve them for behaving so shamefully as you have done with such a correspondent as myself. We leave Rome to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock for Dresden, a voyage of thirty days over dusty and mountainous roads. We pass by Venice where we stop time enough to see the curiosities and at the same time to rest ourselves. Last Summer was deliciously passed at Sorrento, opposite Naples, whence we made boat excursions to the islands, Paestum, etc., etc. . . . We had the house of Tasso, whose beautiful situation I have not time to describe, but must postpone for one of the many delightful confabs I look forward to on my return to "*our dear America.*" I wrote there a canto which, though nobody else praised, was thought by its author, who of right knows more about it, to equal the *Gerusalemme Liberata.*

We have been running about for the last five months, looking at temples, Venuses and Apollos innumerable; visited the Colosseum by moonlight and performed all the various other feats which travellers usually are bound to perform.

Since I last wrote to you, we have been over Switzerland, crossed the Simplon, passed nine months at Florence, chartered a felucca and coasted the Mediterranean shores to Naples; touching at the island of Elba and seeing Buonaparte's projected improvements there. With Naples we were very much pleased, and delighted with Pompeii, which was visited three times. Uncle James and myself mounted Vesuvius, whence we had a glorious view of the crater and the surrounding country.

We mustered Americans enough here to give a dinner on Washington's birthday, which the ladies attended; Uncle James was President. We counted fifty. Since that time there has been another influx of Yankees, so that the consul estimates more than a hundred have passed through this winter, and every year they are increasing. We

Ever since '94 I have not been able to stay in Rome.* We have been there by stealth, so to speak, to visit that loveliest of all cemeteries, and then hurry away. But my sister loved Rome, Florence and Venice so dearly that I have felt unhappy not to be able to go to those cities. This year, however, all went well. After Rome, we spent some peaceful days at Florence. I had restful nights and not too depressing days. Cook and Son washed their hands

have met here President Morse, who has passed several evenings with us and showed us sketches of Cooperstown from your window; the mansion house, the lake, etc. all of which, as you may suppose, we looked at with great interest. He tells us of your lake parties, and says that you told him to be at No. 15 Leonard St. at 8 o'clock on the 15th Nov., but as he started on the 8th, he consequently did not go. He adds there was something "*very mysterious*" about the invitation. Is there? . . .

Our time now grows shorter very fast, and we all look forward with delight to the moment when we are to embark for America. Next winter we pass at Vienna. All the children speak French and Italian fluently, and have begun German. We all of us enjoy excellent health and the climate of Naples quite fattened up Uncle James. He wrote there decidedly his best work—"The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," which will be published shortly.

Uncle James and Aunt Susan join with me in their love to Aunt Nancy and all the family. . . . As to an answer to this letter, I do not expect it, for they who deal in mysterious invitations . . . have generally their thoughts too elevated to descend to mere temporal concerns.

Ever dear Cousin,

Yours affectionately, William Cooper.

Miss Hannah Pomeroy,
Care of Messrs. Burrand, Keese,
Maiden Lane,
New York.

* I rejoice to know that you've got upon terms of possibility again with Venice and Rome, with Venice in particular, and that you can be henceforth at peace with them. I shall want all the details of these impressions. I send this off now to Leipzig the inhuman, as I fear you will begin to wander—that is, have begun . . . I stay here till February and then go up to London till Easter, then come back here again to begin to "pack" and to take antidotes. The greatest and best of these will be Clare's little Holy Image, which I treasure as a Talisman.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

of the whole Corsican trip, but, as in Spain, "Benedict and Daughter" carried it through in great triumph. We went to Leghorn and took the little Italian boat across to Bastia. I am too old and weatherbeaten a traveller to trust to the Italian sunshine alone, so we took all kinds of heavy wraps and shawls, and we needed them all during our seven hours' crossing. We enjoyed passing such queer and unknown (to us) islands, and such sailboats. Bastia had an impossible hotel, but, wrapped in our thick travelling shawls, we tried to make the inspiring thoughts of all that the world's greatest soldier, Napoleon, and the world's greatest sailor, Columbus, had endured, pull us through the night. (The local historians say that Columbus was born at Calvi.) The scenery from Bastia to Ajaccio the next day was sufficient to repay us for all the discomforts of the night before. I can imagine nothing grander—mountains of grey rock, mountains of snow, and lovely green mountains; rushing rivers, little brooks, birds, forests and wild flowers. The train crawls along so that you have time to see it all and exclaim—which we did—nearly all the way!

Ajaccio.

Ajaccio is a lovely mingling of all the lovely southern places I have ever seen—Corfu, Capri, Palermo, Taormina, Naples, Nervi, and many more. The bay is beautiful, with green mountains rising up out of blue water and soaring up into bluer skies, and still beyond and still higher, snow-capped mountains. Then the

palms, the tropical plants, the orange trees, the flowers, make the place most enchanting; walks and drives with heavenly views at every turn. In view of all these advantages and great attractions, I feel half ashamed to allow the few objections to conquer me—and yet I *am* conquered and we shall not settle down here for the prolonged stay that we had planned. The place seems too remote, too "un-get-at-able," and "un-get-off-able." I have reached the age when I cannot be happy in a place which I cannot leave if I wish to. The boats are small, the mails irregular, and though they assure you that it is "quite safe," the sight of those ominous black crosses on rocks, fences, house-walls, etc. each speaking of a murder, and each calling (as it were) upon the family of the murdered one for a like revenge, does not exactly add to the pleasure of one's afternoon walk. Every Corsican carries a gun, and they have a way of suddenly appearing from behind rocks and trees that is very disturbing! To be sure, they do not point their gun at you, but you feel certain that they want to... I am having a beautiful time here with Napoleon relics. I sat so long upon the sofa-bed upon which he was born that the guide looked at me very suspiciously. Napoleon has always been one of my heroes. Clare does not share my enthusiasm,* but she asked the hundreds of questions in French and Italian that I wanted asked, all the same. I touched the font in the cathedral where he

* Clare calls him "Old Boney"—disgraceful, this!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

was baptized; near by, cut into a marble slab are his dying words—"If they outlaw my body from France, as they have outlawed my person, then it is my desire to be buried in the old cathedral at Ajaccio among my ancestors."

I feel quite guilty to stay in and write letters and not be in the summer sunshine, but as Clare says—"We cannot walk *all* day!"*

* Now that I have beautifully heard from you on the great K.W. II. question, I feel delightfully launched and settled, and the spell of the protected and "done for" state is but too promptly and prematurely working. I seem to be already in possession of that lovely elongated sea-chair (I know I shall have the best on the ship) with my heels tucked up, my shawls becomingly arranged, my smelling bottle serenely clasped and an occasional graceful female form bending over me to ask how I feel *now?* I am feeling "*now*," as I say, very much as I expect to feel "*then*," so perfectly, thanks to your admirably kind offices, has the condition of peace descended on me. When you ask me, airily, if you may take for granted that you 'arrange' for my place at table and the deck-chair aforesaid, I respond with a roaring "*Rather*, please!" that you must almost hear far out in your Mediterranean Isle. Fear no rivals, they won't be "in" it. I expect to cross the sea in the simple form of a shapeless bundle of shawls, without human feature, semblance or identity, transported hither and thither, according to wind and weather, by discreet stewards (in *your* pay) but not revealing to the casual observer the shape or the sentiments of man. Meditate duly, therefore, you and Clare, on the prospect before you. But don't, however you feel, back out or hope I will. I *won't*! And oh, what a wonderful pair of adventuresses you are, as usual, meanwhile showing yourselves! How I envy you the power to do these bold, free things! Your Corsica sounds and looks, in the sweet little picture, enchanting, and I find myself wondering, while I gasp a little, where you will break out next. But the more you see the better, as I shall look for

Hotel Victoria, Pisa.

February 16th, 1904.

Corsica was so beautiful that I have more and more doubted our decision not to settle down there for a prolonged stay, and yet I could not feel quite comfortable; it seemed more remote than any place I had ever been in. We were very fortunate in our crossings. What those seven hours would be if the weather were not good, exceeds even the vivid Benedict imagination to picture. We had barely reached our pleasant rooms here when a fierce Libeccio blew all night, and oh! how we congratulated ourselves on our narrow escape. Had we been caught at Bastia, it would have been a horrible choice between an *impossible* hotel and a wretched little boat. The seven hour journey across the island is full of intense interest; such superb scenery, constant repetitions of our famed "Horseshoe Curve," but wilder, narrower—a very nervously high and narrow line. It is with a sense of danger and adventure that you move along. The stations are few and deserted, and at every one, two or more soldiers with guns stand watching with keen, rather anxious eyes. And yet in spite of this deserted look, one felt that were the right cry, whistle or call to sound, in one moment—from behind rocks and trees—would appear

long yarns and every detail from you as I sit sandwiched between you with an ear—an ear alone—uncovered. Amuse yourselves, in short, as scientifically as possible now, for later on, I fear you will feel only the strain.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

wild Corsicans—armed and ready to fire, fight, kill and die. So we saw all the sights, took all the walks and drives, and then reluctantly left that lovely island that in the year 2004 will be a great resort, but that in the year 1904 is too difficult to reach and to depart from.

When you are seated in a comfortable chair before an open wood fire reading Symonds on the Libeccio, it is almost with a wish that you might see, feel and hear one blow, so fascinatingly does he describe it. But the reality is awful! I rushed out early the next morning to see if the Leaning Tower still stood; it seemed to me that it must have been blown over in the night. But there it stood serenely, gracefully—as *leaning* and lovely as ever. As Symonds says, the Libeccio blows every impurity, every cloud, every smallest speck of dust away. And so it does. Never have I seen so pure an atmosphere; and those wonderfully beautiful buildings outlined against that deep blue sky, the old walls encircling them and those lovely mountains so sharply distinct, were beyond description enchanting. Vasari says (we are taking solid doses of Vasari as our bread, so to speak) that the plan had been to have the whole space where—the unique group stands—paved with the marble spoils from the East. I am always so thankful that it was not carried out, the green velvet grass is so much prettier; and just now it is thickly sprinkled with the small daisy that Memling paints in his adorable grass.

We spent this morning wandering again about the Campo Santo. We were there so long that the old man in charge joined us. Then he picked me a bunch of flowers, presenting it with his little formal speech—" These flowers grow in the sacred earth from the Holy Land. The Archbishop brought 53 shiploads of earth hither from Palestine." I don't think it is all my imagination that the flowers that grow in that earth seem purer, fairer and sweeter than all other flowers. . .

For our salad and dessert, so to speak, we are reading the Byron and Shelley letters written in Pisa. We read, and then walk out and look up at the palace windows and in at the hallways where these two great ones lived, and feel closely in touch with them—if only it might make us poets! This new edition of Byron's Letters and Journals Mr. P. calls scornfully " a hash," but I confess I like this kind of " literary hash," for my mind is very much like my top bureau drawer—everything in it, yet I can never find anything when I want it. This edition has full notes; and just when I want to know, there stands everything connected with this or that point.

A novel sight here is that of the camels at work in the Royal Park of San Rossore. These camels —150 of them—are descendants of the thirteen camels brought here in 1622 by Grandduke Ferdinand II. They stalk about in their usual superior manner, going all kinds of places where carts

cannot go, and bringing out such long, big logs. A camel always fascinates me ; I used to get up early in the morning at Cairo and go out to the Nile bridge to see the line after line of camels bringing in from the country the fodder for the animals in Cairo. . . .

Siena,

Hotel Royal.

February 28th,

We have commenced briskly sight-seeing, for the glimpse of Siena we had before with Mr. Schuyler and Anne hardly counted. We decide at night which sight we will see the next day, and we read what Hare, Symonds, Baedeker, Heyward, Gardiner and a few more say about it—then we go and look ! . . . I enclose a card of the Sodoma fresco of Christ Bound to the Column. People who are supposed to know fight over this, as to whether it is or is not a " masterpiece." In the meantime all the " we's " who do not know much, stand before it and *feel* very much as Hawthorne did. Of the cathedral, Hawthorne very rightly said : " The cathedral of Siena is a religion in itself." Mrs. Browning calls it " the tiger-striped cathedral " . . . Spring is upon us in all its glory ; fruit trees in full bloom, violets everywhere. . . We love to watch the splendid white oxen at work—they do everything ; draw stone and wood, plow, and all in a very slow, stately fashion quite their own. They are magnificent-looking

creatures. We are half afraid of them, and yet quite fascinated by them. There is something so incongruous about their enormous, sharp horns and gentle, soft eyes.

San Gimignano is enchanting: thirteen of its towers still stand, and all its walls and gateways. It is to Italy what Rothenburg* is to Germany. Dante visited

* When we left Bayreuth we went to Ansbach, where we visited the quaint tombs of "the Knights of the Swan," and also the crypt where the Margraves and Margravines of Ansbach are buried. Since reading the Memoirs of poor Wilhelmine of Bayreuth, and hearing all she had to say about the Ansbach Margraves, (particularly her sister's husband, the "bad Margrave") we felt very intimate with them. We also visited the spot in the Park where the mysterious Caspar Hauser was killed. Then in the late twilight, we went on to Rothenburg, a fascinating walled town, full of quaint buildings. Rothenburg is a gem, as yet unvisited by tourists, but discovered by the artists. We fell in love with the place and its customs—one being the playing of carols several times a week from the highest belfry of the Rathaus. To hear this sweet music floating over the quaint, walled town seemed like a benediction from above. And it was beautiful to see these simple peasants stop a second in whatever work they were doing, and lifting their faces up towards the heavens, move their lips in prayer, and then continue their work... This music impressed me as much as the Bedouin's call at evening—

"Whoever thou art whose need is great
In the name of God the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for Thee I wait—"

After our two days in Rothenburg we made a trip of my planning, to which Clare rather objected; you know how daring I am! So on we went to Pappenheim, where there is a ruined castle and two restored ones. All was charming! We took the beautiful walk through the thick woods, saw the sunset from the top of the ruined castle and as we sat in the twilight, eating our excellent supper, and drinking the delicious Munich beer, I commenced boasting of my plan. But when we reached Ingoldstadt at ten o'clock... and our train had rushed on into the darkness and I discovered that the town was over two miles away, and nothing to take us there but our four feet, I boasted no longer! Clare was good-natured enough not to say "I told you so!" There was nothing for it but to hire the porter to carry our bags and to walk the whole distance—I abusing Ingoldstadt at every step. But when we reached the magnificent gateways of this strongly fortified town on the Danube, I grew silent with admiration, and when, the next morning, we saw the old buildings and interesting streets, I felt glad that the poor man had not understood me the night before!... The military bands were splendid. We would hear a march splendidly played in one direction, and then catch a strain of Rhinegold in another direction, and rush after that. I supposed, of course, that there must be some grand band contest going on, but when Clare asked some one, the answer was—"Ingoldstadt is *always* like this." Officers and soldiers were flying about in every direction and we ended by thoroughly liking the place. *From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.*

San Gimignano on May 7th, 1300, and saw the very frescoes one looks upon to-day in the Palazzo Comunale, which gives an added charm. The Gozzoli frescoes are very interesting—the life of St. Augustine—an unusual subject. The cathedral frescoes are also full of interest—the whole Bible illustrated in the queerest, quaintest way; throwing much light upon the early history of Italy. And the chapel to their dear little patron saint, Fina, is a perfect gem. This saintly child died at fifteen, and the legends and stories about her are so pretty—angels rang the bells from the high towers when she died, and flowers sprang up out of the rocks and boards where she rested. The legend is beautifully painted on the walls of her chapel by Ghirlandajo.

Our last Siena days were full of interest. Quite by accident, we happened to mention to a very pleasant Siena lady our disappointment at not being allowed to see the interior of beautiful Belcaro—that we had walked there once (a three mile walk) and had driven there, but, as the owner had recently died, no one was allowed to enter this most unique castle. To our astonishment, this lady told the present owner, and there appeared, addressed to me, a card from him appointing the next day for a private view of the whole place. It is unnecessary to say that we went, and we had an enchanting morning, servants bowing down before us, flowers given us—such a delightful end to our Siena visit*. . . Then our drive of three days was a grand

* *Vide* p. 176.

success—comfortable victoria, two strong horses, a willing, smiling Antonio to drive, pillows at my back, rugs over me, parasols ready in case of need; guide books at hand—an absolutely ideal way to travel.

We drove the first day through fascinating ways to Monte Oliveto; here we spent three hours; first eating our lunch, which we brought with us, as the laws of the monastery do not allow giving of luncheon. But when the monk in charge learned that our name was *Benedict*, we were permitted to have some of their hot "minestra." You have no idea how much is made in Italy of our name, Benedict, and as St. Benedict is the patron saint and founder of all the Benedictine monasteries (this is a very famous one) we were treated here with great distinction. The place is beautiful and the frescoes of Sodoma and Signorelli so interesting. Then we drove on through queer, unvisited little towns, and always with superb views stretching out right and left before and behind us—until, flooded by the red rays of

* Thank you so very much for the copy of the inscription on the floor of your beautiful chapel. I am also delighted to have the other inscription near those wonderful cannon balls—both are to be placed below my large photograph of Belcaro, and the picture is to hang in a choice position in my dear old stone house in Cooperstown, America.

We are to celebrate—this coming September—the hundredth birthday of this house. You will think nothing of a house only one hundred years old, but in America, it is considered very ancient. I have no cannon balls, I have no chapel, I have no ilex trees, I have no Italian garden, I have no priceless treasures—as you have... But I make the most of the initials of my grandparents that are built into the side of the house, together with the date, 1804.

It will give me much pleasure to send you an invitation.

From a Letter to Count C—.

a glorious setting sun, we drove in under the ancient gateway of Montepulciano, where we put up at the old Marzocco Inn, which was not modern in its appointments, but willing and smiling girls and boys waited upon us, and tried to make us as comfortable as possible. From Montepulciano we drove to Pienza—one of the lesser sights, as it is called. But sometimes one feels that these are worth more than the bigger sights! Certainly no restorer's hand had touched much that we saw, and the buildings, walls, gardens and gateways were most picturesque. Then on to S. Quirico, where we saw the church and wandered in the lovely old garden. And all this time our good weather held on until just as we drove in at the Siena gate, when down came a rainstorm! We spent three days at Florence, visiting some of the forgotten sights. . . On Palm Sunday we got up early and went to the Pitti Palace to see the beautiful Botticelli,* "Pallas Taming a Centaur" in the private apartments. At 3.30 we took the train for Verona—the crowd that we had hoped to avoid, we met instead, and the struggle for places was like a battle! . . . We were enthusiastic about Verona, and wondered at ourselves for never having stopped there before;

* Botticelli by Streeter.

Beautifully clear and delightful, particularly Streeter's description of my favourite Botticelli, "The Return of Judith." But after reading "Judith," (Apocrypha) one wonders where Streeter obtained his authority for calling Judith's waiting-woman Abra? (I must ask some of my ardent church scholars to throw light).

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1920).

the churches are splendid, the whole place full of sights on a grand scale. Our two days did not give us half time enough, although we worked "for all we were worth" and steeped ourselves beforehand in Veronese history and art.

Grand Hotel, Venice,

Good Friday.

Such a heavenly day, and Venice is her very loveliest. We walked through the narrow passageways, and over the marble bridges and then crossed that awful "blot"—the iron bridge—to the little English Church where we had a solemn but very simple service, hymns that all knew and all sang. The church was absolutely "packed"—so many men. After church we walked to St. Mark's, everything that it was possible to cover was covered with purple and black, but the gorgeousness of the superb mosaics lit up the church, and the brilliant sunshine poured in through every crack, making every spot the eye rested upon, glorious.

We have stirred up a mild little excitement here. Some years ago I read an interesting article in the *Atlantic* by Charles Eliot Norton, called "Rawdon Brown and the Gravestone of the Banished Norfolk." I demanded to see the copy of this stone that is in the Palace of the Doges. As I was armed with all the points, I held to it, and drove the old man in charge of that part of the

building nearly wild, and Clare also, as I talked *very fast* in English, and expected Clare to translate all that I said into Italian. However, though we were turned away yesterday, to-day we have received word that we *are* to be taken to see the memorial to-morrow by the head official. The man evidently thought that we were of the Duke's family !

There are two little English girls near us in the dining-room that I have fallen in love with—such natural, charming little girls, full of life, and yet so beautifully brought up. They attracted our attention in this crowd of hustling people by the way they stand and say their silent grace before meals. They do it so solemnly and quietly, and yet few would notice it. Then this morning the little girls were in front of me in church and their manner delighted me... If I can possibly find an excuse, I must give them some Easter eggs.

Later.

I bought some "gold eggs" filled with chocolates and left them on their plates. To watch their great surprise and pleasure Easter night at dinner, added to the pleasure of our Easter. But after I left, they must have found out from some one who we were and got our address from the porter, for I have had the dearest little letter from them.

* * * * *

Vienna.

Our journey to Villach was not all that we expected, but we got on very well, being amused at the flirtation of a man we called "Irving L." with a pretty "daughter" of a German from North Germany, who had landed in Venice—a first visit—from the "Maria Theresia"—had given one day to Venice and knew nothing. "Irving L." knew everything and it was all very funny for him until he discovered that the young girl was the old man's wife! Then *she* had the best of it!

* * * * *

I feel quite "perked" to-night, for a lady here, a baroness who is a good friend of ours, said that my back, waist, and carriage were like "a girl of sixteen!" Of course I have held my head very high ever since. Clare also received a nice compliment. So mother and daughter will probably not sleep one wink all night owing to these compliments!

London,*

July, 1904.

Oh! such an unexpected big plum has fallen into our laps because of those little Easter eggs. The loveliest note was awaiting me, suggesting all kinds of delightful things—"Would we come for a week-end visit? If this was impossible, would we come to their country-place for a night; if not this, then to spend the day?"

* *Vide* p. 181.

At first I declined everything, but at last we consented, and spent Saturday in one of the most beautiful English country-houses I have ever seen. It was all quite like a trip to fairyland—to be going to see people we did not know but had only seen at the next table and in gondolas. As we swept into the Farnborough station, there stood a smart English footman, who came hesitatingly towards us, saying "For Mrs. O—?" When I said "Yes," he led us to an elegant coupé with two high-stepping horses and every appointment of wealth and taste, and we were whirled through one of the most fascinating of English lanes, passing the thick woods that belong to the Empress Eugénie. Adjoining this—her exquisite place—is the equally exquisite place of Major O—. We drove in past the lodge under superb trees, flowers to the right and left of us and green velvet lawns, to the pretty house where we were simply and cordially welcomed. . . Such treasures as this house contained . . . Mrs. O—'s father was a Field Marshal, and the treasures he

* We get our little visit here, then fly off to Bayreuth and have that feast of perfect music, hear the last echoes of the last heavenly "Parsifal," then make a quick dash for our steamer at Bremen. We have already arranged this complicated and difficult journey. . . One of our friends in Vienna, when he heard of this gigantic plan of ours, suggested that we might give up *one* "Parsifal"! I wish you could have seen the look Clare gave him! He has been trying ever since to make up for the mistake! The whole month there is quite perfect, you hear the heavenly music, you talk music, you think music and dream music—take lovely excursions and walks on the off days, always with the echoes of what you heard the day before still lingering in your ears, and the hope of hearing more the next day held out before you. And the friends who stay for all the performances (as we do) are delightful to be with—all agree—save just the pleasant little discussions over the little points that add to the pleasure. *From a Letter to Miss Beck.*

had collected and the people he had known, took our breath away—a portrait of the Prince Imperial given them by the Empress; a photograph of General Gordon with autograph; pictures and autographs, it seemed to me, of everybody of note in the whole world—Bismarck, all the Prime Ministers, Generals, etc.—it was overwhelming. The guest book has in it the names of all the Royalties from Queen Victoria to little Prince David; Roberts, Kitchener, etc. And when we two poor American women were asked to write our names in this book, the pen trembled so in my hand that the "Woolson" in the Clara Woolson Benedict looked very much like Mother's attempt at writing on napkins and towels,* when, she always said pathetically, "It is always either Wool-*blot*, or *Blot*-son." Well, I left in this wonderful book a very shaky "Clara," then came a "*Blot*-son," and an absolutely drunk "Benedict," and I am ashamed to say, Clare did not do much better...

Another "treat"† we had in London was the

* After the frightful "break-up" to my happy beginning, I never again had (or cared to have) a linen closet. My life of wandering began and never ceased until Clare bought back out of her principal (making herself that much poorer in income) that precious family house in Cooperstown, "Pomeroy Place." So, late in life, I began another "linen closet," we buying and bringing over on each trip additions. And one of my joys in Cooperstown is to "arrange the linen closet." Clare loves it also, and we sit down together—always towards the end of our stay—counting "two dozen dinner napkins, clover-leaf pattern," "two dozen napkins with rosebud border," two dozen striped Bayreuth towels, 10 large square Carlsbad bath towels," and so on. We have names for all our large supply (I have my mother's supply, and my sister's beautiful Italian, English, and foreign supply). This gives an added touch to our pleasure in associating beautiful places with the happy hours of "arranging the linen closet."

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber.

† *Vide* p. 184.

Benefit Matinée for poor Clement Scott. Sir Henry acted for the only time this season, the programme was a splendid one and the Benedicts had fine seats and enjoyed it immensely. Fifteen hundred pounds were raised, but Clement Scott died two days afterwards, and never knew, alas! of this big sum that had been raised for his wife and children.

Did I write you of my daring to invite English people to a Fourth of July luncheon? They accepted and entered into the spirit of the thing like Americans. I had a silk star spangled banner on the table and on that, a large white bowl. Around the edge of the bowl was a thick row of red geraniums, next a thick row of white carnations, and in the centre, cornflowers. The English thought my cigar arrangements very funny. I put them around my little smoking-man, one cigar, the King's favourite; another the Prince of Wales's favourite; Kitchener's, Lord Robert's, etc. (A Bond Street tobacconist gives me the points). We had great fun over this...

Bayreuth,*

August 6th.

We are here in the midst of the musical excitement; the performances have never been finer, audiences never more brilliant... The weather has been, and still is, very hot, but the singers seem

* *Vide* p. 184.

* I came up to town to order some clothes (buy a steamer trunk, a lovely one at the Stores) and call on our N.G.L. friends to say I would pay the remainder of my passage money £38 10s.—horrible! . . . then I go home till the 22nd, from which day I shall be here, watch in hand, timing your approach, reading the weather prophecies and trying to make a clink in my pocket of my few remaining shillings. I am afraid you had a rather blighted visit end in the odious heat and dust and crowd of the London of that moment, but I hope the spell of Bayreuth has by this time charmed all such memories away. I don't think I envy you in this weather quite so much *mise-en-scène* or human elbow, in short, what I envy you most is the entr'acte and the ices, and I trust they are both large. Only don't, for God's sake, miss your connections by lingering on among them too long. If you don't go, I won't, I *can't*. But if you are really there, where I can catch your eye, assuming you and Clare to have one between you, you will see me cross the plank with a little blue ribbon tied round one arm and a little pink one round the other. This will be to give notice to all the Sex that H.J.'s arms are reserved for Mrs. and Miss Benedict—for deck promenading, etc. Whereby Mrs. and Miss B. will have to guess to which the blue is destined and which the pink. I clutch you both yearningly . . . and am more and more impatiently yours.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

† I amuse myself all day long and enjoy every moment. But then *I* am countrified enough to be interested in what I see. . . . It is impossible in a letter for me to express how very much I enjoy New York. . . . I am so exceedingly (perhaps excessively) fond of music and *good* acting that I fairly *revel* in the superb orchestras, magnificent architecture, beautiful faces and delicious voices I find at Booth's Theatre, the Academy of Music, etc. The Philharmonics have begun, and next week the Academy of Design opens. New York is overflowing with attractions, as stars of every magnitude have come to shine in the New World; among others, four dancers so beautiful and graceful that for the first time I realize the meaning of that hackneyed phrase—"the poetry of motion." If this keen sense of enjoyment lasts all winter, I shall have a new pleasure every day. . . I am just like a prisoner let loose. I enjoy an opera as much as I did when I was here as a school girl—*can* I say more? . . . Jefferson is playing "Rip Van Winkle," and the night we went, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Great men fairly sobbed and in the funny parts, the same persons would shout with laughter. I am as bad as any of the rest. *Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.*

"New York in the Seventies", by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (*"Voices out of the Past."*)

to sing all the better for it. Frau Wagner has found some lovely new voices for us. The new Parsifal, von Bary, is a doctor. Nikisch heard him sing, and now he is spoken of as the coming tenor. Then we have a charming new Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser"—I have never heard this well-known music more beautifully sung. Ten of these heavenly performances have already gone—we shall hear the last notes of the last "Parsifal" on the night of August 20th, and then leave the same night and dash off to Bremen.

* * * * *

We heard an absolutely perfect performance of "Parsifal," on August 20th. Herr von Gross allowed our carriage to stand first, so when we ran out after the performance—Count E. with us—there was no trouble, and we were first at the station.

Early Tuesday morning, August 23rd, we took the special train for our steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm II." and were promptly on board by a little after nine, and off the splendid great boat started.

Wednesday was a beautiful day, and we reached Southampton at seven in the morning; so, after breakfast, we took a long walk and were standing on the platform to welcome Henry James as his "Special" whirled into the Southampton station. * He seemed glad to see us, and we squeezed into an already full compartment and

* *Vide* p. 184.

rode down to the boat with him; and in a very short time the big ship had started for Cherbourg.* . . . We had a very smooth passage, reaching Nantucket Light Ship on Monday night at six. Mr. James can hardly be said to have enjoyed the voyage, but all went fairly well. One day when he was ill, I had the honour of making tea for him and feeding him with toast! We reached the dock very early and were soon in the hands of the polite (?) officials of the U.S. Custom House.†

And thus ended our 12th trip abroad.

* Travels in France and Italy during the years of 1787, 1788 and 1789 by Arthur Young. A delightful book! An intelligent traveller of so remote a period—riding on his blind horse and going inch by inch to places we have visited—much interested us.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

† Blessed Benedicts Both.

I have only been waiting till this hour to reach back to you over the awfulness of those other hours, when we had been torn apart by bewildering forces, and no reunion—the dreary ordeal once over—seemed so much as thinkable. I tried a feeble, frightened dash at you after I had been on the dock an hour or two—but I was hurled hither and thither helplessly, and I seemed to feel my own fate, really, all I could meet. I felt *assailed* (by my immediate impressions) as violently as if I had been a lone, lumbering Russian amid a torrent of Japs. But tell me in 3 words how you have fared? Give me good news. I wont believe any other. I pray that you are managing for yourselves and for each other at Cooperstown not less beneficently and felicitously than you managed for the forlorn friend on the "Kaiser." The forlorn friend finds traces and trails of your abounding charity and kindness sticking to him all over for remembrance and gratitude.

Henry James to Mrs. and Miss Benedict.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"
(Told By C.W.B.)

AND FROM LETTERS TO MISS KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER AND MISS EMMA BECK.

Off the Azores (1905).

THESE fascinating islands have been charming to look at all day; the grains of different shades of yellow and green look like long stripes of coloured ribbons running up to the dark green forests and down to the bluest of seas. . .

Our start was a funny one—not funny at the time, for we lost the precious piano key and had so many good-bye calls that it really seemed as if we should not be able to pack up our steamer things. However, we sat up until 3 a.m. and were ready to start at 9 a.m. in that snowstorm for Hoboken. The snowstorm was so pretty at sea, or rather in the harbour, all the ships dressed in pure white and the contrast against the dark grey water. We have a magnificent cabin, and after insisting upon *two* wardrobes, we feel ashamed to find that we have not enough to hang in them! Mrs. William Walter Phelps has the Captain's rooms which is very pleasant for us, as she invites us

up for afternoon tea in her "upper-of-all-decks" cabin. We have also had coffee with the Captain in the chart room. The Captain, our good friend, the brave 2nd Officer of the "Spree," has waved his magic wand over the stewards, and the Benedicts have had all kinds of special attentions. We have learned from him that 26 times around the promenade deck make two miles, so we walk the 26 times every morning and every afternoon, much to the despair of the passengers, I fear. We have long delightful hours of sitting in our steamer chairs, looking off over the ever-changing water; the first days, under very heavy veils, we did some very wide yawning. There has been no storm, and yet people have been *very* ill; it is wonderful how ill people can be in a smooth sea! . . . A noisy crowd from Philadelphia, headed by Mr. Biddle, have shouted all across the ocean; as they are at the next table, we cannot but overhear their horrid remarks. This Mr. Biddle is undoubtedly the "black sheep" of the Biddle flock. It is delightful to be on a boat where there is no hurry, no betting on the runs, no restless spirit of "getting there." Oh, how we are enjoying it! Many wrinkles have disappeared from my poor old face, and Clare smiles all the time because I look so rested. The passengers are tourists off on vacations, and all are reading guide-books and planning fascinating trips. We overhear bits about places we know and love, and feel half inclined to join this party or that, although our own plan is

delightful. We shall get to Castelfranco *this* time (by Sancho !) and see the lovely Giorgione that reigned over our rooms—in a copy—last winter.

Hotel de l'Europe,
Turin.
March 19th, 1905.

You cannot be more surprised than I am to see "Turin" written above. Years ago, Connie stopped here *en route* to or from somewhere, and she did nothing but talk about it; she was enthusiastic about the superb view of the Alps that stretch all around Turin like soft white arms. The memory of all that Connie had said remained in our minds, so the other day when we discovered that several steamer acquaintances (not particularly sympathetic people) would be in Genoa for a few days, and that others (who played Bridge in the cabin on those heavenly afternoons at sea) were to go to Milan, the Benedicts made one of those sudden plans of theirs, and carried it out with a dash that took away the breath of all (and some of their breath, also !). Thanks to Clare's forethought in Naples, we had bought a railway guide and had obtained some Italian money. We found that there was a good train for Turin at two p.m. We reached the Genoa dock at one. Could we make it, we asked, as soon as we stepped off the boat, and were told yes, if our trunks came out of the hold in time. So there we stood waiting

until—just fifteen minutes before the train hour—our last trunk appeared. The polite custom officials passed all, unopened, and we dashed off to the station, booked our luggage, telegraphed to the hotel, and were soon moving toward Turin in a nice compartment all to ourselves! Such a delightful journey as it was—superb scenery, all new to us. We reached this most excellent hotel a little before seven . . . and were soon seated in a pretty dining-room, eating our dinner.

Turin is charming—arcades everywhere; the picture gallery is a fine one; since Madrid, we have been as ardent about the great pictures of the world as . . . about music. This morning we were allowed to look at the altar in the cathedral in which is kept the precious relic of the (supposed) piece of linen that was about Our Saviour's body. We had read such an interesting article about this in an English magazine. . . . Monte Rosa is lovely from here—it is like seeing familiar friends' faces with another new expression to see these mountains from this side—faces or backs, whichever way one can decide that they are looking.

Grand Hotel, Venice.

April 6th.

Since writing you that letter in Turin, we have been doing such strange and delightful things. First, we spent five days in Milan, passing many hours in that fine picture gallery, and as we had

our art books with us, we would read in the evening all that this or that authority said, then go and look and decide what the two ignorant Benedicts thought. Of course your friend Berenson stands out boldly to the fore on these subjects; but I do not find him very congenial; the fault is in me, not in Mr. Berenson.

One day we went out to the Certosa—a lovely excursion, but nearly ruined for us by having to share a guide with two girls, who not only knew nothing, but who did not *wish* to know anything; their silly, flippant remarks and their hurry to "get through seeing things" (as they called the priceless treasures) made me furious. For the first half-hour they made *me* suffer, then I braced up and planned how to make *them* suffer, and succeeded beyond my wildest hopes, for the guide grasped the position and fell on to our side. My revenge was to linger over each "thing" until I made *them* nearly distracted! Why do such people travel?

One evening we took a box at the Scala to hear "Aida." The opera was magnificently mounted, quantities of people on the stage—nine or ten horses—all on the most lavish scale; orchestra fine, but solo singers impossible, little Marchi being the best of them... We seemed to be the only strangers, and two ladies alone in a box attracted attention. Clare wore a pretty white dress and a large black picture hat with a wreath of pale pink roses. This

was evidently admired (the hat, not Clare!), and we knew how the performers on the stage must feel as rows and rows of Italians just stood and looked at us through their field glasses. It was a very unusual experience for us!

At Milan we planned a real "Benedict and Daughter" trip, unsanctioned by Cook and Son—a trip full of joys, excitements, desperate despair, brilliant successes, unexpected "thrills" and disappointed hopes! We planned to see Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Castelfranco, Asolo, Padua, the "double-starred" Veronese frescoes at Villa Giacomelli, and the Giovanelli Palace here in Venice—eight big sights.

At the very start, however, we were blocked by impossible train hours for Brescia, and were obliged to give up sight No. 1. However, Castelfranco was before us, and that Madonna beckoned us on. Verona—our sight No. 2—we love; giving up Brescia gave us extra hours to revisit some of its many treasures. . . . Then began the "stepping-out-of the-beaten-track," when we left the train at Vicenza, to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers. . . . We could see German, English and American heads leaning out of car windows, and a general fluttering of Baedeker leaves to discover why we stopped?

Vicenza is full of interest, a perfectly charming, perfectly deserted place, filled with imposing Palladian buildings, all very handsome, with such

fascinating courts. . . We had the daring to venture into the former home of Mrs. Jack Gardner's Giorgione—a stately palace, where a courtly servant said that now no one was ever allowed to see the pictures. There was something pathetic about this, for the Vicenza people speak of the Giorgione as being still there ; postcards are shown of it ; then the owner shuts the doors of his palace to the public, so that they may not know he has sold the original ! It gave us a queer little " thrill " to remember that only last winter we had seen it in beautiful Fenway Court, surrounded by white roses. How glad I am that it has so lovely a home ; it must be so homesick for its Vicenza Palace (perhaps).

But all the time that we were enjoying our day, every now and then we would say : " We are very near to Castelfranco, by Sancho ! " (We and many of our friends had said this during the winter). Besides all these thrills at the thought, other little sinkings of the heart were with us because of the odd looks and tones of voice whenever we mentioned where we were going to spend the night. I even caught a full smile on the face of the telegraph clerk when he read Clare's dispatch to the Castelfranco hotel. What did it mean, we asked ourselves ? Daylight, warm sunshine, fascinating streets, buildings, flowers, even queer things to eat in queerer places—all this is one thing ; darkness, Italian chill in a bedroom, and the hours between dusk and dawn to live

through—another! However, we kept bravely on, bought our tickets for Castelfranco (magic in the name!) and were soon moving slowly towards the Giorgione. It was eight o'clock and dark before we reached Castelfranco—a small deserted station; one eager little boy rushed forward and piled our things into *such* an omnibus! We rattled through narrow streets to the "Spada," the kind of Italian inn where you enter a court filled with carts, horses and every kind of animal, person and *thing*. A woman with a candle, and four men appeared, and all five escorted us to a room; and then, all five commenced talking at once. In my letter from Milan, I had asked to have my request to see the Villa Giacomelli forwarded. I had also asked to have a carriage the next day to take us to the Villa *via* Asolo; also to know the hour when the Madonna of Castelfranco could be seen. So all five talked as fast as they could about all these things. Poor Clare turned first to one and then to another, but soon made out that, with all this talking, they were giving no real information. *In the meantime I scrutinized the room in which we were to spend the night.* It was at first sight, hopeless; no other word could describe it. At last, one very fat man waving one fat hand, and pressing the other fat hand to his heart said: "*At least* the question of when the Madonna can be seen, *I* shall answer!" And he disappeared down the stairs. Then another man said: "If the Mother of the Horses could be brought up, *she*

could tell about the drive." And a third man brought out from his pocket a letter from the agent of the Villa saying that no one could see the frescoes until after Easter. (That was disappointment No. 2). However, the fat man returned and said that if we would be at the cathedral the next morning at nine, we could see the Madonna; and the "Mother of the Horses" promised us two of her "children," and a carriage to take us to Asolo the following day. Then the four men and "the Mother of the Horses" left us and we stood with the one candle lighting up our pale faces *and* the room! It was only nine p.m. and *when* was daylight? Clare suggested reading our charming Giorgione book to take our thoughts from present surroundings, and *holding* the one candle, I read on and on until a terrible fatigue sent us to examine the beds; to our joy, at least they *looked* clean. To be sure the sheets were of sackcloth. However, we made ready; put on our flannel dressing-gowns and got between the sackcloth sheets; but the queer spread over us was nothing but a stone roller, and we were pressed down into the sackcloth until we were marked from head to foot—like Sing-Sing women—with the coarse threads of those sheets! (I have thought since what a splendid idea this would be for those who wish to "reduce"—just to sleep under a roller!). It was a night only made possible to us by the thought of our appointment with the Madonna. And she rewarded us for

everything. We forgot the roller, the sackcloth sheets, our aching heads, backs and limbs, for she repaid us for all that we had endured. . . . It is the loveliest picture ever painted, I do believe. I can think of nothing good enough, nothing strong enough, nothing eloquent enough to say ; it was a half hour of perfect, satisfying delight—no smallest disappointment, only wonderment that never before, in all our comings and goings so near by, we had visited this exquisite picture.

Then came our drive to Asolo. Filled with uplifting " thrills " caused by the sight of that Madonna, we rolled on through a charming valley towards those snow-capped mountains that Robert Browning so loved (before he knew Miss Barrett) and where, afterwards, he brought her, and where, when she was taken from him,* he came to be comforted by this lovely nest of a place, clinging to its green hill under the snow mountains. Suddenly there dropped down

* The brutal FitzGerald remark was in his letters. FitzGerald's friends declared " he meant no harm," and they, after a time, so worked upon generous Robert Browning, that he withdrew from all his later editions his scathing lines. But I have placed a copy in my volume. I can see no reason why Browning's answer should be withheld from posterity unless that remark of FitzGerald's also be withdrawn from his letters. FitzGerald had just heard of Mrs. Browning's death and wrote: " Thank God—no more Mrs. Browning ! "

I was told a very beautiful story, coming from a gentleman who was one day in the garden of Magdalen College, Oxford, or rather, in some window overlooking the garden—when he saw Robert Browning walking up and down under the trees, evidently in great mental anguish, his lips quivering, his expression one of keen distress. Fearing some sudden illness or calamity, this gentleman hastened to a friend who knew Browning better than he did, and this friend rushed to his aid—to discover that Browning had just read that cruel comment in FitzGerald's letter. It was such a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Browning that after 20 years without her, he felt so acutely.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

upon us another unexpected sight. Our driver inquired did we care to pass through Riesi? "Why?" asked Clare. "It is the birthplace of *Il Papa*," replied the man, lifting his cap. Of course we said yes, and were soon in the little town where Pope Sarto was born. Just before I sailed, a dear old lady friend begged me to send her a postcard from every place we visited in Europe. Thinking of this, I asked the driver whether a card could be obtained. He replied that the Pope's nephew had some, so we stopped at the inn and such a pleasant-looking Italian appeared. We got the cards and talked a little, then he asked in a low voice, would we like to see the house. It belonged to the Pope, but he, the nephew, kept the keys... Not only were we taken all over the house, into the room where the Pope was born, the room where he always slept when he came to see his mother in the past; but it ended in his introducing us to the Pope's sister, such a simple, sweet-faced old lady! We were given a piece of rosemary from the Pope's bush and a little brass lamp he had always used.... Then followed two delightful hours at Asolo. I misquoted all day from "Pippa Passes," but I think I got a line or two right.

> "Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my twelve hours' treasure—"

We certainly did not squander a mite of *our* day there! We visited Mrs. Bronson's little

house, where Browning* so often stayed. All looked so "liveable," as though they came at night to take up the books they had left, and to lean against the cushions which were still there on the sofas. . . . Then, after a really delicious luncheon served to us in an upper room of the "Inn of the Old Tower," we returned to Castelfranco. We had slipped a fee in the morning into the hand of the guardian of the Madonna; and he had said that we could come again at four o'clock to say good-bye to the beautiful Lady. So we paid our bill for the sackcloth sheets, stone roller and eggs cooked in sugar, which we had had for breakfast, and to the "Mother of the Horses" for her "children," and off we went to the cathedral again, where for half an hour we had that glorious Madonna all to ourselves. The sunshine poured in over her, and yet, she was more brilliant than the sunshine. The prettiest thing ever said of Giorgione was, I think, that he painted "not with oils, but with sunshine."

Then we went to Padua, where we had a day and a half of pleasure, much better appreciating the Giotto frescoes than we did ten years ago. I remember that then, I only thought them "queer." It is so in every line—the more you know, the more delight is opened out before you. How

* As Stopford Brooke stated that Browning wished his "Ring and Book" to be read as follows—"Give the poem four months; and let ten days elapse between the reading of each book," so during the winter of 1920—21, Clara and Clare Benedict re-read "The Ring and the Book," following Browning's wish.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1921).

thankful I feel, as I grow older, that books, pictures, music, are ever more and more to me. *They* never disappoint.

From Padua we came to Venice and found, to our joy, that my card begging Prince Giovanelli to allow us to see the Giorgione in his palace had been answered with a "yes"—we could see the picture that very day, as the Prince and Princess were to arrive from Rome on the following morning. So to-day we have seen the *Tempesta*. We are on a Giorgione pilgrimage; within ten days we have seen fifteen supposed Giorgiones, and three real, unquestioned ones! . . . We have again stirred up the matter of the "banished Norfolk's" memorial stone at the Palace of the Doges. . . The poor guardian of the palace is in despair at our again appearing and demanding to see the inscription.* I am sure that he wishes us where the original stone now is—at Corby Castle, England!

Vienna,

April 30*th*, 1905.

The change from the warmth of Italy to the cold of Vienna, brought to Clare a bad throat. . . which gave me much alarm. When anything is wrong with her, I am desperate;† and when I am

* It is placed upside down in a deserted hall while the repairs are being made to the Palace of the Doges. They say that it is to have a wall to itself in time, with the original iron-fenced gateway the real tomb had replaced before it. *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

† Clare has a cold—it makes me ill when she has even a finger ache! *From a Letter to Miss Beck.*

ill, she is frantic—it can't be helped when two are left all alone in the world. I called in Professor von Chiari, our good doctor, and, as it happened, the famous throat specialist, and the throat yielded rapidly to the "ice-bag" treatment. . . . It has been good for us in that we feel more thankful and grateful for our health, which we had grown to take as a matter of course.

The enormous amount of material in our last summer's "hung-off-the-shoulders" sleeves has been altered into the much more becoming present mode. For once, we win against the tailors and dressmakers, as they absolutely *cannot* say "there is not enough material," since some of the sleeves had sufficient with which to make a skirt! The costumes are bewilderingly pretty, but, as there is no Bayreuth this year (alas!) and we shall not see the people who know all our last year's things, we shall wear out our old clothes in England!

Yesterday, we had a bow from the Emperor all to ourselves. We were just about to cross the Ringstrasse, when we saw the Imperial carriage approaching on our side of the street. We therefore stood all alone under a tree by the kerbstone as the carriage came opposite to us, and the Emperor's dear, kind face looked out from the window, almost within touching distance. We each dropped a deep curtsy and he smiled, leaned forward and touched his cap to us. . . .

* * * * *

CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT.

[*To face p.* 201]

We left Vienna on May 10th for Dresden to see our dentist. He searched every tooth and happily discovered nothing to be done. It is such a pity that I don't (or can't, because of the long Woolson upper lip) show my teeth—the best and youngest things I have! * So with broad smiles (we always laugh so much after we have been to the dentist), we went to the picture gallery and took a box at the opera. . . . I tried to count how many times I had visited this picture gallery; I think I have been there at least fifty times.

On May 16th we reached Berlin . . . and settled down at the quiet Westminster Hotel for four delightful days . . . "Athens," with his brother count from Paris, and his cousin count from Vienna, appeared on the scene, so with three counts we did pretty well, and were attended to by proprietors, waiters, porters, etc., with much more devotion than usually falls to our share! . . . We heard Humperdinck's new opera with Destinn—very unusual music; if you thought the bar was going to end in a certain way, it always went another way—too much straining after the "odd." A "Lohengrin" performance under Richard Strauss was among the best we have ever heard. The Crown Prince has had the good taste to select the second act of "Lohengrin," and the last

* You ask for our photographs. We have not any. We have both vowed never to have another taken—such photographs as our poor un-handsome faces make! If our photographs only were seen, we should make no friends; our only hope is not to be seen until *known*, then we dash in and try not to give people time to think how we *look!* *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

act of "Meistersinger" for the gala wedding performance, and we saw the rehearsal, so to speak, with all the extra "touches."

But the picture gallery was the greatest delight of our Berlin visit. We ran from room to room, too much excited to know that we were tired until we got home! I remember that we liked it ten years ago, but we did not know enough then to be more enthusiastic; the pictures, of course, are the same, but *we* have learned how better to appreciate them.

On one lovely afternoon we drove to the Jerusalem Cemetery to take roses to dear Reichmann's grave. I shall never hear a voice like his again. . .

We like immensely the smart, up-to-date alertness of everything; polite cabmen giving you the exact change, well-kept horses, streets cleared so that one can walk in perfect safety to a cab with no automobiles, cars or wheels nearly running one down. When I realize what New York and Paris are, and even dear Vienna since the electric cars, I draw a sigh of relief to know that two cities are still possible to me—London and Berlin.

Berlin is particularly gay just now because of the approaching wedding of the Crown Prince. . . I can hardly open a window without exclaiming over something I see, as our windows overlook the famous Unter den Linden.*

* *Vide* p. 203.

Our journey from Berlin* to Cologne was comfortable, and this year we stopped over in Brussels.† The King has bought the Hotel Belle Vue property and is putting up a fine new wing to his Palace for the young couple.‡ The proprietor declares that the Hotel de Flandres will be as well-kept as the Belle Vue, but I doubt it

Hotel Burlington, Dover.

June 3rd.

I wish I could show you all we can see from our windows; the animated scene by day delights me; channel boats arriving and departing from and for Calais and Ostend, also ocean steamers and yachts, and yesterday, a British man-of-war, surrounded by eleven desperately deadly-looking torpedo boats, came into harbour. Then, at night I am fascinated by the lighthouses; I can never

* We had a fine opportunity to see the powerful German army . . . as the splendid horses pranced through the Linden, each carrying a perfect specimen of German manhood. . . And as the procession swept under the Brandenburg Gate, the memories of all I have read of the many different kinds of processions that have passed under that gate were overpowering. . . The picture galleries at Berlin delighted us. We saw the rest of the picture by Van Eyck that we fell in love with last year at Ghent. What a pity it is that this beautiful Altar Piece cannot be together—part of it at Ghent, two panels at Brussels, and the rest of the panels and the doors at Berlin.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

† All the end of my visit was clouded by the severe illness and death of M. de Vigneron. He had been ill a long time and I had feared that I should never see him again—but his death came like a shock and everything seemed without interest to me. Since meeting him at Mentone, he has been such a true friend, and the visits in Brussels have been such happy ones. . . I feel that I never wish to see the place again. . . *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal* (1892).

‡ Duke and Duchess of Brabant, afterwards King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians.

quite grow used to the vivid Calais light that flings at us every minute its intense flash, so bright—as though across the street for nearness—and yet it is over twenty-two miles away. Surely in the year 2005, we shall be flashing signals back and forth to Mars. (The morning papers say that they had a heavy snowstorm yesterday in Mars!)

London,

June 20th, 1905.

Our delightful ten days' stay in London ends to-morrow morning; it seems about ten minutes... Now that we have read four of the nine thick volumes of Pepys's Diary, we determined to visit some of the buildings he mentions that escaped the Great Fire, and particularly to attend a service at St. Olave's Church where he and his wife are buried. So off we started yesterday morning to St. Olave's Church, where we had an interesting service and an excellent sermon by the Rev. Boyd Carpenter. Afterwards, the verger, when he discovered that we knew about the church, "thawed out" and talked as only an English verger can. They have taken away the old galleries and the pew that Pepys had built, but they have put a tablet and bust of Pepys in the place where the pew once was. Mr. Lowell, when he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James, unveiled the tablet and made an address. Mrs. Pepys was only twenty-nine when she died, and her husband

had the monument erected on the altar wall opposite his pew, and a very pretty bust of her turns its eyes upon the pew. A charming idea to be sure, but as he was "a gay boy," he must often have dropped his eyes, I should think, rather than meet her stony gaze!

... We have decided upon dividing up our summer like this—a week of brisk travelling and sight-seeing, sending our trunks ahead—then a week of rest in some attractive place, to read and digest what we have seen, and to plan for another week's trip. These trips are to be called "dashes," and I feel sure that some of them will be "dashing" indeed!* To-morrow, we start off for Cambridge, Norwich, Ely, Lincoln, Peterborough, Beverley, Southwell to Harrogate, where we settle down for a week. Clare has just read me the plan of action for Cambridge and it sounds fascinating.

I suppose you know that all those beautiful old trees in the Mall have been cut down, and that there is now a wide, "deadly" street facing Buckingham Palace, with electric lights and small trees planted—exactly like a new street in the United States. The world seems "mad" to me, sometimes.!...

* The other day Clare was talking about what a couple you and I were. She said that just as soon as a very long and difficult day had been planned, she wondering whether she was going to be up to it all, either you or I would discover that *if* we took a 6.30 a.m. train instead of the planned-for 8 a.m. one, we could get *two* services in the cathedral instead of one!... *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

Hotel Majestic, Harrogate,

July 8th, 1905.

This hotel calls itself with true American modesty, "the finest Spa hotel in the world." It certainly is very, very nice. It reminds me of Saratoga as it was years ago, except that Harrogate is situated upon lovely hills, with the moors all round, and fresh air pouring in on all sides.

Our first "dash" was very successful. . . . So take your map and pin and begin your geography lesson.

We went first to Cambridge, and renewed our acquaintance with the enchanting "Backs" where we spent both our late afternoons. The librarian of the Pepysian Library had left Cambridge the very hour before our arrival—wasn't that cruel? So we only saw the exterior of the building. From Cambridge we proceeded to Norwich, travelling with the sweetest old lady, who reminded us of dear, beautiful Countess de Cuelebroeck. She became much interested in our plan of travel, admiring our energy, our dress-suit cases, and our President! (Roosevelt). When we reached Norwich, a maid appeared at the carriage door to wait upon her, a housekeeper stood attentively near, and two men-servants still further back with a private "turn-out." So our simple little travelling companion was a "somebody."

We went, of course, to the Maid's Head and asked anxiously whether the Queen Elizabeth Room was vacant. It was, and we had the honour of occupying it—a very attractive room with old beams. We spent but little time in it, however, as we had so much to see outside. The cathedral is beautiful, I think, and the old castle, and we, being such admirers of George Borrow's writings, hunted up the house where he lived and wandered about to find the "twelve churches" that he describes in "Lavengro." We have picked up and dropped books on this trip as rapidly as we have dressed and undressed. At Norwich, we read the Paston Letters and Borrow. We had planned to go the next day to Yarmouth, but discovered just before buying our tickets that the death warrant of Charles I.* was signed there, therefore we fled to Cromer,† selecting the Royal Links Hotel, because Sir Henry Irving always stays there, and sternly demanding his apartment.

Cromer is charming. "Fresh air direct from the North Pole, nothing between," as our delight-

* We drove to Carisbrooke Castle. Spent a delightful two hours there. . . Among other things saw "Ned Carisbrooke Esq." (the donkey) draw the water bucket up from the deep well! This cheered us a good deal—we needed cheering, as we always get very much depressed at Carisbrooke Castle thinking of poor Charles I.

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

† I heard about Cromer from Sir Henry (Irving). He has been there several times, I think. I went to the hotel and demanded the rooms he had occupied. To you I dare confess that I felt every bit as glad to secure them as I had been to get the Queen Elizabeth room at Norwich.

From a Letter to Miss Annie Jennings.

ful old lady in the train had told us! And it certainly did seem the purest air that I had ever breathed. We took a drive through superb forests, for at Cromer one finds woods very near the sea, and we wandered at sunset through the "Garden of Sleep" made famous by Clement Scott's verses. I have never seen such poppies—fields scarlet with them. Here we read "Poppyland," and dropped Pepys, Borrow* and Paston.

From Cromer, we travelled *via* Lynn to Ely, having two hours at Lynn to see the Grammar School where Eugene Aram taught, (as much for the remembrance of Sir Henry Irving's graphic recitation as for Eugene Aram himself, I think!) and the church where Fanny Burney's father was organist for many years. This church contains two of the largest and finest brasses in all England. We did not stay long enough to read much of Madame D'Arblay, but we *did* recite part of Eugene Aram—

> "That very night, while gentle sleep
> The urchin's eyelids kissed,
> Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
> Through the cold and heavy mist;
> And Eugene Aram walked between
> With gyves upon his wrist."

* "Life is sweet, brother,"
"Do you think so?"
"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; There's likewise a wind on the heath.
Life is very sweet, brother."

Borrow. Lavengro.

Oh, those last lines—what intense power Sir Henry puts into them! When he clasps his wrists together and walks off the stage, I am cold from head to foot.

Ely came next; here our pleasure was nearly spoiled by several parties of tourists—the kind that carry kodaks and glory in smuggling them into the very choir stalls during service and taking "snapshots!"

Peterborough*, still seems very beautiful, but the hotel near the noisy railway is impossible. So in the early afternoon, we went to that fascinating old Angel Inn at Grantham, which we had quite to ourselves with a most agreeable landlady. We spent a few hours in the historic rooms once occupied by King John and Richard III., but decided upon the "Rutland Suite" to spend the night in.

* We were delighted with Lincoln Cathedral; its situation ranking it next to Durham... Lovely Angel Choir and quaint little carved figures.... Great bell—"Tom of Lincoln." The only bells that exceed it—are "Great Tom" of Exeter, and "Mighty Tom" of Oxford... We took the early train to Peterborough where we slept. We discovered the next morning that this lovely cathedral was being repaired, so the morning service was held in a boarded-off portion of the nave with no music. After the service, we were taken about by a most entertaining, jealous verger. When he found that we had seen all the cathedrals and that, more than all, we admired the old Norman columns of Durham, he showed us every scrap of old Norman that Peterborough had, and oh, what beautiful scraps they were!... The spot is shown where Queen Mary was buried and the order of James I. to have her removed to Westminster Abbey hangs above it. Poor Queen Katharine is buried here, and all the "Kates" in England are giving towards a window to her memory. It seemed to bring the Queen very near to be subscribing to a window to Queen Katharine of Aragon. There is a funny picture of the sexton who buried both Queens. Peterborough exterior is unlike that of any of the cathedrals—its three arches remind one a little of St. Mark's, Venice...

Was it because it was the last seen that Ely for some reason, seemed to us more beautiful than all the rest?...

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

After a delicious cup of tea, we took a lovely walk, and returned to the interesting church for the 6.30 service, which is the popular one all over England. This Grantham church is very large, and every spot was crowded; the singing was sweet and everybody joined in the hymns—a much pleasanter service than that at Peterborough—the trees and green country surrounding the church, and the throng of attentive people. They sang a hymn to the tune of our Austrian Anthem!

After a delightful night in our "Rutland Suite," we saw the next morning a very quaint old library of chained books at the church, one of three of the kind in England. Then we went to Newark, because of Charles the First's association with the Castle, now a lovely ruin, and to see the Clifton Arms where Byron* used to stay; after luncheon, on to Southwell to see the beautiful Minster. It was well worth the rather difficult journey—one of the most interesting churches we have visited. We won the heart of the old verger because we knew that the brass lectern had been buried for

* I never hear the word "*Clare*" without a beating of the heart even now.
Lord Byron. Detached Thoughts.

* One more reason why *Clare* (Clara) Benedict has a heartbeat for Byron.
From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

* John Galt. Annals of the Parish.

Byron praised this to Lady Blessington, hence we read it, and we discovered where "Joseph Vance" got his ideas!

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1917).

over two hundred years in the bottom of the lake at Newstead, where the monks had thrown it for safety! We also looked up the house where Mrs. Byron lived and the school which Byron attended, and Clare was deeply tempted to buy a little old piano upon which he used to play when a boy. We were so annoyed that we had left our bags at Newark, because we found the old Saracen's Head at Southwell to be a delightful place to stay in, with a room where Charles I. slept after the battle of Naseby. But we were obliged to take the train back and then on to Lincoln. We were shown all over the cathedral by a reluctant verger, who seemed to delight in telling us that every single bit had been restored.

Pitlochry, Scotland.

July 26th.

Last week's "dash" was charming. From Harrogate we went to York, and then to Beverley, where there are two beautiful churches; afterwards to Castle Howard, because we wanted to see the picture of Don Baltasar Carlos by Velazquez owned by the Earl of Carlisle. We entered and were taken through room after room, corridor after corridor, always expecting to find our Velazquez in the next room. But on we went, never coming to it, until we found ourselves back again in the entrance hall. Then we burst out: "But where is the Velazquez?" "It has been sold."

"To whom?" I asked. "I do not know," answered the guide. So we drove back to the station, wondering where it was. Has "Pierpont" bought it? We saw the Castle, however, at its best, as the Countess of Carlisle was expecting a house party of a hundred guests for the week end, we were told.

Next came Scarborough, which . . . was like a "tenth rate" Coney Island on 4th of July. We only stayed a few hours, hurrying on to Whitby with which we were charmed. No wonder that Mr. Lowell loved it and came back year after year, even from America. We looked up his rooms and read some of his poems.

Ever since reading Pepys's . . . vivid descriptions of old London churches with their "gallery pews," outside staircases, and private locked pews into which the owner could come and go unnoticed, Clare has often said: "I wish I could see a church left just like those that Pepys describes." And at Whitby we found one. And such a service as we had there! It was so funny to see whole families seated round a table in a high, square pew, with nothing visible but the tops of feathers and plumes on female hats and the bald heads of the tall men! Then when the psalms and hymns were sung, up would pop all their heads. The "three-decker" pulpit was also very quaint, and the "gallery pews" with their outside stairways. This little old church is perched on a high hill

near the ruined Abbey, and is reached by a flight of one hundred and ninety-nine winding steps. It was a pretty sight to see the people going up these steps to church on Sunday morning.

From Whitby we went to Durham and, as years ago, Durham and Peterborough still remain my favourite cathedrals. But on this trip the smaller churches have interested me more—the restorers have "done over" all the cathedrals, whereas at Southwell, Beverley, Grantham, Newark, Lynn, etc., the churches have been left unrestored. After Durham came Edinburgh, and if the trolley cars could only be taken away, Edinburgh would hold its own for beauty . . . still, we enjoyed our two days immensely. Then came St. Andrew's—such a beautiful cathedral, its lovely ruins speaking even to-day of how perfect it must once have been. When one reads that after a sermon by John Knox, the misguided people did not rest for three days and nights until they had destroyed this exquisite cathedral it took a century to build—how one hates him!

The golf links are directly under the hotel windows, and for the first time I felt that I *must* learn the game. It has been played at St. Andrews for five centuries—and how they *did* play, so splendidly that it *looked* easy. . . After St. Andrews came our rest week in the Highlands. We had selected Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld; arrived there on

a lovely afternoon, and soon settled what rooms we would take and worked until five o'clock unpacking. Then took a charming walk to see the last of Birnam's oaks of Macbeth fame; returned, dressed for dinner and entered the enormous vaulted dining-room. All went well for a few minutes, then something flew across the dining-room . . . the waiter said "a bird," but when two, three, four and five joined the first, and these creatures were flying about over and near our heads, I was sure that they were bats! Just after the fish was served, Clare and I disappeared and returned with our hats on. That broke the ice and everybody did the same. But even then it was a very uncomfortable dinner. As soon as it was over, I sent for the landlady and told her she must choose between the bats and the Benedicts: she chose the bats; said they were harmless. So we packed up again, and off we went to Pitlochry where we were made happy by finding this pretty hotel. . . It is at the beginning of the Killiekrankie Pass, and we have walked through it, resting on the benches where Queen Victoria* used to sit——indeed, three of the views are called "Queen's View," because she so admired them. This afternoon we go *via* Glamis Castle to Aberdeen. The first thing Lady Macbeth says is: "Glamis

* We saw the Queen to perfection. . . She drove along the narrow lane where we were walking, so near that we were obliged to press against the hedge to allow the carriage to pass. The Princess Beatrice and the dear little Duchess of Albany were with her. . .

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

thou art, and Cawdor," so we must go to both castles, both, of course, difficult to reach. For literature, we have "Scotland, Historic and Romantic,"* the "Legend of Montrose," Marmion, Macbeth, Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son," and "Jacobite Songs and Border Ballads." I often feel so thankful for the good start that Mother and Father gave us. Mother used to sing these songs and ballads when we were too little to understand a word. I used to sit on one arm of the old rocking chair, Connie on the other, Mother's arms holding us on, and the toe of her slipper just touching the floor to keep the chair rocking in time. Such a fund of interest as this stored up for us when we *did* understand. And Father—how wonderful it was that he cared so much about Europe, its literature and history! I used to feel ashamed that I cared so little; in those days, Europe seemed to me as far away as Mars!†

* We were so much charmed with Miss Lansdale's "Scotland, Historic and Romantic," that we ordered from Edinburgh a book she mentioned about Prince Charlie. This book, "Poor Sons of a Day," delighted us, and I, remembering what Connie used to say: "If people *like* books, *why* don't they take the trouble to tell the author?"—wrote to the author of this book, addressing him as Alan McAulay, Esquire, care of his publishers, with instructions "to forward." While we were in Locarno, there came to me a delicate-looking little letter from a "Charlotte Stuart," who turns out to be the "man" I wrote to about the book! Her letter was almost as charming as the book.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

† The habit of reading aloud was delightfully carried out in the Woolson family. Mrs. Woolson always read aloud to her family and to as many of the family friends as cared to listen.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

Oban,

August 6th.

Our last "dash" was difficult but delightful, so far apart were Glamis and Cawdor, and the near approach of the grouse-shooting season made it a close race if we could get into the castles, as their owners were all hurrying to Scotland. . . . Having forwarded our luggage to Oban, off we started for Glamis: *en route*, Clare discovered a charming way of driving to Braemar, Balmoral and Ballater, *via* Blairgowrie. So, as soon as we reached the little station of Glamis, we took the stationmaster into our confidence, coaxed him to use the company's wire to telegraph to Blairgowrie to ask whether we could have a carriage the next day to take us to Braemar. We also coaxed him to let his wife give us a cup of tea on our return from the castle. . . . Then we walked the two miles to the castle—a splendid place, full of Macbeth interest, and much more. . . . It is of dark red stone, standing in the midst of a superb park, and, with all that is ancient and curious, the rich owner has spent a fortune on it and it is beautifully fitted up—*not* spoiled. Such furniture, pictures, rugs. They were beginning to prepare for the great day of the coming of age of the heir. How must a youth feel to come into such possessions!

Upon our return to the station, we found an answer "yes," so, after having a delicious cup of tea at the stationmaster's house, off we went to Blair-

gowrie. The next morning we started on our drive, a day full of Scotch mist and occasional showers. Lunched at the top of the pass. Had a pleasant talk with an English youth before the fire while the horses were resting ("Love in the Mist"). Then drove on to Braemar. Fife Arms crowded with fashionable people. Sunday afternoon we drove over to Ballater, which we liked much better. The drive from Braemar to Ballater gives perfect views of Balmoral. On Monday took a drive about Aberdeen, going to see the bridge that Lord Byron was afraid to cross, and trying to find his house, which had been torn down... The next morning at Nairn, we secured a victoria and drove to Cawdor Castle, but, as the Earl had just arrived, we could not enter, although we had a good view of it from the lodge. We made friends with the Earl's "Factor," and he and Clare had a "Macbeth match."

From Nairn, we travelled to Elgin where we were charmed with the ruined cathedral; then we returned to Pitlochry for the night, and followed our "forwarded-before-us" luggage to Oban by a fascinating route *via* Loch Tay.

Everybody has written and talked about Oban, but we were disappointed in it. The wonderful harbour is landlocked, and I like fresher breezes; Cromer, Whitby, and St. Andrews have spoiled us... The harbour has been full of yachts, but the place is too full of tourists to please us...

Banavie, Lochiel Arms,

August 20th.

We came here by boat from Oban, one of the prettiest water trips we have had. The moment I saw this place, I loved it—nothing but the one picturesque hotel ; behind us, thick woods, in front of us, the five locks called Neptune's Staircase that terminate the Caledonian Canal, and beyond, proud Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain. I picked out a charming corner parlour (which commands every view) for our return. . . Then off we started on our carefully-planned Highland "dash." I invented, by the way, when in Dover, the neatest little book-bag of brown canvas, which has carried all our books.

We started on this trip on a Friday afternoon, going over the new railway to Mallaig through Prince Charlie's country. We travelled with two gentlemen in full Highland costume, which seemed to give an added touch to it all. As we passed Glenfinnan and saw the monument erected at the head of Loch Shiel to mark the spot where Prince Charlie's standard was unfurled, and realized how very near we were to the 160th anniversary of that event, it did not take such fierce Jacobites as the Benedicts ten minutes to plan a scheme! We had been reading everything new on this interesting subject that we could put our hands on, and also re-reading the well-known old books.

The next morning at twelve we took the steamer for Skye. The boat trip was beautiful and almost all day we had good weather, when suddenly the wind blew, the waves dashed against us and the rain poured down. These boats have no covered decks and we were thankful for our heavy wraps and shawls! Our arrival at Portree was not very encouraging for the extensive plans we had made for our three days' stay; moreover, I had not been in the little hotel ten minutes before I discovered that the landlady (who owned all the horses) was just as obstinate as I was. However, that very night, in the midst of such a "down pour" that we could hardly hear each other speak, we talked briskly with the landlady. . . I decided to "plunge" one plan at a time upon her. We wanted to drive to Sligachan and go from there to the Cuchullin Hills. She answered all my questions with: "Ye canna do it—hear that rain!" Every time I came back with: "But if it does *not* rain to-morrow, we must be ready to start from Sligachan." I kept on with "we *must*," and she with "ye *canna*," but at last determination and money won, and she promised us a vehicle to drive us over the 16 miles to solitary Sligachan. So after a good dinner, we had a fire in our bedroom, hung up all our wet things to dry, and crawled into bed, going to sleep to the sound of the rain pouring down on roof and against windows. In the morning to our joy, it had stopped, although it looked

as if it would begin again the next moment. Off we started, but I will never confess how many heavy showers came down upon us during that drive! When we arrived at the lonely little Sligachan Inn, it cleared and we took a beautiful walk before dinner. I have never been anywhere that seemed so remote and wild—just this one little inn, and all round — rushing, foaming rivers and lakes and those splendid mountains! And yet, in the pretty red dining-room, with bright lights, pictures, excellent dinner and service, the room filled with people in evening dress, it was impossible to realize that we were in the centre of Skye, sixteen miles from the coast.

Early the next morning, mounted on ponies, and with a guide to carry our luncheon basket, we were making our way into the heart of those strange Cuchullin Hills to see the lovely lakes that nestle at the bottom of this mass of rocks and boulders. It was an ideal day; our old guide said that only occasionally did they have such perfect weather. It was a stiff climb of two and a half hours on a narrow goat path; on we went through rushing brooks and over stones, the scenery ever wilder and wilder—no house, no sign of life except some Highland bullocks. At the end of the trail, the ponies were left to eat their luncheon of grass under charge of a boy, who had come with us for that purpose, and we started off with the guide up a terribly steep path over rocks and

stones, on what our landlord called a "two-mile-walk"—it was really equal to a five mile climb. We forded streams and waded through bogs; the scenery was so grand that we did not mind the difficulties, and when, finally, the sight of those two lovely lakes broke upon us, we sank down upon the rocks rewarded for *everything*. I felt as if they had been created the night before, and our eyes were the first to behold them. . . . Then came the return—sliding, fording and scrambling down to our horses, and the beautiful ride to the Inn, which we reached at 5.30, and after a cup of tea, a waggonette took us back to Portree. In the evening we had another long argument with the obstinate landlady over our next day's excursion—she wishing us to visit some famous rocks, and we equally bent upon going to Uig, and beyond to Flora Macdonald's grave. She said: "Ye canna do it—no two horses the world holds could do it." I answered promptly: "No *two* can, but *four* will!" After an hour's fight, she gave in. Her horses would take us to Uig, and while her two were resting there, another pair would take us on to Flora Macdonald's grave.

Early the next morning we started and crossed that other part of Skye, giving us an idea of the crofters and how they live. Such an interesting drive as it was—seeing all kinds of lakes, mountains, valleys, etc., a wonderful cattle market, held but four times a year, gypsies, indeed, a

little of everything new and strange. At Uig, we left our two Portree horses and took two fresh ones and drove on into wilder, and wilder country. We passed close to the house where the brave Flora brought Prince Charlie in the boat, leaving him on the shore while she went up to her mother's to see if the coast was clear, and discovered to her dismay two officers whom her mother was entertaining. It always overjoyed us to read how those two clever women outwitted the Redcoats! To see the very house where it happened gave us delightful thrills. The grave itself is most beautiful—a high cross marks the spot where that brave woman sleeps, wrapped in the sheets that the Prince had slept in years and years before. She kept them and treasured them for this. We picked some heather and daisies from her grave for Prince Charlie's monument—there's sentiment for you! The next morning we took the boat for Kyle, and then the train to Inverness. This gave us the afternoon of that day and the next morning at Inverness; we did shopping—think of that! In the morning we drove to Culloden Moor, the saddest battlefield I have ever seen. The sight of those long, long wide mounds—each marked with the name of the clan—where those brave Highlanders rest, is heartbreaking even to-day. When I was a little girl I used to recite—

"For a field of the dead rushes red in my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight—"

How little I knew then what the words meant ! *

Part of our shopping at Inverness was to secure a foundation wire wreath, some little linen doylies, yards of white ribbon, indelible ink and some white heather. Armed with all these things, we spent our evening at Inverness in planning our wreath. You would have laughed to see me at work with my indelible ink, writing the inscription !

With thus much accomplished towards our plan off we started on our Caledonian Canal trip of two days. . . At Fort Augustus we visited the Benedictine Monastery, our name there, as always in Benedictine Houses, gaining us many favours.

I had written ahead to the Banavie landlord to get for me plenty of purple heather, and we found it in our parlour on our arrival late on Friday. On Saturday there was lively work, I can tell you. Glenfinnan is twenty miles distant, and the trains run badly ; the only way we could accomplish it was to leave about twelve and return at four. We worked hard making our wreath, and all the time we worked, down poured the

* Many people returning from short visits to the battlefields of France dispute with each other as to which saw the most battlefields. I have visited but three in my life. I went with Connie to Gettysburg when Harper Brothers offered her such a price as to make refusal (with her small income) impossible. . . We could not sleep for nights afterwards, although so long after the Civil War. Then, because of my devotion to Napoleon, I went with M. de Vigneron, my Brussels friend, to Waterloo and had an old guide whose father before him had been a guide and who told us the battle story so graphically that we felt as if we were seeing it all . . . And twice I have been to Culloden Moor in memory of Prince Charlie !

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1921).

* GETTYSBURG.

1876.

Oh ye too old to feel, too young to know
The memory of those years that stirred our hearts
Deeper than human hand can ever stir,
Or single sorrow, lost to you the glow,
The thrill, the tears, as, now while day departs
Beyond the soft blue mountains, on this spur
I stand—among the graves, the soldiers' graves,
The dead of Gettysburg.

The slow years pass,—
The youths who lie here underneath this grass
Would have been men now, and the men have worn
The graver look of age.—O lives forlorn,
O girl-heart crushed, O heart of wife that craves
One look, one touch—O mother reft of son,
Though all the world beside forget these graves,
Ye, ye do not forget! They may not know
Around you, but the birthday of the one,
The one, the lost one, silently is kept,
Deep in your hearts, and swift hot tears still flow
Upon your pillows, though they deemed you slept
In calm forgetfulness.

Come, hither, ye
Who dwell in city streets, and view the scene
Rich with the harvest, fresh from summer rain,
Studded with orchards. Yet, the agony
Was fierce there in the wheat-field, and the green
Was drenched with red; a thousand men were slain
In those fair orchards; from that low stone wall
Along the brookside, started the fierce rush
Up the hill's crest—What is it thus to fall
And die in bitter pain while yet the flush
Of youth is on the cheek? They could not know
More than the space before them, dim with smoke
From the hot guns,—but, when the captains spoke,
Each man did aim straight at his nearest foe,
To slay him or—be slain. 'Twas all he knew
Of the wide battle—the few feet of earth
That held him when he fell. And yet, the worth
Of deeds like this it was that gained the day
With its red hosts of death.

* In this poem criticism is disarmed. It is beautifully touching—it is far more, powerfully eloquent. It is ambitious—yet a noble ambition—to attempt to supergild the immortal words of Lincoln (I stood near enough to touch the speaker when he uttered them)—but you have gilded refined gold and in this poem have made a contribution to the literature of the Gettysburg Battlefield that deserves to be engraven on its marble monuments.

George A. Benedict.

But no dark pall
Broods now upon this slope, or on our hearts,
Despite these tears; the graves stretch green away,
And flowers bloom everywhere, the evening dew
Doth pearl the carved "unknown"—They gave their lives,
Yea, through their faults, their sins, perhaps, there starts
Ever this thought—they gave their lives!

Fair day
Of Consecration, thou didst hear the man,
The plain grand speaker,—say those words that live
Immortal on the page. "The world not long
Will note what we say here,—but never can
Forget what they *did* here,"—O, listening throng
Of dead, ye heard it! None so fit to give
This tribute as that one whose memory drives
Mere gilded grace and courtier's art away,
The people's son—their Leader.

Let us say
His words again. The land will not note long,
Ye dead of Gettysburg, ye voiceless throng
Of mounds, what we may write; but God forbid
It e'er forget, or care not, what ye *did*!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

MORRIS ISLAND.

Night is falling over Charleston harbour,
Sea-fog to and fro its veil is shifting,
Sumter looms up dark; the ocean-vessels
Anchored in the stream seem slowly drifting—

Drifting with the tide; the distant city
Folded in its rivers, emblematic
Of its close-wrapped pride, low on the water
Lies like Venice on the Adriatic.

Silently we wander o'er the island,
Silently, we know our feet are treading
Graves unnumbered that the ocean guardeth,
Graves unnumbered where the sand is spreading

Thick its veil along the line of trenches;
Though no sign the dumb white desert giveth,
They are there beneath its wind-swept beaches,
Thought of them the only thing that liveth

Now upon its shore; no land-bird flutters
O'er its barren slope, no grasses growing,
Few its very sea-shells, while the sunset
Gilds the pallid levels with its glowing

Like a mockery, and doubly arid
Shine the sand-hills of the lighthouse station,
Gold-tipped rise the broken lines of Wagner,
Looking down upon the desolation.

Yet we find upon these ruined ramparts,
Old embrasures of the cannon looming
Over them for shade, the legend-crowned
Chrismal passion-flowers, richly blooming

All alone, more wonderful in beauty
On these sands of death, more gently tender
For their very loneliness; they grow here
Only for the dead, their purple splendour

Given him who has no other blossoms,
Marble-carven, or the living roses
By a churchyard-mound, the common soldier
Who beneath this sand somewhere reposes,

Throes of dying o'er. O flower of passion,
Flower of suffering, how fit to meet thee
On these pale wan shores of solemn silence,
Watching by the dead! We pause to greet thee,

Thinking of the hour when each poor mortal
Buried here, the life that his Creator
Gave him for his own, did yield in anguish—
Yea, 'mid sins, could give a gift no greater

Were he saint or martyr! Shine on, flowerets,
Far the ships sail o'er the dusky ocean,
Far the world has gone away; ye only
Steadfast wait with Nature's still devotion;

And no flower had ever fairer mission,
Rose, or lily, blue-bell of the highland,
Than is thine, O lovely aureoled blossom,
Blooming here alone on Morris Island!

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

rain—for the day had broken upon us in heavy rain and wind. But in short skirts, capes, old hats, high overshoes, gaiters and umbrellas, we carried our wreath to the train and started. Reaching the lonely little Glenfinnan station, we were obliged to walk a mile to the lake—part of the way through a bog—to discover to our dismay that there was a high stone fence round the monument, with the entrance securely fastened! If you could have seen us bringing stones until we had a pile high enough to stand on and to climb over this five-foot-high, smooth stone wall, attach our

wreath securely and then climb back again! No clans could have done more than Clare and I did for Prince Charlie's honour, I am sure. The wreath was lovely; purple heather with white heather here and there, tied with white cockades; Flora Macdonald's flowers at the top with this inscription clearly written in indelible ink on one of the small linen doylies "Wild flowers from Flora Macdonald's grave in Skye." The other inscription on wide white ribbon was as follows:

August 19th, 1745.
August 19th, 1905.

"Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Clara and Clare Benedict
Cooperstown, New York.

Afterwards, we walked the wet mile back to the station. We had a good deal of glory *en route* home, some Scotchmen in Highland costume who travelled with us being quite stirred by what we had done, and the stationmaster at Glenfinnan never had his hat on his head one moment, and he asked in a low voice: "*Of course,* you ladies are related to the Stuarts?" We have laughed over this ever since.

As we sank into our comfortable armchairs after dinner that night, Clare said: "Now *this* week we will take a good rest." I made no answer, for I had already discovered that the walk to Fort William—where is the nearest church—

would be a good three and a quarter miles. However, the morning was beautiful, and after a sleep of nine hours, we felt rested, so off we went to Fort William. In Scotland, *nothing* goes on Sunday—no trains, no boats, no coaches—we like this so much. Clare still talks of going back to Southwell and buying that Byron piano. She saw at Norwich an old piano arranged with autograph letters inside the lid; she thinks it would be charming to copy this idea. . . . We are reading an enchanting book now called "The Misty Isle of Skye."

Bettws-y-Coed,
North Wales,
September 7th, 1905.

Here we are taking our "rest week," and I have so much to tell you of our last "dash." From Banavie, we took the splendid drive through the Glencoe Pass, then on into noisy, dirty Glasgow where we stopped to see the Giorgione (?) in their fine picture gallery. We fled from Glasgow to Ayr in the Burns country, all so pretty that even "trolleys and trippers" cannot spoil it! The people are threatening to take down "The Brigs of Ayr" and Lord Rosebery is fighting them. It would be a perfect disgrace. . . To finish our Burns pilgrimage, we went to Dumfries, to the house where he lived, and to his grave. We also went to the Irongray Churchyard where

Jeanie Deans is buried. Scott wrote the inscription and paid for the stone; it was a true story, you know. We had another beautiful drive to Sweetheart Abbey and then came one of the Benedict's "double-decked" plans, one unexpected pleasure falling, besides, into this already full day. . . . Off we started by carriage—all our bags, etc. tucked in and a luncheon—to visit Caerlaverock Castle, an eight miles' drive, then on to Ruthwell Church to see "the most interesting Runic memorial the world possesses." It is a wonderful cross, well worth the drive. All day—between times—we had spoken of the great eclipse and of the disappointment of all the upward gazers the world over, because of the overcast heavens. But just as we drove up to the lonely little station (three-quarters of an hour before train time, as is my way) out burst the sun and there stood the stationmaster with smoked glasses, and as we appeared, he called to us excitedly: "Oh, come—look!" And there before us was the eclipsed sun, at least three quarters of the face covered by the shadow of the moon! It was so sudden as to be very startling. There we three stood all alone for half an hour, gazing heavenward. Little white clouds were hurrying about, as if frightened, and yet through these, this strange sight broke out every now and then in full glory. (It was, of course, just the other way, but it looked as if those two great bodies were hurrying on swiftly, instead of its being the clouds). When it was over, we took

the train to dreary Ecclefechan and walked the desolate mile to the little town—that mile which Carlyle walked every year when he returned to visit his mother. We saw the wee house and the desolate grave, and in one moment, through the medium of our eyes, the *cause* of the Carlyle troubles flashed upon us. He was a peasant—had lived with them and did not mind what was—to her—absolutely impossible. It was not the house, but *things*, *ways*, *habits*, that *he* did not notice, but which *she* could not endure. It was a desperate place and explained so, so much about this much talked-of couple. We were glad to get away and on to sunny Gretna Green!

We stopped a day at Carlisle to see the cathedral (the only English cathedral we had never seen). From Carlisle we went to Ullswater which we think the prettiest of the English lakes. . . But no one should go to the English lakes after Scotland, and we pushed on to Chester. But since our last visit, trolleys have invaded even the quaint streets of "rows," so we suddenly decided to "dash" into Wales, and sink down at the foot of Mount Snowdon, the next highest mountain in Great Britain to our beautiful Ben Nevis. And here we are!

How much people lose out of their lives who always complain; we were so often struck by this during our summer; so full of lovely, perfect days. Then if *one* rainy day came, we heard complaints

right and left. "Such a horrid day!" and "Dear me, with this dreadful weather what *can* one do?" As for us, we like the rainy days. We take one good walk, then we read aloud, sew, talk, laugh, write letters, and enjoy the view. Such a deluge of rain as is coming down this very minute, as I lift my eyes from the paper and look off through the wide bay window of our parlour upon such a pretty, gentle view!

Hotel Burlington, Dover.

September 26th.

As I sit here I can hardly realize that the summer is gone, and yet, what sights we have seen, how much more we know, and how delightful it has all been! I long to go back to that sunny day at Pitlochry when we started off on that week's "dash," but instead, will tell you about our last lovely little English "dash." From Bettws-y-Coed we decided to go to Hereford, but when on the train I read in a paper of the first day of the Worcester Musical Festival, the Benedicts then and there unmade one plan and made another. We had bought our tickets to Chester only, so, as soon as we reached there . . . we telegraphed to Worcester were rooms and tickets still to be had, and asked to have the answer sent to the Station Restaurant, Chester. Then, discovering that we had no bank at Worcester, off we flew to the Chester bank, drew money, hurried

back to find our telegraphic answer "No rooms, wire Sparks for seats." Nine persons out of ten would have given the matter up. We took our train on to Worcester. Our train arrived at 7, and at 7.30 began the concert in the cathedral that we were bent upon hearing. We made a rush for a carriage, piled in our small luggage, and told the driver to go to the Star, Hopmarket, Unicorn, Crown and Bell, each in turn, (I had learned the names by heart) and off we went. At each hotel they cried out "no rooms," until the last one, the Bell. There, the landlady hesitated. It seems that two ladies had engaged a room, but they had not appeared. I "grabbed" the room and then, without washing face or hands, I demanded to know how far "Sparks" was? We have laughed ever since over the glib way in which I spoke of this one-hour-before-unknown firm! Fortunately, it was near, and we secured two seats, hurried back, ate a bite or two, and before eight were in the cathedral listening to the beautiful concert. The next day we had one of the most musical days I have ever had; a morning concert in the cathedral at ten, lasting until twelve-thirty—back in the cathedral at two, the afternoon concert ending at four-thirty, then to a little tea-shop near for tea and toast and back to the cathedral for the five o'clock service—most exquisite, the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester, singing; and in the evening a concert in the town-hall, Parry and Elgar conducting their own compositions.

The next day we went to Hereford . . . so many people skip Hereford when visiting the English cathedrals, such a mistake, for it is among the most interesting. Then came the superb drive along the coast to Tintagel (King Arthur's Land), Clovelly, Bude, Boscastle. We were enchanted with Tintagel. At Totnes we spent two days, visiting again the castle of our ancestors, Berry Pomeroy.

During the latter part of the summer I had been in brisk correspondence with the Librarian of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and at last he wrote that if we would come to Magdalene on the 21st, he would meet us there, and let us see the library. . . We spent two delightful hours in this most fascinating place. As we have been reading the Diary between times all summer, it made it all so alive. When poor Pepys was losing his eyesight, he must have occupied himself in making large scrapbooks of the portraits of celebrities of the day—so carefully and beautifully done.

So our summer travels and "dashes" commenced and ended at Cambridge—such a summer of delight as it has been!

London,

October 23rd, 1905.

I know you have been thinking of us and talking about us during this sad, sad week. . . The sudden death of my dear friend, Sir Henry Irving, was a dreadful blow. Over twenty-five years ago I knew him first—as an actor. I am quick to recognize

what is the best—I am a seventh child, you know, and many people say I have the second sight. I knew at once that he was *the best*, and all these years I *never* missed an opportunity of seeing him both in New York and London; all those first visits he made to America, I used to save every penny, take cheap seats and go and go and go. I knew every part by heart. In those days, before Clare came of age, I had very little money to spend after her education bills were paid, but good music, the best acting, reading, I could have by giving up society, new clothes, etc. I had to consider myself. I was often desperately blue and got out of myself by going to a good concert or play. So I saw Sir Henry in all his parts. I grew to know when he was tired, when pleased, what annoyed him and just where he liked the applause to come—all this I knew long before I had the pleasure of meeting him. And after that, his personal charm increased all the rest. Every time I met him, I admired him more. Clare was as devoted to him as I was. And during all these years the tie has grown stronger and stronger, that is, to *us—he* had so many that we were not, of course, to his life what he was to ours. . . We did not reach London until October 11th, and on that fatal Friday the 13th dear Sir Henry died! It was all heartbreaking, and yet, if it *had* to be, we would rather have been here—it was a certain comfort to be with his friends during these days. . .

Sir Henry was so loved by all classes that the mourning spread *everywhere*—if you could have seen the black masses of men, women and children, six abreast, that gathered the night before the funeral and stood in a long line four times round the Abbey from the east to the south doors. . . . Only 500 could be admitted without cards. And when on Tuesday, the 500 entered and the big doors closed on the thousands outside, there they stood silently waiting all during the funeral and for two hours afterwards, before they were allowed to pass in and walk by the spot where he was laid at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, next to Garrick—of all spots the most appropriate.

Our names were sent in on Mr. Stoker's first list for seats in Westminster, but when I read in the Wednesday evening paper that 50,000 applications had been received and there were only 1200 tickets to be given out, I began to feel anxious. So I wrote to Sir Charles Wyndham and to Mr. George Alexander, begging them to do what they could for us. *Perhaps* my appeal touched them, as I said that it came over me with a pang that it was always *Sir Henry himself* who had looked after us, and that he could not do this, alas! in the case of his own funeral! Two excellent places were sent us the next morning.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a devoted, life-long friend of Sir Henry's had her splendid big house

at the corner of Stratton Street and Piccadilly thrown open on Thursday from ten to four, and Sir Henry's friends were allowed to enter and pass through the enormous dining-room where the coffin rested until it was taken to the Abbey. We received an intimation to go early, so we were there soon after ten, and were all alone in that beautiful room with three other ladies and Mr. Burdett-Coutts. If you could have seen the flowers—for they cannot be described—all so different and so full of meaning—not just meaningless masses. The last words Sir Henry spoke in Becket were: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands," and there was a book all made of white flowers, with those words in violets on the open page. Nothing was on the coffin but poor old Toole's lovely cross of lilies of the valley. Toole was Sir Henry's best friend; these two men, who had known each other for a lifetime, always spent their Christmas together, and the last words Sir Henry wrote were to Toole. The Queen's wreath was exquisite, Ellen Terry's was of pale orchids (Sir Henry's favourite flower) with the inscription—"To Henry Irving, Hamlet, Ellen Terry." . . At the top of the room stood a portrait of Sir Henry as Hamlet—this gave such a life-like "touch" to it all, and the half-mysterious smile on Hamlet's lips, and the far-away look in his eyes seemed to be telling us not to weep for him. The sight of that picture above that closed coffin was heartbreaking. . . .

One of the most beautiful things sent was a large pall of laurel leaves sewed together; at each of the four ends were tassels of bay leaves. This was thrown over the coffin at the funeral, and, ever since, it has covered the grave, making what would otherwise have been unsightly (until the stone is cut) most beautiful—like green grass.

Of course the Abbey has had many funerals of distinguished men such as Gladstone, Tennyson, etc., but these were not personally known and loved except by the minority—Gladstone was hated by thousands, and Tennyson lived a life apart. But Sir Henry, during his whole life, had been in close touch with all classes; between him and his poor "pit" friends the tie had ever been a close one; every one who came in contact with him, loved him; everybody cared so! Universal grief swept over that dense crowd like a breeze over the face of the waters. There was no pushing, no whispering or curiosity, no indifference. Oh, that service! It was beyond description, and yet, all I have done ever since has been to *try* to describe it! To see all those hundreds of actors and actresses who feign grief so often, give way to *real* grief, was such a strange sensation. He was so adored by the profession; he always helped the poor, cheered on and up the struggling, encouraged the faint-hearted. And the music—Oh, how can I find words to tell you of all those splendid funeral marches—Chopin, Beethoven, Schubert—with organ, trombones, orchestra and muffled

drums! The boys' voices in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" were quite like the heavenly choir of Bayreuth—heartbreakingly beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten!

The day was a gorgeous one and the sun poured in through that lovely rose window and lit up the Abbey as I had *never* before seen it. . .

They all tell us that Sir Henry had failed very suddenly during the last months. The doctor had forbidden "The Bells," as causing too much effort. But he wanted to die in harness, and he did act it once in Bradford, nor did it seem to do him any harm, although the night he died, they all noticed with what difficulty he got through the trying rôle of Becket. At the close he took a long, deep breath, and lifting his eyes, spoke distinctly and beautifully those last words: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands. . ."

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH."*

There are black figures everywhere—men and women—the narrow benches are full, the rest are standing, pale-faced ushers guard the aisles and passage-ways, the silence is oppressive—vast—unfathomable. The roar of the street seems hushed, the usual sounds suspended, though through the open door the crowd is plainly visible, waiting in patient rows for the impossible.

* After dear Sir Henry's death, Clare tried to write something—she felt his death so keenly. Ever since such a little girl, she had seen Sir Henry and his wonderful performances—and when, afterwards, she grew up to more and more admire him, and then to know him—it all grew to be a big part of her life, and his death was a terrible blow to her. She wrote this little account of that wonderful Westminster Abbey burial service—it was really herself—all she thought and felt.

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Bech.

The whole assemblage, both within and without the sanctuary, appears to be swayed by some unseen, compelling influence. Is it the final spell of that triumphant magnetism which for thirty-four years has held the public captive? Or is it, rather, the benumbing sense of personal bereavement that keeps the people of one accord so speechless?

The Abbey, itself, looks grave and downcast, the stately Gothic lines have taken on a pensive softness, a kind of wistful melancholy lies upon the arches—all is subdued, harmonious expectant—Westminster's arms are stretched out to receive him, the tireless seeker of the good and beautiful, the steadfast champion of a noble art.

In a dim corner of the ancient building sits one, who from earliest youth has lived in Irving Land—that land of mystic hues and magic atmospheres, that land that has no boundaries, no name. Shakespeare Land? Say rather Fairyland—Dramatic Land—the Land of Heart's Delight!

And sitting there, in that most solemn hour, waiting for the deep-toned bell to toll, the Child returns once more, once more all is as it has been, the splendid mimic world rises up before his sight. They file past in a long procession, those loved, familiar friends he knows so well; each pauses a moment, as if in recognition, then each shadowy shape dissolves in air.

First comes King Lear, a gentle tragic figure, with worlds of pent-up tenderness in his weary eyes; Macbeth is close behind, pale and spectre-haunted, his nervous fingers twitching, as of old.

The third figure is superb in scarlet draperies, he walks sedately, as if quite at home. Presently one recognizes the haughty features—this is Cardinal Wolsey, the friend of kings. He gives a slight salute, without, however, pausing, after which he passes into space, carrying with him a host of brilliant memories—the gorgeous Tudor Court—the glowing colours —the vivid pictures of historic scenes.

One strains one's eyes—what is this stooping figure, this dingy bearded man who comes along? Shylock! He pauses—the Child sighs piteously—must the dear Venetians go for good? And as one gazes, dry-eyed, but oh! so mournfully, the old man's features seem to change, a courteous softness comes into his countenance—a noble sorrow—he, too, regrets!

Before the Child can gather himself together, an elegant Cavalier appears in sight, he waves his hand, his cap is doffed

in greeting—it must be Signior Benedick, one's genial, kindly friend? Alas! for all the merry hours that one has passed with him in fair Messina, where the matchless Lady Beatrice dwells! The tears fall fast; somehow in comedy the wrench is worse than in the graver things.

He disappears, the church is full of shadows, one peers behind the columns for another friend. He comes, this time with jerky swiftness, when he reaches us, he gives a sly grimace. It is Louis XI., the astute dissembler, the arch-deceiver, the very king of frauds.

The Child's face quivers—another poignant memory—the music that accompanies the Bedchamber Scene!

As Louis goes, a singular shape approaches, a fantastic warrior—ah, one knows at once. Who else was ever like Don Quixote—who ever had that wild, uncertain gaze? The hours with you, dear Shade, were full of unmixed happiness, a happiness that lasted even after you were gone, for you sent us to the immortal volume, and that, at least, is ours for evermore. One reaches out—if one could only touch him! The gentle phantom smiles in pleased surprise. Perhaps in the brilliant group he has not been a favourite? With one spectator he has always been supreme.

An armed knight follows, the sad King Arthur, calm and heroic in his loneliness. How well one knows those eyes, they incite to high devotion, to the patient bearing of unjust wrongs.

The King moves on, his gracious presence vanishes, another gracious presence takes his place. The Vicar, placid Dr. Primrose, oh—will he wait an instant while we wipe our eyes? He does—he, too, looks rather wistful, the spectral Abbey is too vast for him, he longs for home, for his Olivia? He hesitates, is he about to tell us so? Then as the Child chokes down his rising sorrow, the beautiful, beloved face lights up again. A smile of resignation illuminates his countenance. "Let us submit," he murmurs, and glides away.

The next figure walks uncertainly, with a hasty movement—how often has one seen that walk before! Matthias! One rises—one goes to meet him—one fancies that to him the church is full of ghostly fears. He extends his hand, the Child slips his within it, the slender, supple fingers close on his. It is a curious feeling, but very comforting—to Matthias, at least, a comrade is a boon.

"Good-bye, dear friend, your suffering is over, your great imagination is at rest. God bless you, Matthias."

The haggard face relaxes—the grasp relaxes—we are alone. The Child sinks back again exhausted, so many partings, so many bitter pangs. Does it pay to care so much, so absolutely? Ah yes, it pays a thousandfold!

Another shape draws near, that of a thin, wiry gentleman, his gait is rapid, his salutation suave—Robespierre—with whom we have enjoyed such keen sensations, whose eager, complex mind we know by heart.

He does not linger, some one is behind him, a sad, majestic figure—Charles the First. The Child starts forward—one long look—the shadow vanishes—the love one feels for him is far too deep for words.

A small bowed form comes next, it must be Corporal Brewster? The light grows fainter, or is it that one's eyes are blurred? The shade salutes; in a flash comes the remembrance of those countless times when that salute alone brought down the house! Oh—to hear his voice again—the old man falters—the Child bends forward to catch the murmured words—

"But when I'm called—"

The figure melts away, the Child seeks it in the dimness, then in dazed bewilderment he glances round.

What is that sound? The bell is tolling, the organ has begun the first dead march. He listens, but his eyes are searching eagerly for all those other shapes he longs to see. Hamlet, whom he has missed in actuality—oh, may he not see Hamlet in a dream? Philip II., Eugene Aram, and Coriolanus? Richard III. and Richelieu? Becket—he breaks off. Yes—he is approaching—slowly, gently, happily almost. He pauses near the Child and lifts his hand in blessing, his face is calm, triumphant, full of peace. The music swells, the sun breaks through the stained glass windows, a burst of sudden splendour irradiates the scene. And in that burst of splendour Becket passes. The vision dissolves...

Again the Child looks round, he is a man now, among other men; the shadowy shapes have vanished never to return; his youth has vanished too, his magic childhood, but the glorious memory remains.

A faint melody is heard proceeding from the unknown distance—boys' voices—angels' voices? One can hardly tell.

The dreamer lifts his head, the sound increases; it is the accompanying music of the dead.

Soon the procession reaches its appointed halting-place beneath the central lantern, near the Abbey's heart, the mysterious pall of bay leaves softens the reality—the last great "entrance" is worthy of the rest.

(C.R.B.)

* * * * *

Vienna,

December 9th, 1905.

We have seen two interesting sights from our four pleasant windows overlooking this beautiful Ringstrasse; one was the arrival of the King of Spain. The whole route between the station and the palace was hung with Spanish and Austrian flags on high gilt Venetian poles, and on each side of the street, two deep, were splendidly mounted guards—the fine horses and uniforms making a brilliant effect. Then stationed all along the route were military bands, and as one finished the Spanish or Austrian Hymn, the other would take it up. To see the youngest and the oldest monarch of Europe driving together in an open carriage with two outriders, was a sight indeed! The boy king has such a nice, slim figure and is very graceful, and our dear Emperor was, as always, the most distinguished-looking man to be seen.

Our other sight was totally different. About a week before the opening of Parliament, our friends "Athens" and "Abbazia" were dining

with us, and they, as well as a good many other of our Austrian friends, feared riots and bloodshed for the opening day itself. They made us promise not to stir out of the hotel, and wanted us to come over early and spend the day with them. Frau von W. also urged our spending the day with her. But the secretary of our Embassy, whom we know very well, told us that we were quite safe at the hotel. We spent the whole morning at our windows, looking and exclaiming and reading the red sentences on banners and signs. Over 200,000 workmen and working-women marched along the Ring to the Parliament to show the Government their numbers and their power. They were all social democrats, but quiet and well-behaved. All wore red in some form. They walked past, ten abreast, in solid ranks, from 9.30 in the morning until 2 p.m. . . .

Last week "Fidelio"* was given on the 100th anniversary of its first performance, and Thursday night, "Tannhäuser" was performed for the 300th time in Vienna. Vienna is always Vienna—always delightful. While there this time, Clare's first story, "An Interchange of Courtesies," came out in the December *Atlantic*. She had cables and notes of congratulation—all very exciting! . . .

We have read Beethoven's Life and Letters, and are now finishing Mozart's Life and Letters. As they both lived and died here in Vienna, I thought it was a good place for Clare to read these books; and then we make excursions to find the many different houses where poor Beethoven lived, for he moved every few months. I have discovered that Beethoven was a martyr to "head roaring" . . . and that explains *anything and everything!* *From an Earlier Letter.*

Grand Hotel,

Locarno.

Our first day's journey was to Innsbruck, a favourite stopping place of ours—those superb snow peaks and the wonderful 28 bronze statues round Maximilian's tomb! I *love* those statues. Clare gave me a large copy of the Theodoric. At the hotel I selected a little table for table d'hôte and when we went into the dining-room, there, at the only other little table, sat the Archduke Eugene. We like this Archduke very much ; he is often at the Vienna opera. The same evening a beautiful concert was given at the hotel . . .

During the last days in Vienna and *en route* to Locarno we were excitedly bidding by telegraph to London at the auction of Sir Henry Irving's treasures. First I wired Christie asking whether they could bid for me. Their short answer: "Yes. Wire lot and limit," dazed us, to whom auctioneers, their ways and their rules are unknown. So we lost our first timid little venture. Then I thought of a clever man of the well-known firm of Waring, telegraphed him and had a satisfactory reply. The way that favourite slang word of mine " limit " was hurled back and forth *was* the limit! I would wire: " Bid on lot 218, limit so and so." He would answer: " Got lot 218, limit so and so." To our joy we have obtained Sir Henry's beautiful old English painted

armchair, Encyclopædia Britannica and a valuable prompt book. We hear there was a wild contest over this, but *we* secured it! I think I told you that Harry Irving had given me back my last gift to his father. . .

Some English friends told us of this enchanting spot on Lake Maggiore; it is in Switzerland, but is really Italy in softness of air and colouring. Superb snow-capped mountains surround little Locarno, which stands on the side of green mountains and runs down to the edge of this most lovely lake. The walks of all kinds are charming—climbs, high walks, level walks, and water-edge walks, and in every direction views to make us exclaim. The hotel is excellent, and the clean Swiss "touches" make the place, of course, neater, but they do not spoil the indescribable Italian charm. . . We have brought seven thick volumes of Symond's "Renaissance in Italy," also Gardner's "Dukes and Poets of Ferrara."

Locarno,

December 31*st*, 1905.

We arrived at this entrancing place, a week ago yesterday, after a six days' trip from Vienna, and found—piled high on our table—added to our Christmas letters, packages, cards, papers, etc.—the first letters written (from America) about Clare's story. We knew it was out, but we had to wait for *that Atlantic* to travel all the way

across *the* Atlantic before we saw Clare's first brain-child in print. We had a happy time of it. . . Naturally, to us, people would only say nice things, but I have "second sight" you know, and I read between the lines* . . .

The story of how she came to write is as wonderful as all the rest. At a big dinner we attended in America (three years ago) an elderly gentleman, an Englishman, sat on one side of Clare, he was not even an acquaintance—a man we had perhaps bowed to once or twice. All during dinner he talked to Clare. From my end of the long table, I saw that this man's conversation was both troubling and interesting her—I, who read every expression of her face, knew thus much. When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing room at the end of the evening, this same Englishman made his way directly to my side, saying, "If what that daughter of yours tells me is true—that she has never written anything—then no time is to be lost, for she can write and she doesn't know it—and if she finds it out too late, she will be miserable!"

* I have a little book which I started when Clare's first story was published—a "book of opinions," I call it. I put down the initials of each person who expresses an opinion . . . according as I—the Proud Mother—think the opinion deserves; one star, if lukewarm praise, two stars, if more praise; three stars, if coming from a writer or from some one who *knows*. Only two persons ever get five stars—the Proud Mother and the editor who takes the story! How Mr. Alden laughed when I told him this! He also laughed very much when I told him what I had said to Clare when she was writing one of her first dialogues—"Clare, if it means *anything*, it is *perfectly splendid!*" This little book has given us much amusement. I don't think that there is one smallest "thrill" that we have not enjoyed to the full. *From a Letter to Miss May Harris* (1910).

I supposed he had discovered that Clare did not enter ardently into the ordinary small talk of the day, and had therefore introduced a subject so flattering and interesting as to fix her attention. So I called him a clever man for selecting so agreeable a subject and thanked him for giving Clare a pleasant evening. He answered me: "You don't believe me any more than she does—but I am a physiognomist and I *never* make a mistake, and I tell you that the best thing that could happen to Miss Benedict would be to wake up and find herself penniless—for I have read *another* thing in her face and that is that she is a good daughter—and in order to give *you* comforts, she would discover this hidden talent." This brutal speech positively brought the tears to my eyes, for the money—since Clare came of age—has been so much to us—has made our life so much easier and happier. I almost felt as if by his *saying* it that the money would go!

All the way home, Clare and I talked the matter over, and although we both called the man "perfectly crazy," as Clare had never even written compositions and disliked letter writing, yet we could not forget his words. So I bought a pad and pencil and asked Clare to try something just to convince us that he was wrong. But when she brought me her little beginnings, I was dumb with astonishment; I felt a certain something in them that seemed to make me feel I had a new Clare, and yet, after all, it was *just my*

Clare! She wrote an essay, a story, and a little fantasy.

I urged her to send them to Mr. Alden, editor of *Harper's*, and to tell him the whole story, asking him to read the things for her aunt's sake and to tell her the truth because he knew that her bread and butter did not depend upon it. His answer settled the matter. He heartily congratulated her on the first steps, saying that he was not sure but that one of the pieces could be sold just as it stood, and advising her to arm herself for the best places in contemporary literature!

So—between times—Clare has tried; do not think for a moment that it has been easy; she has worked very, very hard to attain even this little, but it was a kind of hard work she has enjoyed, I tell her that if she can never do more, she has already done enough in giving *me* such "thrills." She shuts her door and writes, and then comes out and I read—all is new and unexpected to me and you can fancy my delight. We both felt that our life of wandering and entertaining in the dear old house and in New York, was too beautiful and rare to cease because of what might be but a dream. So we continued our usual life. In the end, we were very glad that Harper did not take her first story, for people would have had a certain right to say that my sister's old friend, Mr. Alden, had shown Clare favours. She arrived, as a stranger, at the doors

of the *Atlantic* and *Century* and they—the editors—took her stories entirely upon their merits. Of course, two swallows do not make a summer, but it is a lovely spring ! *

February 3rd, 1906.

I can hardly realize that we have been here nearly six weeks. It has gone almost like six days. It has been a splendid place for us, although most people would call it "deadly dull !" We have done the very same things every day,

* You have vanished into space with Clare, but I send again, on the 1st day of the year, this rocket up into the darkness that conceals you. Do, I beg earnestly, make *some* responsive signal . . . . I am reduced to blankness or rather to blackness, and if my faith in your pilgrim star were less great, would now be reduced to alarm—as it is, anxiety is within inconsiderable distance of setting in.

New Year's Day (this very a.m.) of which I had hopes, brought nothing of any sort save a tradesman's bill and a picture card for the parlour maid. This has rather finished me and I know not at what door to knock—mistrustful of Leipzig, yet having no alternative. . . I have no theory of whereabouts. You defy theories. I think nothing more probable than anything else, for you two, between you, are *im*-probability rampant. Meanwhile I am solitude, I am gloom, I am lone monotony and all not rampant but "couchant," as I go to bed (it being as usual 1.15 a.m.) on this—I have had—partly by your abandonment or eccentricity, the most grey and grim Christmastide of my life. A thought strikes me : has Clare married beneath her (great Austrians always do) and are you ashamed to let me know ? I had rather know it than know nothing. And after another thought, I will try Pomeroy Place. Yet no. I won't either—for you *can't* have gone home save by England, and you *can't* have come back here and said nothing to your very constant old friend.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

but then, we like the things. Every morning those beautiful walks, every evening, reading aloud; climate perfect. Locarno brought us two great pleasures, the acquaintance with Dr. Wendell Prime, which I shall always treasure, and the delightful surprise of Mr. Alden's taking "Love in the Mist," so Locarno, besides its own beauties, will always have charming associations for us. We met a few pleasant people, Lady Charville, and a Miss Sparrow. . .

And now I must share with you our "thrill" over the *way* in which Harpers took a story . . . When I am abroad, it is always through the London branch of Harper Bros., that I receive the statement of the sales of Connie's books during the past six months, and the royalty cheque. About ten days ago, in my mail, was their usual letter. I put it aside and read my other letters, and Clare read hers, and we talked over the news. After a long time, I took up Harper's envelope, and said as I opened it, "I wish this had been addressed to *you*, Clare!" When I saw the contents, I gave a cry—there was a voucher made out to Clare with the name of her story printed opposite and a handsome cheque. Was not Mr. Alden nice to give Clare this surprise? His letter did not come for many days afterwards, but he let us have the pleasure of knowing at once that her story was accepted. It did not take "Ma" long to touch the bell, have the head-waiter up, order a bottle of "finny" (you know the story?) to be placed on ice, and to have some

roses. Then Clare put on one of her prettiest white dresses and I got into my best jet dinner gown, and with smiling faces, we "toasted" all through the dinner. Some of the guests said that we looked so happy that it positively influenced them and they were happy too. . .

You ask about my last gift to dear Sir Henry. It was a paper knife in the shape of a gondola prow from Venice, with an old turquoise ring—also from Venice—attached, as though thrown carelessly down, and in blue enamel letters on the side of the prow, the words, "It was my turquoise"—I always loved this particular part of his Shylock. It makes me miserable to realize that I shall never again hear his soft voice say those words about his Leah, or see those beautiful slim fingers touch the place where the ring used to be. Indeed London will never be the same with that wonderful personality gone. . . .

Locarno continued lovely to the very end, and . . . we reluctantly said good-bye to that ideal place, and started on a two weeks' trip. . . . One delightful episode in Milan was our visit to Cavaliere Crespi's private picture gallery. He has a Giorgione that we have long wished to see. I wrote ahead from Locarno to ask if we could see the picture, and upon arrival at Milan word was sent to us that the next day after two o'clock, we could be admitted. A violent snowstorm struck Milan on that day, so we spent the

morning at the Brera and at 2.30 p.m. off we went to the Crespi palace. We were passed from servant to servant through splendid corridors and up splendid staircases until we reached an ante-room where a servant met us and led us in to Cavaliere Crespi himself—there stood the courtly old gentleman to greet us, and he himself took us over his gallery, telling us all kinds of interesting details about the pictures—where and how he obtained them. *He* says the Caterina Cornaro is by Titian, but *we know* it is by Giorgione! No one but Giorgione would have thought of so original an idea. Caterina stands in the portrait with such a happy bright look of welcome on her face; a sculptured profile of herself rests below, such an unusual touch. Clare was amused at the skilful way in which I kept them before the picture, while she and the Cavaliere (poor Clare struggling with Italian) argued the "fors and againsts" of why it was *surely* a Titian or why it *must be* a Giorgione. In the midst of this heated talk, *I* was calmly looking at the picture. Clever of me, wasn't it?

This year we had one long day at Brescia. One goes to Brescia to see the beautiful Morettos. They shine and radiate in those deserted, unvisited churches and galleries—their silver loveliness being quite beyond description. The St. Ursula and her Virgins is an enchanting picture—each face is lovely and the figures seem to live and breathe. There is a life-like movement of oncoming. . . There is

also a St. Nicholas presenting the children to the Madonna, the eager children pressing forward, partly under St. Nicholas's big cloak, some of them half understanding, some, not at all, and looking everywhere *but* at the Madonna, as real children would.

Such a pleasant experience as we had on our return journey to Milan that evening. Knowing about Italian trains and their peculiarities, I said to Clare: "When this express comes in, just get on." I knew that seats could not be found, but it was Saturday night and we two simply *must* get back to Milan. So, although we were told in every known and unknown tongue that there were absolutely *no* places, we climbed into one of the corridors of one of the cars and stood there. All the Italians were talking and complaining in a most violent manner, we just stood still and expected to stand for two hours. While we stood there, a gentleman crowded past the throng of people that filled every inch of the corridors, and looked very hard at us; we were the only ladies. After about ten minutes, the guard motioned us to push our way along after him through the passage way until we reached a compartment marked "reserved," at the door of which stood the same gentleman I had noticed. He begged us in French to enter and gave us *three* seats, and we rode all the way back to Milan in his compartment. . . He was some high official, for every time the train stopped, everybody gave him bows and apologies. . Just at the end of our Brescia day, we discovered

that a picture of Moretto's which we thought was at Brescia was a good hour's drive north of the town. Clare has been planning ever since how we *can* reach this out-of-the-way place!

The snowstorm made us lose our day at Bergamo, so we went on to Pisa, and from there took excursions to Lucca and Pistoia. Beautiful Lucca has charming sights seldom seen except by critics and artists. . . Ruskin used to love the place and also Symonds; Hewlett writes much about it, but to me, Hewlett spoils all he touches; it always reminds me of the drop of ink in the glass of water—all is tinged. He is so clever that what he says remains in your mind, and it is always just what you don't wish to have there—disagreeable ideas that he has thought up about these lovely things.*

Pistoia is a place we have made many attempts to see, but train hours and the weather have always interfered. That brilliant, life-like, *speaking* frieze of coloured terra cotta round the top of the old hospital is alone worth a long journey, each figure evidently taken straight from life; such natural attitudes, such living faces and figures. The frieze is by Giovanni della Robbia, and represents the Seven Acts of Mercy.

* We cannot help liking some things of Maurice Hewlett's; but if he selects as a subject anything I like, and then plunges it into his powerful "Hewlett *mud* ink," I am in despair, because I can never quite put out of my mind what he writes.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

And now . . . such a strange thing; when I went to Venice to break up my sister's beautiful home there, I was too heartbroken to care about anything, so I asked no one about the things there that I did not remember, but afterwards I felt so sorry I had not, particularly about two medallion bas reliefs, one of an old woman with a sort of white turban on her head, and the other of a funny old man. We searched and searched and could never trace these life-like heads, but as my sister never had anything that was without some history or meaning, I still longed to know. The other day at Pistoia, while gazing up at this remarkable frieze, Clare suddenly cried out: "There is our old woman!" And there she was, giving clothes to the naked. Oh, how glad we were! Then we looked and looked until we found our old man—and there he was also, giving bread to the hungry!

From Pisa we went to Orvieto, another great sight we have planned to see for years. We spent the night in that "high-up," deserted hotel, so cold that Clare and I slept in our flannel-dressing-gowns, with hot water bottles at our feet! We wanted to have the early morning light for those world-renowned Signorelli frescoes; luckily the snowstorm of the night was followed by a morning of brilliant sunshine, and we had a good two hours' view of the frescoes—and perfectly wonderful they are! I like everything that this unusual artist did—these frescoes are unlike any

others, so full of thought and feeling. As for the façade, I don't believe the world holds another such—it is almost too superb; one cannot take it in—at least, C.W.B. cannot... We saw also that "most wonderful well in the world," up and down which, on separate staircases, the mules used to go to bring the water.

Hotel Royal, Rome,

March 2nd, 1906.

Here we are in the Eternal City, one of our two weeks already gone by like a flash... We have been leading a very different kind of life—wearing all our best clothes, meeting people and doing a very little sight-seeing. Bishop P— is in Rome, and introduced *his horse* into his sermon, as illustration of some point, *much* to our amusement!...

Grand Hotel, Venice.

March 26th.

From Rome we went to Perugia and made brisk plans for our Umbrian drive, but a sirocco blew as I never knew one to blow before, it seemed to strike us, the poor Benedicts, full in the face, and, of course, the drive was given up. I always select my room at Perugia for that incomparable view, but when the sirocco blew, my exposed room was like the bridge on an ocean steamer in a storm! I had thought—with double shutters fastened by an

iron bar—that I could get through the night, but at one o'clock I decided that I could *not*. We put on travelling cloaks and slippers and went down and knocked at the manager's door, demanding a back room. He—a very "festive" Englishman—appeared at last in his wife's wrapper (Clare says), and led the way to a blissfully quiet room, where we slept in peace. Of course we were dreadfully sorry to lose Gubbio and other places, but we took Arezzo and Rimini by train instead—Arezzo, with the splendid frescoes of Piero della Francesca, and Rimini with that remarkable Malatesta church which is well worth the long journey to the Adriatic.* We were so determined to "cross the Rubicon," that we crossed all four of the streams that claim to be it, so we can say with truth that we *have* crossed the Rubicon!

Bologna is a favourite stopping-place of ours, and from there one can take so many excursions. This time we went again to Ferrara . . . and we did have such an interesting day with those frescoes, the fortress, cathedral and all those deserted palaces, once so gorgeous! We spent half an hour in Ariosto's house and little garden, and

* From floor to ceiling, one mass of exquisite carving done in marble, endless, impossible to take in, really to appreciate. We two were all alone there, looking and admiring, when in entered three or four gentlemen, who took seats opposite a new organ that had just been placed in the church; then an organist from Bologna tested this splendid instrument for them. The music seemed to breathe life into those cold, exquisite marble figures—they seemed almost to flash into life.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

even crawled into Tasso's prison. We did not, however, like Byron, ask to be locked in there for two hours so as to know exactly how poor Tasso felt! A few minutes were enough to make us pity him. Byron cut his name in the wall and the horrid relic robbers have carried off all but the "B" and the "n"! We went another day to Modena to see two pictures, one, a real Velazquez and the other the fascinating laughing Jester, that masterpiece of Dosso Dossi, with his saucy, laughing face. Before you know it, you are smiling back at him, and you find yourself smiling whenever you think of him!

Mantua is another of those places we have been so foolish as to allow "limp" sight-seers to influence us to stay away from. "Not enough to see to pay for the trip," they said; whereas those Mantegna frescoes are worth a journey across the Atlantic, in our opinion! They took an immense hold of us—those old Lords in that shabby, deserted, desolate room seemed to be speaking, moving, *breathing*.

We are quite proud of all this that we felt, for the frescoes came upon us so unexpectedly—I mean, their power and beauty. Arriving here to be met by a cold north-east storm of two days, we bought a book on Mantegna which we read before our bright open fire. The chapter devoted to these particular frescoes ends thus: "Seated in a rush-bottomed chair, amid the dust and cob-

webs of to-day, the frescoed walls so play on the imagination that the past reconstructs itself without effort, and we are back among those grave Lords, hearing the rustle of their gold brocade, and the murmur of their voices. I know no paintings which to a like extent have the power of calling up the actual presence of the figures portrayed, so that it is difficult to realize that these Princes, with whose life the atmosphere is vibrating, have been dead four hundred years, their castles demolished, their very names extinct. And such is the force of genius, as long as any fragment of Mantegna's painting exists, so long will these Gonzaga Lords continue to exercise the strange, impressive fascination by which, while their bodies have long ago crumbled to dust, they still have power to rule in their old territory!"

At Mantua, we were also much interested in seeing the little that is left of the very much that Isabella d'Este gathered there—her rooms show exquisite taste even now—her pretty rooms that she so loved, decorated and wrote about! But what a contrast between the delicate bits left in her rooms and that great Palazzo del Tè: what miserable taste her son had—or perhaps the fault was not all his; the artists were so poor. I hate Giulio Romano and all he did. Only one room in the Palazzo del Tè did I like and that was a hall where the Duke's favourite horses were painted in life size on the walls—that I rather liked! And

all this that is inferior remains to-day, untouched, unspoiled, and her beautiful things gone—destroyed!

We lost our trip to Brescia to see that one unseen Moretto at Paitone. We have a fine copy of this picture, and must do as we did with the Castelfranco Madonna—look at the copy for a year and then go and see the original. But an unexpected "treat" fell in our way here in getting into the Querini Palace and seeing Mantegna's noble Presentation.*

Now we shall drop reading and pictures, and turn our attention to society, music and clothes, for Bayreuth and America are before us. . .

Grand Hotel, Vienna.†

Easter Monday.

Easter day was perfect as to weather, and the backward spring gave an added beauty to the day, for the leaves burst forth with the very Easter morn, everywhere was this lovely, delicate green.

* Do you know that fine Moretto in the Church of the Pietà in Venice—Christ in the House of Simon? And did you know that Wagner took his idea of Kundry in the last act of "Parsifal" from this picture? He used to stop in often and look at it.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

† We love Vienna so dearly that we cannot endure to have any one we like see the beautiful city at an unfavourable time.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

I wish you could see our flower arrangements. . . . Picture to yourself a long, flat piece of thin board covered with what looks like growing grass; on one side—like a charming group of trees on a lawn—rise "pussy willows" and pink peach blossoms placed in a tiny concealed glass containing damp white sand. From the back of this clump of flowers runs a little rustic fence and over this fence a lovely vine of natural leaves. In front lies an exquisite Vienna china egg with hand-painted pansies on the upper half—it is partly open and the entire egg is filled with the most delicious chocolates. On the topmost, biggest chocolate is fastened a soft, downy, yellow chicken and in its mouth a note.

* * * * *

Left Vienna on May 1st, by the Orient Express for Munich; heard a gala performance of "Flying Dutchman" at the opera under Mottl. We had seats that enabled us to see—all the evening—the pretty Princess Rupprecht and her mother. From Munich we travelled to Wiesbaden and drove at once to Professor Pagenstecher's office, and had a very satisfactory visit with him. When we came out, it was raining, and we hesitated whether to drive or walk. Fortunately we walked, and therefore, quite by accident, ran against Sir Charles Wyndham, and had such a pleasant talk with him. . . .

London,

June 6th, 1906.

We arrived here on a Saturday afternoon, and Sunday's paper announced that the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal Family were to attend a Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey to give thanks for the safe return of the "Wales's" from India. The day was superb, and we thought we would go Westminster Abbeyward and see what we could. At the bottom of St. James Park, where are the narrow iron gates, I saw a few people standing and a policeman. I said to the latter: "I suppose the King is already in the Abbey?" "Oh, no," answered the policeman, "he will come this way in about ten minutes' time." "This way," being that very narrow lane which leads from Gt. George Street to Broad Sanctuary. "Then I couldn't have a better place to see the King than just here?" "No, indeed, Ma'am." said the policeman. There I stood, not for a moment believing the man, but almost before I could think this, there appeared a low open carriage containing the Prince and Princess of Wales, and immediately following, a carriage with their three eldest children, and very soon afterwards, the King. . . He was so near that my curtsy and his salute were like a friendly greeting. But as King Edward drove through this very narrow gateway, a heavy frown settled on his forehead, and I thought to myself: "That

gateway will be ordered down!" And it *did* come down! We then walked on to Westminster, but there, crowds had gathered and policemen announced that the Abbey was quite full. To avoid the crowd, we walked back round the Abbey, thus passing the Poets' Corner entrance, where to our surprise there was no crowd. In we went and got good seats. I had never heard "God Save the King" sung in Westminster Abbey, and with that organ, orchestra, and lovely boys' voices—to say nothing of the two hundred sailors' voices—it was inspiring. The sailors had come up from Portsmouth to attend that service, having accompanied the Prince and Princess to India and back. Even Henry James envied us this...

The theatres did not particularly appeal to us, Sir Henry gone, and Sir Charles not acting. We thought the much-talked-of "His House in Order," at the St. James, a poor play. Gifted Irene Vanbrugh did all she could with an impossible part; George Alexander was just the same "George" as before... Waring and Company had the chair and encyclopædia that we had bought at the Irving sale. We were delighted also with the Pomeroy coat of arms* which Waring had made for us.... There was a fine loan collection of old

* I am enclosing one of our book-plates; our splendid library came from Pomeroys, Coopers, Woolsons and Benedicts, so we decided to take the Pomeroy coat of arms and motto, "Fortune is the Companion of Valour."

From a Letter to Miss Miller.

Flemish pictures at the Guildhall. . . . The statue of Sir Henry as Hamlet by Onslow Ford is there . . . so speaking and life-like as to give one a pang! And at last we could see the latest addition to the National Gallery, the Velazquez Venus. No one but Velazquez would ever have thought of painting the *lovely back* of Venus only . . . and the reflection of her face in the mirror, held up before her by the pretty kneeling Cupid! They have given this picture the place in the Spanish room where the large Murillo used to hang, which reminds me to tell you how dreadfully we depressed an English lady in Vienna recently. Clare and I were talking to her about this great addition to the National Gallery, and we went on trying to decide where they would hang this new picture, what changes they would have to make, etc. At last this lady sighed out to her daughter: "Just *hear* these American ladies—hanging and re-hanging *our* National Gallery!" On this visit we obtained admission to Dr. Mond's house. He has a beautiful Luini and a Mantegna that we have long wished to see. We also went to see Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, formerly owned by Sir Henry. An Englishman bought it at the sale and presented it to the Tate Gallery. It is a superb painting, but seemed strange, somehow, there. We went several times to Westminster Abbey, taking flowers to Sir Henry's grave, and almost always found flowers there. Just now we are greatly shocked by the horrid act at Madrid. What a

narrow escape for that young couple !* The young King does not know what fear is. . . .

Our life at Dover was as delightful as ever. We had one or two interruptions, such as "Athens" appearing and spending Whit Sunday and Monday with us, and Mr. and Mrs. Tod Ford and Mrs. Earl suddenly turning up and staying at the Burlington for three weeks. Clare wrote "Roderick Eaton's Children" here.†

* Princess Ena looks so radiant (and her mother so proud); she has won the young King ahead of all the princesses of higher rank. Clare envies her that Madrid Gallery—Clare's first thought and probably her last. *From a Letter to Miss Beck.*

† *Note by Mrs. Benedict.*

In the March number of the *Fortnightly Review* was an article by Henry James, one sentence of it reading as follows:

"The question of whether value is expressed, for instance, by the little tales, mostly by ladies, and about and for children, romping over the ruins of the English language in the monthly magazines."

Mrs. Benedict saw this, saved it, and when Clare Benedict's story, "Roderick Eaton's Children," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, she marked the story, and copied on a card the above quotation, and posted the magazine to him. This letter to Clare was the result.

What a very great silent oblivious brute you must think me! Returning to this place early in July, after a long absence abroad, I found the March *Atlantic* in a great heap of waiting postal matter on my table, but, amid arrears and immediate duties and labours lying in wait for me, didn't at once realize the gem that lurked in its unpenetrated recesses. When at last, I did so, your Mother's charming card fell out, and I addressed myself to your delicate, discreet little story, which, so far from itself "romping over the ruins of the language," walks a minuet rather, (with the figures it evokes) in a swept and garnished, a charmingly preserved and ordered corner of that desolation. . .

To me the peace of Home is every month of my life more precious, and I should scarce be able to bear the ache of knowing that you twain don't sometimes take, if not quite deep draughts, at least sweet lady-like sips of it!

If you begin to write, you'll find it—the fostering habitation—still more endeared to you—and let me tell you that I am right glad you do begin to write. You do it, my dear Clare, with excellent taste, grace and humour, and with an excellent clear and conservative form. You write distinctly *well*, and the idea of your anecdote is a very happy and touching little find—without a word too much or a stumble by the way. This is good and of good omen, but what is particularly good is your yearning even (as I seem to make out) to do it.

May it bring you all sorts of quiet pleasure, or rather the one sort it best brings—as you go further and cut deeper and find the whole thing open out—as you *will* find it. Nothing would have stirred in your Aunt Connie (than to see you thus feeling your way) a tenderer wonder or more amused participation. In relation to whom let me say that the most beautiful thing in Italy, almost, seemed to me in May and June last, the exquisite summery luxuriance and perfect tendance of that spot, I mean, of course, that very particular spot, below the great grey wall, the cypresses and the time-silvered pyramid. It is tremendously, inexhaustibly touching—its effect never fails to overwhelm.

I spent May and a part of June in Rome, a few days in Florence; but Venice was the only place I feel and ever *shall* feel again the ache of desire to go back to. Everything else is now too profaned and vulgarized, swimming in a sauce that might have been cooked (it often seems to one) at Oshkosh.

Now I sit *here* tight for months to come. But let me, all the same, before too long, see you and your Mother pass, when Pomeroy Place is well below zero. And when I say "see," I mean *hear* with that unsurpassed rustle of Viennese millinery. You'll be wanting *more* of it—it's then I look for you. (*September 13th*, 1907.)

We left Dover on a very hot day for Bayreuth. . . . The performances were splendid. "Tristan," beautiful.* . . . Clare did not feel herself throughout the whole month. The doctor considered that she had had a sharp attack of "suppressed

* *Vide* p. 267.

influenza "† and was very much run down. . . Dear Dr. Pusinelli at Dresden did more for us both than any doctor has done since the days of Dr. W. H. Draper. . . We made our journey to the ship as comfortable and easy as possible. . . and Captain Högemann gave us a permit to go on board the steamer the day before and thus avoid the crowd. We had the whole deck to walk on by moonlight. In the morning it was great fun to see the 1st, 2nd, and steerage passengers come to the ship. At two we started; crowds of people, and at Southampton the next day, crowds more, and at Cherbourg 300 more! However, the big boat had places for all. Clare felt better each day. . . Our table neighbour was a man who had broken down in consequence of too rapid automobiling! . . We reached Hoboken on September 11th, early in the morning.

And thus ended our 13th trip abroad.

* Mottl achieved a double triumph last night. In the third act of "Tristan" just as King Mark begins singing at the end, all the electric light went out . . orchestra, auditorium and stage in blackness of night. Dr. Felix von Kraus (King Mark) sang right on and let out his beautiful voice more and more, until people were thrilled through and through, and forgot the blackness. Brangäne took up her part, her lovely voice keeping every one quiet and still. Matches were struck and candles lighted in the orchestra and when Isolde commenced her death song, that heavenly orchestra swelled up from the magic abyss—absolutely in time and tune! It was the most wonderful effect, and told that packed house what the Bayreuth training is—no sound, no voice spoke, no alarm—the singers sang their parts, throwing so much passion and beauty into them, as to hold that naturally nervous audience spellbound, and then Mottl knew just how to handle his forces. It was a rare experience. After the performance, the whole house stood and yelled—"Mottl, Mottl—Mottl"—a perfect storm of applause. *From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.*

† The worst part of influenza is that for ages afterwards, the spirits act like a physical illness. One cannot take medicine for spirits; one must battle without aid—those who take aid for depression are only making matters worse. *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Told by C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, Miss EMMA BECK, Miss MAY HARRIS, and COUNT CAMAJORI.

WE sailed on July 9th, 1907—a "melting" hot day—going down to the steamer the evening before after a pleasant call from Mr. Henry M. Alden. Chief Steward Stolte telephoned that we could have our dinner on the ship, therefore we had daylight for that miserable drive to Hoboken, and the long decks of the steamer were certainly cooler than N.Y. We went to bed in dreadful heat to wake up to find ourselves out of sight of land, with cool sea-breezes! Our table neighbours were of a queer sort—a harmless, quiet man in company with two impossible "ladies," and a woman next Clare who must have been Altman's "sales-lady" . . . Miss Anna Held was our "star"; she did not give us her great "undressing act," but she *did* give us two songs at the concert that were beyond the "limit."

We landed at Plymouth and then flew off to Fowey. We had read at sea "Q's" delightful "From a Cornish Window," and had great fun in

writing a limerick and leaving it, with a bunch of flowers, at his charming house, "The Haven," on our last evening after dark, with no address! The last lines were:

"To your 'Haven' I flew
With fresh flowers a few
To fling down on your pathway at Fowey!"

We went to Exeter for the night . . . and the next day to Stratford-on-Avon. . . To our joy we found it unspoiled, no trolleys, and all beautifully kept and managed; we have not dared to go there for some years, fearing it had been ruined like almost all the (formerly) lovely places in this motor-devastated land. We had "The Winter's Tale" for our bedroom in that quaint Shakespeare Inn, and laughed all over again at the clever naming of the rooms: the dining-room, "As you Like It"; the room for commercial "gents," "The Tempest"; the tap-room, "Measure for Measure." Of course we fell down again under the never-dying Shakespeare spell, read the sonnets with fresh wonder and I echo what Quiller-Couch says: "A new searcher for the secret of the sonnets has only to whistle and I come to him" . . . We looked up the records of James Cooper, our ancestor, who was born at Stratford in 1661. We stirred up quite a commotion by telling the rector of the church who we were and asking for the baptismal record! There is a Priscilla Cooper buried in the church. . . From Strat-

ford we went to Matlock Bath to spend Sunday, but, as in so many of these pretty English resorts, the third class "trippers" have spoiled all they can . . . We decided to take the six p.m. train into Manchester—a great mistake, as the "trippers" could not be controlled by the guards, and although nothing unpleasant happened, we felt that something *would* happen the next moment. . . At Manchester we saw the Madox-Brown frescoes in the town-hall, very interesting, and some, very beautiful . . . after which, we hurried through to Tarbet on Loch Lomond, but . . . as the road along the lake has a stone wall on one side, and the water on the other and the road full of curves, you have your choice of being dashed against the wall or of being hurled into the lake—as motors *never* stop! Then we came to Banavie and found it even more lovely than before. . . Ben Nevis before our admiring eyes, and my unending joy—a green pathway along the side of the canal—such curves, such views! We take this walk every day—sometimes east, sometimes west—we are not troubled even by the sound of that horrid motor horn! . . . It rains here every day, but we put on our short dresses and go out just the same; the heat was so terrible in America that I felt it would take months of the cool wet mist of Scotland to make us forget it. . .

Banavie,

August 25th,

. . . We are now planning our jaunt down to London with all our maps, guides and *pins!* We are trying to go *via* unknown-to-us places.

Hotel Burlington, Dover.

September 25th, 1907.

We started for North Berwick on an ideal day, but, lovely as this rural golf place is, it cannot be compared to St. Andrew's . . . both are close to the sea, but St. Andrew's has that beautiful ruined Abbey and the historic interest. . . At dinner, our table was next to that of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, husband of the well-known Countess Torby.

From the east coast we made three "dashes" inland—to York, to Bury St. Edmunds and to Cambridge. We read Carlyle's "Past and Present" seated in a pleasant room at the old Angel Inn at Bury St. Edmund's, made famous by Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller—or rather, by dear Charles Dickens, indeed, we were at several of the Dickens's inns. At Rochester,* we spent a day and night at the

* We stopped over at Rochester and saw that quaint old cathedral and what was more interesting to me, Gad's Hill; we drove there along the pretty hedged lane—a drive of three miles—Dickens thought nothing of walking this, two or three times a day. We were taken all over the house, into the library, the dining-room, the rose garden and Dickens's private garden with the underground passage where he used to flee to when people came "who ought not to have come." It was all intensely interesting.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHRISTMAS 1870.

Ring out, O Bells, for merry, merry Christmas,
Down through the crowded street;
Let all the city chimes in pealing chorus
The Gloria repeat;
And sounding onward over hill and valley,
Buried beneath the snow,
Let village spires take up the joyful story,
Echoing to and fro.

Bring in the evergreens, wreathe shining holly
With odorous dark pine,
Festoon the dim Cathedral's gothic arches,
The glittering organ twine;
Gather together round the glowing fireside,
The old, the grave, the gay,
And sing in carols how the holy Christ-child,
Was born on Christmas-day.

But 'midst the chimes from cross-crowned steeples ringing,
The Christmas garlands green,
The children's voices joyous carols singing,
The merry household scene,
Forget not one who told the Christmas story
With matchless loving art,
"Peace and good-will to men" with tender glory
Filling his kindly heart.

Forget not one who hailed the Christmas season
In child-like faith and joy,
Sharing the festal song and merry frolics,
A laughing, grey-haired boy;
Forget not one, who yearly gave us legends
Through the long, happy past,
Each one exhaling spicy Christmas perfumes
More fragrant than the last.

The kindly heart is still; the voice is silent;
No more we wait to hear
The magic accents of the Great Enchanter,
The story-teller dear;
But from the stormy shore of dark Atlantic
To fair Pacific's wave
Thousands of hearts will send a Christmas blessing
To rest on Dickens' grave.

(*Harper's Bazaar*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

"Bull" of Jingle renown. He said: "Good Inn—good beds." We were offered the room in which Queen Victoria once slept when a little girl, but as it was number thirteen, and the bed—the

Queen's very bed—looked as if it had been a show-bed ever since, we decided to take number fourteen, next door!

Our Saturday and Sunday at Cambridge were delightful. We went to St. *Benedict's* Church, of course, in the morning, and in the afternoon, Clare made a "grand plan" of visiting every college to see if we could decide which was the loveliest. Of course we could not; the one we were looking at always seemed the most beautiful. During the Long Vacation the courts and gardens are open; each one has some peculiar glory; a tree planted by Milton; flowers originally planted by Erasmus, etc. We had each lovely court and garden to ourselves, and in each we stood and read the names of all the gifted men who had been educated in that special college. We could almost see their boyish faces peeping down at us from the beautiful windows. Late in the afternoon we stood for a long time in the Inner Court of Magdalene College, under the Pepysian Library windows; I don't think there is in all England anything sweeter than this court. We had been reading "From A College Window" and I said to Clare: "I wish I knew which is Mr. Benson's window." There was a step behind us, and a young man appeared who asked if we would care to look at the hall. I told him that we knew Magdalene College well and had seen everything, but that I *would* like to know which was Mr.

Arthur Benson's window. He pointed towards the very window I had hoped would be his! After hesitating a moment the young man asked if we would care to see Mr. Benson's rooms? Yes, we *would!* And we were soon in his enchanting rooms—filled with everything rare and precious. I stood for some time by his desk, near the very window of his book. He is to move this autumn into the Master of Magdalene's Lodge, and Prince Leopold, the delicate son of Princess Henry of Battenberg, is to have Mr. Benson's rooms. I daresay that is the reason the man let us see them. It was a charming experience and here is a bit more. When we had finished "From a College Window," I sent Mr. Benson my grateful thanks for these essays and for "The Upton Letters*," and have had a delightful answer from him, which I have promptly sewn into the front of the book.

There was only one point on the whole trip where we were blocked. We wanted to go from Colchester to Tilbury, cross to Gravesend, and so on round that coast to Dover, but when we reached Colchester, we discovered no good train that could take us that way unless we spent the night at Tilbury, and the looks on the faces of the porters, whom we questioned as to the hotels

* I like "The Upton Letters" better than anything of Arthur Benson's. I have imagined from what I hear of him that he wrote this more from his heart; not intending any one to know who wrote it.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

at Tilbury, really daunted the brave Benedicts; but we did not give up our trip; we went the whole length of the upper shore of the Thames into London. Arriving at the station, we called a "Four-Wheeler," and drove across London to another station, and in an hour or so were going slowly along the lower shore of the Thames to Chatham, looking across to where we had been so short a time before! At Chatham we saw Onslow Ford's statue of General Gordon; it is most imposing, and yet so simple—General Gordon on a camel. Afterwards we visited Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich and Deal. Broadstairs was most charming. We walked to the original of Bleak House. From Deal we drove along this last bit of English east coast to Dover, stopping at Walmer Castle, and St. Margaret's Bay.

I enjoy my view here very much; once in a great while there comes a peculiar atmosphere that seems to put France within touching distance. It is startling when it comes; with a glass you can see people walking on the coast.

I am hoping this will catch you before you depart, though I think I shall address it all the same to your new bank—just for the pleasure of writing sweet, simple "Parr," after breaking both pen and jaw . . . for so many years over the scarce "human" Leipsickers . . Your letter gave me great pleasure—even though the sinister cunning of all your recent movements comes out in it. Your comparatively unspotted candour reveals what your mother's infernal subtlety had left vague—the fact that you have been hovering and dodging about for a long time past quite in my neighbourhood (for Scotland is so much my neighbourhood that I was there for a number of days only the other week) but always carefully out

Hotel Belle Vue, Dresden.

November 3rd.

We were in Paris for a few days. Ever since that one *real* madwoman cut to pieces a picture at the Louvre, the Mona Lisa has been put under glass, thus making hundreds of men and women *half* "mad"! It is the most disturbing thing—this shining glass... And one of those dressed-up French Guards with high cocked hat, stands ever before the most valuable of the

of my ken. However, all your doings, whether at my expense so to speak, or only at that of the pig-iron you used to deal in to so much profit and that is so evidently "up" now, alike dazzle and overwhelm me, as any great record of human adventure and human endurance does—so that I continue to watch you, gaping, envying, forgiving, shuddering, wondering, above all, gasping. You must act out your unspeakable genius, as it were. Your genius is to *be* (not merely helplessly to *use*) record-breakers. I mean, for all the qualities of making naught of space and "getting" there—(getting anywhere) while I crawl up and down a few times the small steep of my grass-grown cobbles and my old creaking staircase. Well, I hope you *will* get to Vienna while dear old Franz-Josef holds out—he seems to have been a real old male Victoria and with domestic trials that were wanting to the Victorian interest. I wanted, last May, awfully to go to Vienna... I was in Paris and my dream was to come back by a roundabout rush through Germany then or never. But the July days were on and *my* pig-iron was all spent and once more I wanly gave it up.

Yes, I'll go to Greece with you—rather! I feel that I, the other day, crossed the channel for the last time... though strange to say, I haven't that feeling about the *contracted* Atlantic... I seem to see it written for once more somehow... But when I go, it must be absolutely again under your wing.

Henry James to Clare Benedict.

Louvre treasures, and as you try to see the picture, you see this smiling French face as well! Sometimes we feel that the Prado really spoiled us for other galleries.* We spent a day at Strassburg and another at Stuttgart on our way here. Dr. Pusinelli† . . . vaccinated us and was friend and doctor in one. . . We saw Mrs. Schirmer in her wheeled chair, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. . . One day we met Gulbranson‡ and Siegfried Wagner there. . . We heard "Salome" at last. It seemed to us an "epoch-making" opera—we were full of breathless interest from the first to the last note. The terrible story goes on with a power that seems as though all *must* be just that and nothing else—music as well as drama. There was only one "drop"—during Salome's singing in that last scene, Herod ought not to be present—it is too long a time for him to be doing *nothing*. He should come in at the end, see and realize the horror and cry out: "Kill that woman"! Much would depend upon who took the rôles of Herod and Salome—as

* We plan such impossible-to-accomplish reading over here, and we are tempted off the plan. For instance, all our winter reading was planned; then Clare ordered for my Christmas present some splendid art books—"The Art of the Louvre," of the Dresden Gallery, of the Venice Academy; "Lorenzo Lotto," by Berenson, and the Morelli "Italian Painters." Of course, therefore, while we were in London, Paris, Dresden, Venice and Milan, we dropped all else and read these fascinating books that gave all kinds of double enjoyment to those galleries we thought we knew so well!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

† The son of Wagner's doctor.

‡ The Bayreuth Brünnhilde.

regards the objectionable parts—for they can *act* them as they please.

* * * *

We left Dresden for Vienna on November 5th. We missed Mr. Hofmann very much; we shall always miss him, and shall probably never again have such pretty costumes... We heard some good music; Weingartner was there as "listener" and all the singers were anxious for new engagements and sang their best. We heard a fine "St. Elisabeth" on St. Elisabeth's day... and a fine Philharmonic Concert under Richard Strauss... The "Roosevelt Panic" was going on in New York, and we felt that we must be very careful and economical until we should hear whether our stocks, etc., were much involved. On Thanksgiving morning, as we were taking our breakfast, there came a knock at our door and a cable... I at once said to Clare: "It is from Will Mather, to warn us to be careful." I opened the cable and read: "To Christopher Columbus."* Oh, how we laughed! It was a clever idea of my nephew's to let us know that all was right... We always took our Thanksgiving dinner with the father

Basle, *Thanksgiving Day*, 1922.

* My dear Kate and Will,

Where are you to-day? What place in China? What kind of "Turkeys" do they have? I ardently hope you have refrained from tasting any "appetizers," for they would contain opium and "they say," once tasted, one is doomed. What kind of wine did you drink, as standing (so I hope), you drank first a "silent toast" (in which you thought of us...), and second, "To Christopher Columbus," Father's toast. Dear Father is remembered by *that*, if there might be a doubt in this changed world—of his being remembered?

From a Letter to Mr. and Miss Mather.

of this nephew . . . and *my* father's toast was always "To Christopher Columbus," because, he said, but for *him*, there would have been no Thanksgiving Day! So they, far off in America, gave this toast and cabled it to us. It cheered us up immensely and it seemed to mean that our financial losses in this "Roosevelt Panic" would not be great.

We left Vienna in a violent snowstorm and drove in darkness to the station, but the sunrise on the Semmering repaid us for this effort, and the arrival at Venice* in the soft "September" air made us happy. Our room with the hot sun and bright open wood fire was so attractive that we remained for six days,† looking up all the lovely out-of-the-way churches for the sake of some particular fresco or picture. We had so much to see in Venice that we did not know *what* to do. When Clare was a wee little girl, she confided one day to her Grandfather Benedict: "Pa B—I

* I must not forget to tell you of a good joke upon myself. I had been in such a dazed condition with all that we had been crowding into the last weeks in Vienna that when I discovered that our train would reach Venice at midnight, I wrote to the hotel proprietor there, telling him that he must send a porter to the train to meet us, and I added that, as we should only have our small luggage, he need send but a *one horse cab!* Hours afterwards it dawned upon me that the only horses in Venice were the four bronze ones on top of St. Mark's! *From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.*

† Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton.

This book was a great disappointment. The one speech upon which Sir Henry Wotton's fame rests, as it is the only clever thing he said, convinces the reader that he stole it from some one else! Whose was the definition of an ambassador? This will never be answered, and joins the "Who composed Faust?" *Not Gounod!*

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

love strawberries so much, I don't know *what* to do!" He was much amused and answered her: "Well, Plum, I think I should just eat them."

In this case, Clare suggested our just taking the gondola every day and going to all these churches—mostly small ones, on small canals—which we did—such delightful excursions! Our study of these little-known artists is somewhat impeded by the use of their real names, nowadays, in books, rather than their nicknames—one must know both, and to one of 90 years old, it comes a little hard! Clare springs into it more easily. The weather kept so fine that we ventured to stop at Brescia and take the drive to Paitone to see the Moretto Madonna. The picture is a gem... At Milan we found... one sad piece of news—the death of Dr. Wendell Prime*... a great loss to us. For a person whom we had known so short a time, he had grown to be very near and dear...

It was cold at Milan (it always is), but we had good fires and took looks at all our favourite pictures. We spent one afternoon at Saronno and

* The other day we took a beautiful drive to Königsfeld, a quaint Moravian settlement, where an American friend of ours was buried. He was a very talented man, at the top of the ladder in more ways than one. He had a nervous breakdown after his wife and his two precious children died, and lived... far away from disturbing relatives and places too full of associations, and kept in the most quiet and beautiful of European resorts. We only knew him on this side, but he immediately grew into being much to us. He was enormously interested in Clare's stories, as for 20 years he had been one of Harper's most valued readers. We used so to regret he was not still in that position. When he died, he requested that his heart be sent to America, his wife's grave opened, and his heart be buried with her, and his body to rest at Königsfeld. So our drive there was to cover his grave with roses.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris (1912).

"PLUM."

[*To face p.* 280]

saw the Luini and Ferrari frescoes. . . I have never seen so beautiful a dome as that painted by Ferrari, of angels singing and playing musical instruments, every one different, and all alive. . . We obtained cards to visit the private collection of Count Bagatti Valsecchi at Milan, the owner of that noted St. Justina by Alvise Vivarini, about which Berenson writes so much. Italian etiquette requires the owner of the palace to meet his guests and conduct them himself through his gallery. This—*if one knows enough*—is far pleasanter than the English way of going hurriedly through a house with a butler or housekeeper. You can picture nothing more fascinating than his palace, and the taste with which all is arranged! The whole palace is lighted with electricity, though hidden in the most artistic manner, and, beside the steam heat, at least five big open wood fires were burning in his superb fireplaces. . . The Vivarini hangs in the Count's bedroom. I asked him whether he *could* sleep. "Why not?" he said with a shrug. "Because *I* should want all night just to see that she was *there*," I answered.

He was curious to discover how much Italian Clare knew. (They were talking French and *I* was squeezing in a "*très joli*," and "*magnifique*" now and then, working what I *did* know very hard). As Clare was much interested in the subject of the pictures, she stumbled on right bravely in Italian. At the very end of our visit, which lasted two hours, *we* discovered that the

Count knew just as much English as Clare did Italian, and his hiding this fact we thought quite American. Oh, how amused he was and how we all three laughed! When we wrote our names in his visitors' book and he saw *Cooperstown*, he said he knew Fenimore Cooper's novels and when we told him it was our family, he was delighted, and said he was coming to Cooperstown!

Last of all, as I said good-bye, I exclaimed: "You must be very, very happy." "Happy"? he repeated, "*happy?* Oh, Madame!" And if you could have seen the expression of his face!

Grand Hotel, Pallanza.

December 21, 1907.

Dear me, what a lake this Maggiore is! When we saw it first—years ago—we pronounced it to be the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes. We were then hurrying past like real tourists; but each time I see it, I find more and more beauties; its queer shape gives one such surprises, and each turn, every little bay, has some treasured view or snow-capped mountain all to itself! Two years ago we were at the upper end of the lake at Locarno, and now we are at the lower end... I hardly know which are the most exquisite, the pinks and reds of the sunrise hues over the snow-capped mountains, or the yellow and gold of the sunsets—the air is like champagne... We have attractive rooms once occupied by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) and in my parlour I

have a little stove for wood, and a fine lamp for reading. When you hear that I have brought seven volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as our "light" reading, you will see that I need a good light! . . . I feel a wee bit like looking out of our windows at night, to see if the magical islands are *still* out there in the lake.

* * * * *

We left Pallanza after New Year* and moved on to Genoa, travelling with a most singular young girl, who, at the last moment, was brought to our compartment either by her father or an ardent lover. He asked us if we would help "*Mademoiselle*" on her way to Rapallo, as she spoke no Italian. Their parting was a scene worthy of Zola. We journeyed as far as Genoa together and discovered that this young girl was going all alone to Rapallo to look up rooms for a prolonged stay. . . At Genoa, where we parted, she left the compartment—untroubled and undisturbed, without her hat and not understanding Italian—made her way through the surging crowds, down and up-stairs to a distant restaurant to obtain some "beer," with only a ten minutes' stop of the train. This increased our wonder. . . .

We do not like Genoa, but stopped over there to settle a dispute with a friend, who is always telling me that the Genoa palaces are filled with superb Van Dycks. I have always

* *Vide* p. 284.

* New Year's Day in New York City is the great holiday of the year. The old Dutch blood, roused from its every-day lethargy, tingles with recollections of ancient customs and venerated festivities, and the descendants of Knickerbocker, especially those who are happy in the possession of the genuine unadulterated Dutch names, send in their cards with the proud consciousness that the world holds no titles more unpronounceably aristocratic. Happy is the man who has "Van" before his name, an "en" or "cuy" in the middle of it, or a "heyden" or "hausen" after it, and if any uniniated stranger should hesitate before the conglomeration of vowels, let him boldly select the most improbable pronunciation, and ten to one it will be correct.

In old times the refreshments offered to callers were confined to New Year's cookies and Dutch gin, and although the tables have been enlarged and the variety of wines increased, the Knickerbockers bear the additions bravely, and unflinchingly strive to do their duty from Sputen—Duyvil Creek to "Kill van Kull."

The last days of the old year were celebrated by the numerous Sunday School festivals all over the city. Down among the business blocks, old St. Paul's stands in the midst of a venerable churchyard, as spacious as if situated in a country village, instead of the heart of a great city, where every foot of land is almost worth its weight in gold. Across the rear of the lot is a large brick building used as a Sunday and day school, and here, after appropriate services in the church, the happy children assembled round a glittering Christmas tree, hung from top to bottom with dolls in every variety of gorgeous raiment. It was amusing to see the critical examination given to each fold and trimming, and the comparisons instituted between Bridget Maloney's doll in pink, and Cristine Schwab's doll in blue; but the dolls stood the test bravely, as they are all carefully dressed by the ladies of the congregation. After the dolls were distributed, the boys and older scholars were presented with sleds, tool chests, books, etc., each article having been carefully examined and purchased by a lady who devotes her entire time to the schools, and year in, year out, is at her post, a voluntary labourer in the good work. Hundreds of children are educated in these schools, depending upon the Trinity Church Corporation, and old Anneke Jans, whose lands produce the income which supports them, could hardly have devised a nobler charity if she had deliberately planned it. A portrait of the ancient lady is on exhibition in a Broadway window, representing her clad in a starched coif and large ruff, which necessarily imparts a martyr-like expression to her meek countenance. Her blue eyes, prim mouth and thin cheeks are faded with age, but still there is a quiet obstinacy about her which accounts for the pertinacity with which the "Anneke Jans Claim" is periodically presented in the courts by her descendants, in spite of frequent and inevitable defeats.

Standing on Broadway and looking down dingy Vesey Street, one can scarcely realize that under those stone blocks and pavements the meadow lands spangled with buttercups, stretched down to the river with only a few trees to break the view of the Jersey hills beyond. Land was not valuable then. Some-one offered to present to the church six acres at the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, but the vestry refused to accept the gift, inasmuch as the field was not worth fencing in! Wandering among the old gravestones in the churchyard, we find many names associated with colonial times, with the revolution, and the early days of our republic. Here, in vaults sunk beneath the pavement, rest the "old merchants of New York," who, if they should come forth and gaze through the iron railings into Broadway, would be as much astonished as poor old Rip van Winkle when he came back

said that they are no longer there; it is from Genoa that those splendid, mysterious Van Dycks come. . . . we saw a superb one last year at Edinburgh. So we decided to devote one whole day to the Genoa palaces and we climbed up the marble staircases of all those that one is allowed to visit; we discovered, however, only one real Van Dyck, and a few others with a question mark, so no one need trouble to look for the Genoa Van Dycks.

We then moved on to Pisa. There is something of "repose" there, as Mrs. Browning says, that one finds nowhere else. It is deserted, but so many great ones have lived there, and we never, never tire of that grand group of buildings.

All went well until towards the end of our stay when we each had a slight attack of influenza. Clare came down with it first, and I, of course, could do all the things necessary to be done, but when *I* came down with the horrid thing, we were desperate. *Afterwards*, it was very funny! We would lie in bed and try to decide which one was better able to do the few things that must be done. I would struggle up, sponge my face, bring Clare water and her sponge, and

from the Catskills. And speaking of names, here is one of the most ancient on a memorial tablet in St. Paul's—"Rip Van Dam"! Did anyone ever hear of a more astonishing title? It is of no use to tell us that he was a staid, dignified burgher of pious and portly presence. His name is against it, and we will not believe it. No one, but a regular rip-and-tear sort of fellow—a very dare-devil, a roistering, rollicking chap, would ever have borne such a name as those three significant monosyllables, "Rip Van Dam!"

"New York in the Seventies," by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (*"Voices out of the Past."*)

then groan: "I can do no more!" Then Clare would rally, stagger about a bit, bring me my toothbrush, and then announce in a weak voice: "*I* can do no more!" Fortunately, we had a splendid waiter, who brought us the most tempting things to eat, nicely served; he knew just what to take away and what to leave, without my telling him. He saw us in every stage of undress, and yet never seemed to see anything; he was a treasure. We were only ill three days, but to us it seemed three months. We decided to go directly to Rome. We found the very same rooms free that we occupied two years ago—such a lovely pink parlour. I used to sit—in the evenings—in such a comfortable pink easy-chair, with a bright wood fire burning in our open grate. I hardly felt that my black gown, grey hair and wrinkles* fitted in to all this pink prettiness. Clare, in her Vienna costumes, fitted in a little better. Day after day the delicious Italian sunshine poured over us, day after day we kept out, postponing our reading, our mending, our letter-writing till "the rainy day" that never came! One day we spent the whole morning in the Borgia Apartments at the Vatican—the rooms are so beautiful and the picturesque Pope's Guard give an added touch to the scene, as they pace up and down—one in each room—while you look at the lovely frescoes. . . . In the

* I return with some added wrinkles, and as slim as ever, but the comfort to think that you won't mind, and will be glad to see me!
From an Earlier Letter to Samuel Livingston Mather.

afternoon we would walk in the Pincio, seeing the "Smart World" and hearing the band. We often saw the dear little princesses and the precious prince; they go about quite simply like other children, feed the swans, etc... We had also a splendid view of the guests arriving at the Quirinal for the baptism of the baby princess, the custom in Italy of all ladies wearing white at a royal baptism is very pretty, I think. Queen Marguerita and her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, were beautiful in white silk, diamonds and lovely white lace veils... From the Pincio we would go to Miss Babington's English Tea Room and get delicious tea and toasted muffins and then walk slowly home to our hotel, flooded by the most gorgeous sunset hues!

We divided our evenings into sections so as not to get too much of any one book. We kept on steadily with Gibbons's "Decline and Fall," and Hawthorne's "Italian Notebooks" and "The Art of the Vatican"; for our novel we had Crawford's latest Italian story—he is always good when not writing about America; I mean, one seems to have met and known his people...

We were in Rome at the time of the auction sale of the W. W. Story collections in his apartment at the Barberini Palace. We went to the private view the day before. It was sad to wander about those big rooms, where so many distinguished people have been entertained for so

many years, and to see strangers trooping in and out of the very bathrooms, whispering and laughing and fingering the precious stuffs and hangings. I felt as if the whole place were filled with protesting ghosts. . .

We were in Rome also on the anniversary of Keats's death, and went in the morning to the cemetery and covered his grave with yellow daisies. You will remember that almost his last words were: "I feel the daisies growing over me."* In the afternoon, we took a laurel wreath to the house where he died, which now belongs to the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. When we stopped in there a week later, we found that our wreath had been placed above the death mask of Keats, in the room where he died—it was the only wreath. You can form no idea of how much improved the house is with all the disfiguring signs removed. The whole house has been cleaned and done over, and bookcases have been placed in Keats's rooms with splendid books that have been given. After a little, it will be a delightful place for people to sit and read. We have been much interested in the project and it was at the benefit matinée last winter in New York that Mr. E. C. Stedman paid my sister that beautiful tribute. I shall always treasure

* You ask if Keats's grave is near that of Shelley. No, it is not, but no distance is far in that cemetery. Keats is not in that part, but it is also a lovely place, more wild, and very few graves—grass, trees, birds and violets—all very beautiful.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

the letter* he wrote me in answer to my note of

*New York City, *Feb.* 15*th*, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Benedict,

Your warm-hearted, beautiful letter reached me an hour ago, here in my "single quarters" and my solitary dinner, and it simply brought tears to my eyes, to the great bewilderment of my faithful housemaid.

How fortunate I was, since I was speaking of Constance, to have you there—a chance which of course I never dreamed of, nor should know of now, but for the good impulse which has brought me *your* letter. It is the only gratifying coincidence, I assure you, which I have been concerned in for years.

No; I never could speak to an audience of the Protestant Cemetery, nor think of it, without speaking and thinking of her resting-place. The letter which I quoted yesterday was from my cousin Tom's English wife, who, at my behest, placed the wreath there of which you speak. It always has been hard for me to spare or forget one with whom I have been in friendship and comprehension—and then, so rare a creature as C.F.W!... To-morrow I will have my assistant copy for you what I said of Constance—and will take it to you on Monday...

Very gratefully yours,

Edmund C. Stedman.

Many of you have visited that exquisite and haunting spot, the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. There are the graves of Keats and his artist friend, Severn, side by side, that of Shelley is not far away.

Of special interest to Americans are the nearby graves of our poet and sculptor, William W. Story, and of that gifted and noble American woman, Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose writings with those of a few others of her generation, it lifted our imaginative literature throughout a most adverse environment to a proud station of its own. A kinswoman of mine has sent me flowers from her grave, which she says is purple with the violets that flood everything. "They flow up like waves over each new wreckage."

Mr. E. C. Stedman's Remarks at the Keats-Shelley Memorial Matinée. February 14*th*, 1907.

appreciation; and we shall never forget the visit he paid us one Sunday afternoon... He told us that his "heart-beats" were numbered, and that he was near his end.

I wish I could describe to you the beauty of my sister's grave—the whole top one purple mass of sweet violets, and the runic cross lying flat on this lovely bed of violets! This cemetery is the only *joyous* cemetery I know of—there, the flowers *always* bloom, the birds *always* sing. Baedeker has added my sister's name to the list of distinguished dead, and hardly a day passes that some friend or admirer does not stand there. We often find flowers. When I think of our cold snowy cemeteries at home, I wish that all I loved rested just there—where Connie sleeps....

Hotel Brufani, Perugia.*

March 17th, 1908.

Oh, these lovely Umbrian hill-towns—each one shining on the top of its own pretty hill like a crown, and the rich valleys between them looking like green velvet. Just now the fruit trees are in full bloom. As I lift my

* Italy is full of automobiles; they have spoiled much of this beautiful country. The people who like them are so restless; they go so fast that they see nothing; and their dust and smell ruin the road and view for others. They turn up here (Perugia), "spin" over to Assisi, stay one hour, and say they saw everything. And really when you see *them*, goggles, veils, dust and luggage, tearing along so fast, seeing nothing, you feel that the insane asylum would be their best garage!

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

eyes I can see Assisi* gleaming white upon its hill, fifteen miles away. And then, to be in a fine hotel like this, started years ago by an Englishwoman who married an Italian. All their lives they added nice "touches."

We are reading the "Confessions of St. Augustine," "The Republic of Plato," and, best of all, the "Letters of the Younger Pliny"—most wonderfully modern and up-to-date in style they are.

Vienna,

Palm Sunday.

We hated to leave Italy and we hung on and on, stopping all along; our last stop being Innsbruck—the superb snow-capped mountains on each side, and Emperor Max's splendid tomb in the church! I have bought photographs of all the 28 figures.

Vienna is, and has been, full of everything fascinating and interesting.† Weingartner is a great improvement upon Mahler as Director. Mahler tired his singers, orchestra, and audiences with an over-elaboration of detail, and the well-known and loved climaxes he always lost. Now, all goes with far more ease and naturalness. D'Albert's "Tiefland" with two such actors as Schmedes

* All views of Assisi are so beautiful; we never decided which we liked best—to be in that primitive little inn at Assisi or looking up at it from the valley below, or that splendid sunset view from Perugia?
From a Letter to Miss Mather.

† *Vide* p. 292.

and Frau Schoder, is breathless from first to last note. We always go to "Eugen Onegin," and "Dalibor" (Smetana) is full of lovely music. Then we have had two Brahms concerts before and after the unveiling of the Brahms monument and there was a delightful entertainment given the other night in aid of the Castle of Dürnstein on the Danube, where Richard Coeur de Lion was imprisoned. First we had the boy and girl orchestra of the Conservatory—the budding talent of Vienna, so to speak—and the girls looked so pretty in their white muslins, playing the first violins; afterwards, we had a little play acted by the best artists of the Burgtheater.‡ . . . You saw a view of the Danube as seen from the open

† We are going to the opera to-night to hear "Iphigenia in Tauris," by Gluck. . . During the life-time of Maria Theresa, the opera was given here in Vienna for the first time in Gluck's presence, and they always give this opera on grand occasions. To-night is the namesday of the Empress of Austria; she will not be present, as she never goes to the opera. Her great pleasure is in horses. She has a riding ring attached to the palace. She is *very* handsome and very odd.

* * * * *

Sarasate has been here and the enthusiasm ran so high that it reminded me of tales of Paganini's times. I do not know much about violin playing, but I could see that this Sarasate *is* a wonder. Since reading the Rev. H. R. Haweis' charming book, "My Musical Life," I have endeavoured to know more.

* * * * *

Through some Austrian friends we had a treat of piano playing. A Herr Gollerich, (a pupil of Liszt, and the one who lived with him during the last years of his life) came to our parlour several afternoons and played magnificently anything we asked for.

* * * * *

The German Emperor came here for three days. There were gala performances at the Opera and Burgtheater. The two Emperors were almost within touch of us and we could hear their voices, and it was all very interesting and satisfactory, particularly as the German Emperor laughed at the foolish parts of "Manon," just as we always did! The audiences were brilliant, not full dress (except members of the Imperial family who had attended dinners) for in Vienna, full dress in public is not considered the thing—but exquisite toilets and jewels.

From Earlier Letters to Miss Mather.

‡ *Vide* p. 296.

loggia of the castle, where the action of the little play took place; one of the most charming actresses—Hohenfels—took the part of Blondel, sang Schumann's well-known song and discovered the poor King! Could anything have been more romantic!

One thing we longed to hear, but could not, and that was Beethoven's "Eroica" in the very same red salon of the Lobkowitz Palace where it was first heard under Beethoven! This historic palace has been occupied for years by the French Embassy and, as a last entertainment before moving, the French Ambassador had the clever idea of having Weingartner conduct the "Eroica" with thirty picked men from the Philharmonic Orchestra. Beethoven had just that number. We were at the Burgtheater that evening, and, as it was a warm, lovely night, we walked home *via* the Lobkowitz Palace, and stood opposite, heard a bit and had a good view of the famous red room. All the windows were open.

The whole city is astir, preparing for the great day—the Emperor's 60th year of reigning. The sound of the hammer is heard everywhere and stands are being erected all over the city. It reminds us very much of those weeks in London before King Edward's intended coronation... As the Kaiser himself is not to be seen on the day, only the procession, we shall slip away before—we detest crowds... Sixty thousand school children marched before the dear Kaiser yesterday—a

difficult undertaking, well-carried out. . . . The fashions are not to our fancy; the Empire and Princess styles make us look like dressed-up broom-sticks! And the hats all look to me as if they were designed and trimmed in an insane asylum.

Schlangenbad,

June 22nd, 1908.

Schlangenbad seems as attractive and pretty as we left it many years ago; and the baths are beyond describing. . . We soak and beautify in the delicious water for ten or fifteen minutes each day. I have gained three pounds—great excitement! The walks are charming . . . yesterday we took one to "The Wild Woman." We found her at last—such a strange formation of grey rock in the midst of the thick forest. Then just beyond was a sign "To the Wild Man." Of course that led us to walk another mile where we found a larger and still more curious rock. Another day we followed a lovely path named "A Glimpse of the Rhine" through the thickest woods. We walked on and on about a mile and a half, when suddenly we came upon a little clearing and far away was to be seen the shining Rhine—just a glimpse. We much enjoyed reading aloud Fanny Burney's "Diaries" and "Evelina."

* * * * *

When we left Schlangenbad we went to Frankfort. . . Bought hats and went to the circus at night! Rather a pleasant journey to Kissingen; met Lady Western on the train. Began by cold looks and short answers and ended by being very intimate. Lady Western spoke no German, and Clare spoke for her; that broke the ice. Lady Western had been told by Cook and Son to go by way of Wurzburg, and we said the shortest way was *via* Gemünden. We made bets as to which would reach Kissingen first. We were there at 6, and she at 6.30. . . . We remained over Sunday; took tea with Lady Western Sunday afternoon. On Monday we reached Bayreuth. We were delighted with our new rooms, fresh air from the hills, good food cooked by Frau Hetzel, and every day we could spend hours in the woods.

The "Lohengrin" was beautifully done, but Siegfried began appearing before the curtain, which made us nearly frantic. Frau Wagner was out of it all—too ill to have any part in the performances. Many friends were at Bayreuth, but we seldom went down into the town, we liked the hill so much better. The last "Parsifal" came on August 20th, and we left the next day for London. Owing to a mistake—my being taken for "Lady Benedict"—compartments and a cabin on the boat were reserved for "Lady Benedict"—this gave us great attention! We were in London until September 3rd. We saw Mr. James, who came up from Rye for our last

Sunday.* We sailed on "Kaiser Wilhelm II." a swift uneventful voyage. We reached New York early on September 9th.

And thus ended our 14th trip abroad.

* This is admirable news . . . and I shall come to you on Sunday next for luncheon if you will admit me to the same. You will have no end of things to tell me. . . steeped as you've been in passionate travel, while I've simply crouched and laboured over 23 volumes (a dire collective edition of my products, all re-written and with interminable prefaces)—a ghastly labour which has made me dumb and inhuman and sealed the fountains of my speech in every other direction. I wish (almost) I were passionately travelling with you myself these August days—to bring back to me those other preliminaries of four years ago, now so away in the *Ewigkeit!* If I could be not only taken again but saved and salved *while there,* I would go with you in an hour. Will you and Clare contract for it? *Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.*

‡ From the Jews to "Cardinal Richelieu" is apparently a tremendous step but under "Richelieu" is Edwin Booth who is said to have Hebrew blood in his veins; an assertion which his features go far to verify. Bulwer's play is now given in such superb style at Booth's Theatre that the critics, the general public and the school girls are in harmony, while the most fastidious malcontent is forced to admit that for perfection of scenery, costume and grouping the American stage has never seen its equal. Booth, as "Richelieu," is the central figure and so entirely does he identify himself with the part that he does not act—he lives it. The feeble old man, kept alive by his indomitable will, the power, the craft, and even the foibles of that mighty intellect are so vividly represented that one thrills with breathless interest, trembles at the danger hanging over that white head, as the moonlight reveals the armed assassins in the oratory, and triumphs at last in real emotion when the old cardinal, magnificent in scarlet robes, withers his opponents with his silent scorn. Mr. Booth is universally known to be a hero among the fair sex. These fair devotees do not like to see their idol in anything but "Hamlet," "Romeo" and "Claude Melnotte," for then, they say, "Edwin is his own lovely self!" But "Edwin" seems to have a decided partiality for disguising himself as an old man, and the young ladies are obliged to sigh and submit. The whole Booth family are peculiar, the father, Junius Brutus Booth, the great actor, being full of singular fancies, such as regarding all animal life as sacred and consequently bringing up his family on exclusively vegetable diet; never allowing his trees to be cut by an axe, and always baring his head in reverence when passing any place of worship no matter how small. The sons brought up on the Maryland farm, have inherited, in various degrees, the father's strange peculiarities and brilliant genius; the first culminated in the notorious John Wilkes Booth, the madman, and the second shines conspicuously in Edwin Booth, the ideal "Hamlet" of the world. *"New York in the Seventies," by Constance Fenimore Woolson.* (*"Voices Out of the Past."*)

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Told by C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, Miss EMMA BECK, Miss MAY HARRIS and WILLIAM GWINN MATHER, Esq.

WE sailed March 6th, 1909 on the "Princess Irene." As usual, in spite of all my good planning, we sat up until 2 a.m. the night before, writing good-bye notes and packing.

March 9th, "At Sea."

How I love that "at sea"—to sit all day and just look at water—no sails, no boats, nothing but this beautiful water, never two days alike. Nor is the sky ever the same—and to have *time* to look at the sky! In New York we never have time and the electric light makes the moon so faint. Off here, alone on the ocean, oh, how heavenly the moonlight has been! We did have such a comfortable start—bright sunshine, crowds of people waving us off; our cabin filled with letters, fruit, flowers, books and telegrams... Miss Ireland sent us some wonderful "scrapbooks"; we could not decide whether my

"horse" book,* or Clare's "script" book was the better. The Captain called upon us the first morning and promises to do all I ask, so I have begged for a long voyage of peace and quiet, "no breaking records," and "no fog." Our clever deck steward has marked *four* steamer chairs with our names, so *we* are all right, whichever side the wind comes. We have unpacked and settled down, and are leading the life we love at sea. I take a hot salt bath every night and Clare takes one every morning, and twice a day we walk eight times entirely around the promenade deck, and we eat and eat and eat, and sleep and sleep and sleep—nine hours each night!

March 16th.

So far I wrote, when our gallant little ship plunged into "head seas," which kept up all the way to Gibraltar (I often wonder *what* steamers get wind behind them to help them on? *We* never do!). However, we don't mind the pitching; but the majority of the passengers do—they have abused the boat, saying: "When we crossed on the 'so and so,' *that* boat was so steady, she never pitched." Then they say: "The food is so bad." Poor sea-sick creatures;

* I have a blank book which I call my "Patchwork Quilt Book." I have pages about birds, dogs, gardens, trees, favourite pictures, writers and music. It's really quite a curiosity. For instance, that interesting little notice you sent of that original "dinner" that was given to the horses, I have already sewn in. Had I been in New York, I should have sent them presents and gone myself to see them.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

they never learn that the trouble is with *them*. . . All boats roll and pitch in rolling and pitching weather, and when one is sea-sick, one has no appetite.

As usual, we gave our table neighbours false names—on my right "Aunt J, and H" (the young man lost some money on board the boat and confided the calamity to me). Then we had a gentleman and his wife who had been "around the world," and who drank strong China tea three times every day; next to them sat a woman from Baltimore who "took the cake" for talking. She never stopped. She had played Bridge "with the crowned heads of Europe," and every tale was full of "brag" and all delivered with a voice "as sounding brass." Her neighbour was a short stout lady from Stamford, who acted "fag" to the talker. It was very funny! . . . All day Friday we were passing the Azores. They have always fascinated me—those green velvet islands in mid-ocean. The fields look like ours in June and the little red windmills are so pretty. The Captain invited us up to the bridge, where we spent two delightful hours. Through his glass we could see people walking about—cows, dogs, etc., the clothes waving back and forth on the line, and lovely flowers. The people were looking at us; it must be a pleasure to these remote islanders to see the ocean steamers pass. Yesterday we had four hours at Gibraltar. After a week at sea, we always like to get a good walk on land,

and I confess I love the Redcoats and the gardens full of calla lilies. I have never in my life seen so many—it was like tulip season in Holland. We have been running all day towards Algiers, which place we are to reach to-morrow morning. I have arranged to have a good carriage and a guide to meet us, so as to have our drive alone and in peace. Algiers, or rather Biskra, has grown more and more distasteful to me because of "The Garden of Allah." Every single person on this boat has been talking of "Biskra, Biskra"—they all want to go because of the book—and when we see the people who are to get off there, we feel delighted that we are to go on to Naples.

Later.

The French have spoiled Algiers—cheap shops, modern French apartment houses—nothing "first-class"—all sham. . . . To see Arabs riding in trolley cars instead of upon camels, robs the place of all picturesqueness.

Rome,

March 21st.

We have such a pretty yellow parlour in which Clare keeps yellow flowers in yellow vases. . . The Vatican Picture Gallery, just opened by the Pope, is a delight, for the pictures are beautifully hung. We have reaped much benefit because of the 30,000 French pilgrims gathered in Rome for

the beatification of Joan of Arc. The Pope ordered all altarpieces to be uncovered, all doors to be opened during the week the pilgrims were here; it was delightful to wander about these lovely old cloisters and see all the pictures just when one pleased; and the pilgrims really added to it all; they were so devout and in earnest; the women in black with black lace veils over their heads. (And as we saw them, we suddenly realized how hideous our hats are in church—the American Church on Easter Sunday was painfully distracting because of the enormous, queer-looking hats!). I shall never forget the sight of the French Church with its hundreds of candles lighting up the picture of the slim Joan on the High Altar, and the hundreds of kneeling pilgrims singing their Joan of Arc chants. . . .

March 26th.

We went yesterday morning to the Borghese Gallery; the lovely "Lady with the Handkerchief" greeted us with *such* a welcoming look, and that wonderful "Circe" kept us half an hour before her! In the afternoon, we went to the Church of San Silvestro in Capite to hear Father Hugh Benson preach to the English Roman Catholics. . . Such mixed talents as those Benson brothers have! The sermon was a fine one; church crowded. This morning we drove to the Villa Farnesina to see again the Raphael frescoes. I remember so well, before

they were shown to the public, how Connie and I used to walk over to that quarter of Rome and gaze at the walls of the Villa, and wonder and wonder how those frescoes *would* look, and long and long to get in. Connie made me half feel that there was no use in being in Rome if one could not see them, so vividly did she put them before me! Now that I know more about them and their history, I am equally "wild" (and make everybody else "wild") to get *upstairs* in this Villa, for the whole second story is not shown...

Rome is lovely—warm sunshine, streets full of flowers. The street cries attract me, and I long to run out and buy anything for sale from a cabbage to a mule! All my poor welcomed me with joy; the crippled match-boy, the one-legged bootblack, and the soldier with *no* legs. These rejoiced greatly at our return. We have found such a good driver and gentle old slow horse "Agile," so we have taken many drives, and have visited the interesting churches... We have enchanting books selected just for Rome, and I read and read and read, and we talk and talk and talk about the things to see, and then the next day we go and look and look and look—such a satisfactory existence!

We were in Rome for the opening of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House. We were most fortunate in being invited, for only twenty ladies

could be asked, as the rooms are so very small. Shelley's grandson came from England for the occasion and Severn's son. The addresses were almost overpowering, particularly Mr. Severn's simple account of what his father had told him of Keats's last days in the very room where we were sitting... Afterwards, headed by the King, we all signed our names in the Visitors' Book. Think how—in the year 2009—people will say, in looking at the names: "But what were the *Benedicts* doing here?" The King sat within touch of us during the addresses, and Kipling *absolutely* within touch, for he bumped against me several times, so I can truthfully say I have had the honour to be "kicked by Kipling"!

As always before, we found Connie's grave in beautiful condition, the violets in full bloom, the cross as pure white as when we placed it there fourteen years ago. Oh, how long ago it is, and yet how like yesterday it seems! We often found bunches of flowers there...

Coming over on the steamer, we had vowed to each other two things—that we would *not* stop at all the well-known, well-loved places such as Perugia, Assisi, Bologna, Verona, Venice, etc.; but that we *would* visit some "unseen-as-yet" places like Vercelli, Varallo, Varese, Bergamo, etc.; we also vowed that, in order to live up to our maxim of being "broad-minded" we would, during this tour abroad, *try* a trip by automobile. I ought

not certainly to abuse them so violently until I should know more of them from personal experience. So we turned our backs firmly on all the lovely places near Naples and went on to Rome, and when we left Rome, we turned our reluctant backs upon all the other lovely places and went on to Milan, a long journey of twelve hours made delightful to us by the cleverness of an Italian Countess, who travelled with us. . . This lady had three handsome officers with her, and Clare and I took the two "left over" seats. Porters, guards, passengers, pressed in to find "all seats taken" and on they rushed to seek places elsewhere. I was just whispering to Clare: "Do you suppose these officers will smoke *all* the way?" when the guard opened the door, touched his cap, and up sprang the officers, two kissed the lady, and out they all jumped. I bowed to the lady, clapped my hands and smiled. This broke the ice, and she told us that she always plans to have her "gentlemen" (one was her husband, another a brother) come to see her off and to sit with her until the last moment. She lives in Milan, but has a villa on Lake Como. We had, therefore, a very pleasant day—we three alone!

Ever since seeing that wonderful dome of singing angels by Gaudenzio Ferrari at Saronno, we have been determined to get to Vercelli and Varallo to see the other works of this original painter, but as we talked the matter over with the Hotel Cavour porter,

a good old friend of ours, the same dreadful difficulties appeared as before—wretched hotels, poor trains and the churches all closed at the hour we should be there. The porter suggested an automobile, and here, at the very beginning of our trip, we were faced by the "sometime" "somewhere" trial of "the horrid motor." We took a night to "sleep" on it; of course we did not *sleep*, but we *did* decide to make the trial then and there. Such careful planning as was done by the proprietor and the porter; cars were brought for us to inspect, men were sent for us to look at; at last a handsome (?) new machine was selected, and early the next morning, *loaded* down with instructions as to what he was and was not to do, our driver started, and off we went like the wind. And it was all far, far worse than ever I dreamed of. No one had ever told me of the feeling of shame that ought to (and in our case did), overwhelm any one who dashes along a public highway and scatters over the poor such dismay, discomfort, danger and dust! It was terrible to see mothers clutch their babies, children hold on to their pets, chickens fly over hedges and fences, the deaf being warned, girls cover their heads with the skirts of their dresses to escape our dust, and tired labourers jump hurriedly from their carts at the sound of our never-ceasing "toot," "toot," "toot" and run to the heads of their frightened horses.

Over and over again I stopped our driver, urging him to go slowly through the little towns. But he said he *was* "going slowly," and grew so sullen that we both felt that we must not distract or anger him, as he needed all his thoughts, nerves, eyes, his *everything*—on the narrow curving road ahead of him—to save us from instant death. But we both suffered. . . I have learned so much from this three days' trip—that it injures the machine to go slowly, and also that it wastes the benzine, therefore all these chauffeurs are ordered to go just as fast as they can and dare. My man was not so much to blame, they told me, as his master. The expense, of course, was enormous. How can people of moderate incomes have motors? And they all do! I no longer wonder over the immense increase of the socialists. I should think that the poor would long for revenge. I have always objected that the people who rode in motors were always laughing, but there were two people, Benedict by name, *who never smiled*—I felt like begging pardon all the way. . .

Our trip has settled another point—motorists get wild excitement and plenty of air, but they do not, they cannot, see the scenery. No two are more far-sighted than we are, no two are quicker in seeing things, therefore when I tell you that in a motor you miss the beauties of the scenery, believe me, you do. Fortunately, the frescoes and paintings

rewarded us, and seated in those old, deserted churches, we gave ourselves up to the magic of Ferrari's brush. At Vercelli there is an Assumption of the Virgin—the most beautiful that I have ever seen; the expression of her face is so heavenly as to uplift one who was in the deepest Slough of Despond; you can fancy that you see the flutter of her white robe studded with stars, that you *hear* the rustle of it! At Varallo, in the pilgrimage chapels of the Sacro Monte, at the top of a lovely green hill, Gaudenzio did also some life-sized figures, as well as painted figures on the curved walls of the chapels behind, representing the scenes of the Passion. Damaged as these figures are and restored, yet I cannot express to you how wonderful they still are. Ferrari had evidently taken his types from the people around him, and they are vividly life-like, splendidly grouped and painfully real... Orta and Varese were both charming, but not for such walkers as we are, so we kept on to Como, where we joyfully dismissed our machine and man (to his joy also; he did not like ladies who wanted to go slowly). Dear me, how glad we were! Expensive as the experience was, it has been well worth it to learn, once and for all, that the automobile is not for us.

From Como we took a motor boat. Now *this* was delightful; we made no noise, we left no smell or dust, we did not go fast, we did not frighten the fishes! We enjoyed this trip im-

mensely, and we visited every resort on this lovely lake, so as to be sure of selecting the most lovely one for our month's stay. The Villa d'Este tempted us very much, but the crowds of people coming and going, tea drinking and talking, and music twice a day, decided us that it wouldn't do. Bellagio is still lovely, but the turning of that beautiful Villa Serbolini into a dépendance of the hotel . . . spoils it both for guests and sightseers, just as I think that Cadenabbia is spoiled by the constant tramping back and forth of the people who visit the Villa Carlotta. We spent a delightful hour at Pliny's Villa, wondering, just as he did, over that mysterious rise and fall of the water every three hours. The only place left to us now was Menaggio towards which we turned our little motor boat with sinking hearts. But Menaggio was charming, the hotel perfectly situated, quite remote from steamboat stations and trains, so we decided at once that Menaggio would be our stopping place for May. Then we went on to Bergamo, where we secured the rooms occupied by the Empress Frederick and her dear husband, when they went there to see Morelli. But Bergamo and Lotto's fine pictures did not impress us as did Brescia and the Morettos.

Our month at Menaggio flew by—every time we lifted our eyes, we exclaimed over the heavenly views. We made friends with some nice Irish ladies. . .

*Ascension Day.**

Just now we are mourning the death of George Meredith. We are so devoted to his books that as long as he was alive, we half hoped for more. He is the only writer who lifts me entirely out of myself. Often, when I am depressed, I say to Clare: "Get me 'The Egoist' and let's have a few chapters," and before I have read a page, I begin to think: "Things are not so bad after all!" It was so strange—we were talking of him, and I said to Clare: "I am going to write to him," and I did. He must have received this letter of mine a few days before he was taken ill, but did he open it—did he read it?†

When we left Menaggio, we went *via* Lugano and Lucerne to Basle, where we were very comfortable in the historic old "Three Kings." We took a long look at the Holbeins, and heard a fine organ concert in the Minster. The next day we went on to Wiesbaden, where we had the good fortune to hear a Wagner concert conducted by Felix Mottl. We sent him a laurel wreath and a

* Vienna.

"Christ's Heaven Journey."

Do not be startled by the above! I thought you might be interested in the literal translation of their—the German—Ascension Day. Oh, such earnest worshippers as these people are! They have talked of the day and of its coming, of its importance—and in a kind of *home-like* and still reverent way that brings the Ascension right home to one—as if it had been last year.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

† Note added by C.W.B. in 1917.

Mr. Meredith *did* receive Mrs. Benedict's letter and told the nurse he should answer it.

note. The next afternoon we arrived at Schwalbach. . . Schwalbach has been changed by the building of a golf club, and by having people "rest" all the time; dressed-up ladies play Bridge and try to make the little valley a fashionable bathplace. We seemed to be the only ones who wore simple clothes and walked! . . .

At last, on July 15th, we really got off for our three new countries, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. . . . From Hamburg, we turned out of our way to spend a day and night each at Lübeck and at Kiel. Lübeck is full of beautiful old buildings, churches and an interesting hospital; at Kiel, in the Belle Vue Hotel overlooking the harbour, we had a good time watching the yachts and the splendid war-ships. We crossed by boat from Kiel to Korsor—a five hours' trip. . . and with our usual "good weather" luck, we struck the only fine day they had had in two months! At Korsor we took the train to Copenhagen, travelling with the "only gentleman" (as we said) who had been on our boat. As we travelled, we studied Danish phrases from our text book and had great amusement. Arriving at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Copenhagen, we found it crowded with a large company of French artists, their wives, "loves" and sisters. . . Late in the day, we secured rather a pleasant front room; but life in a Danish hotel means a free fight to get into the dining room, always a different table,

always a different waiter. . . We spent a week in Copenhagen, seeing all the magnificent collections and visiting also Roskilde, Frederiksborg, and Fredensborg, spending the night at Marienlyst, a pretty sea-bathing resort near Kronborg.* To see Kronborg itself, after having seen stage representations of it for a whole lifetime, was so exciting, and to find the Hamlet country so beautiful! As the day was pleasant, we walked to Kronborg in the late afternoon, and learned to our astonishment that we could see the castle at that hour, which was an ideal time. We were taken everywhere, saw the superb view and the "platform" where the "Ghost" walked. The next morning we visited Hamlet's grave. We left Elsinore regretfully for Göteborg; that evening, we discovered a pretty Park where we listened to a good band and watched the people. The following day we took the train for Christiania. In the next compartment to us was an Englishman whom we named "Jack Y." *En route*, we ate, *à la Suède* in the excellent Swedish railway restaurant, where, for a fixed price, one helps one's self to anything and everything on the well-spread tables; doors locked, pay on exit. We found afterwards that "Jack Y." had not done this, and he was starved! This made us friends. . . He also overheard us talking "*Siegfried*," and when we got

* We have secured a room at a pretty resort near Kronborg for two nights, and *perhaps* Hamlet's father's ghost will appear to us!

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

out of the train at Christiania, and I refused to let him carry my little medicine bag, he said: "Oh, I know what is in that basket—it is a *pet*—I heard you talking to it!"

Christiania,

July 31*st*, 1909.

We feel quite like Nansen, or my dear lost Andrée! We are starting off for a whole month's trip to see the greater part of Norway's grandest scenery. The more we looked into the matter, the more convinced we became that the only way to see what we cared the most about was to let Thomas Bennett arrange it for us... It *sounds* enchanting, and it *looks*—even on the ordinary maps—most beautiful. But we have yet to see how it goes. We do it all—except two short railway journeys—by driving, by walking and by day boat trips. The weather is fine and we start in good health, loaded down with books of coloured tickets for meals, beds, carriages and boats!

Loen, Nordfjord,

August 13*th*.

14 of our 35 days have gone! Such a romantic fortnight as we have had!... day after day of delight!... We went as far as Hamar by train... saw the charming ruined cathedral (12th century), read our Norway books in the lovely late twilight... At Otta the railway ends—we took a walk

to the spot where the poor Scotchman, Sinclair, was killed by the peasants. . . A comfortable carriage, two good horses and one of the best drivers on the road met us, and our first day's drive was enchanting, the scenery splendid. . . Each day's drive seemed lovelier than the one before. After our two wild mountain "stations," the Park Hotel at Naes was quite like a palace. An English lady in the house was talking "like mad" to two tired-looking Englishmen whom we met afterwards at Odda, and with whom we had many pleasant chats. . . The next morning we went by steamer to Molde . . . but taking a violent dislike to the place, off we fled to Soholt, which we liked very much. From there we went by boat to Marok. We saw the Geiranger Fjord splendidly, and the Waterfall of the Seven Sisters The next day we drove up to Grotlid, stopping for luncheon at a "station" with an unwritable, unpronounceable name. Grotlid, at the top of the pass, was very cold, no fires except one in the parlour. We saw some queer Lapps in their tents near by. Although very cold, we did not feel any alarm, and started off the next day on our drive, but were soon overtaken by a snow and hailstorm, and thick, cold fog. Our driver became anxious; it was a perfectly deserted road and had anything happened, we should have had no place to seek refuge in. We stopped at one shelter—a forlorn hut with water pouring through the roof, where we drank a cup of "station"

coffee, and then hurried on towards the place where we had planned to eat luncheon. But the storm was so bad that our driver urged our keeping straight on down to Hjelle, which, fortunately, we did, for the storm increased in fury, and had we not pressed on, we should have been weatherbound in the mountains for days.

At Hjelle we secured a room with a stove in it, where we dried our clothes and rested. A frantic English lady, whom we found there, demanded that our driver should take her, then and there, back over the stormy pass. But I declared that my tired horses should not go one step further that day. This obliged the very obstinate Englishwoman to remain at Hjelle another night. She insisted, however, upon starting the next morning—(she, her mother and child huddled together on one seat) in the teeth of the storm. We learned that they were caught at the inn on top of the pass, and held there in the cold and snow, just as we and the driver had assured them they would be. The next day we took a little boat across the lake, meeting a very agreeable Englishman who had nearly lost his life on that same pass, as he was on foot. Every week we stop for two days to rest. Last night we reached this lovely spot, and to-day comes down a pouring, drenching rain. We have tucked ourselves comfortably into our enclosed verandah and are writing letters. We hear groans of dis-

appointment, right and left, from the poor tourists who *must* keep on and who will see nothing of the superb scenery. We have fine books on Norway: histories, Norse Sagas, Andersen's* Tales, "Eric Bright-Eyes," and "Katherine Frensham" for our novels.

* * * * *

From Loen we made the wonderful excursion to the lake and glacier. Sunday afternoon we took the boat to Gloppen on the Nordfjord—a fine trip. We reached Balholm the following day about tea time, and took a lovely walk afterwards . . . the next afternoon we went to Gudwangen by boat. . . . In talking over our plans with the porter, an Englishman who owns the fishing there overheard us, and advised us not to stop at crowded Stalheim, but to drive on to Framnaes, which we did and had a most congenial talk with the Englishman and his wife in the late twilight. At Voss we came back to a railway! It seemed very strange to see one again. We did not like Bergen. . . In fact all the places where the tourist steamers stop are spoiled, and it is only in the heart of Norway that one finds the splendid scenery and unspoiled people. We bought a few rugs, furs, and a Norwegian costume for Clare, then took a boat very early in the morning and had a delightful day on the Hardanger Fjord.

* Hans Christian Andersen. The Story of My Life.
A very interesting book, so we thought at first. Too much "I."
From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes (1920).

Hotel Odda, Odda, Hardanger,

August 23rd, 1909.

Only ten days more of our splendid Norway trip remain to us. Alas! Alas! our pink dinner tickets, our yellow bed tickets, our blue breakfast tickets, our green supper tickets, and all our pretty boat and carriage tickets are disappearing rapidly from Thomas Bennett's precious coupon books. Such appetites as we have had in this crisp October air! We were told by every one not to venture into Norway unless on a tourist boat, for we should get nothing fit to eat. We did venture and we have had good cream, eggs, reindeer meat, fruit, tea, coffee and, of course, fish, everywhere. We have stopped at funny little inns, called "stations," for hot dinners; at other "stations" for afternoon coffee, and at still other places for the night—and always we have had their best. To *see* the scenery, you must do as we have done. We have been amused to overhear the breathless steamer tourists (who drive a few miles towards the magnificent mountain passes and back to their boat) say: "Oh, we have seen everything," when really they never even saw the beginning of the splendid passes. There is such a wealth of scenery in Norway... What is called "tame" here, would, anywhere else, be "double-starred." The driving is delightful; we get out and walk up these beautiful zigzags. The roads are... admirably built and kept up. We feel

thankful, as we did in Egypt and the Holy Land,*

*Jerusalem, *March 4th.*

I do not yet quite believe that *I am here.* But, oh, it is so beyond words or descriptions! . . . Every spot brings to mind some Bible story; every mountain recalls some scene in our Saviour's life. I feel about it very much as Warburton does, whether we can believe all the traditions as to locations of particular events or not, "yet I would not have one light feeling or expression intermingled with these solemn subjects, and the pilgrim who can scoff within the walls of Jerusalem does his heart little justice."

Our first view of Jerusalem, as our carriage and horses slowly toiled along the road from Jaffa, was *so* impressive! It was nearly dark—a late twilight, brightly illuminated by an almost full moon—not a tree or green spot as far as the eye could see—rocky wastes, colourless rocks—all desolate. The battlemented walls, along and over which tower minarets, domes of mosques and terraced roofs, could be seen, and at the left, over the city, the Mount of Olives; beyond, the Hills of Moab. Seeing it all so clearly outlined—the faint lights gleaming from the many convents and monasteries, and the many monks and pilgrims added greatly to the scene, and I shall never forget our first view of the Holy City. Our carriage was stopped at the Hebron Gate, and we walked through the gate and along a queer old lane to our hotel. The bright sunshine of the next day did not alter in the least the solemn impression of our twilight arrival. I grew more and more interested, as from eight in the morning until one, we followed our dragoman all about Jerusalem, first to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of Omar, the Hill of Zion, David's Tomb, the Pool of Bethsaida, and then, all along the steep, winding street—the "Via Dolorosa," where Christ bore the Cross in His ascent to Calvary—each spot where the Saviour fell under the burden of the Cross being marked. Of course the *spots* are not the same, but it is the Holy City after all, and the very earth seems sacred.

Two thousand Russian pilgrims had just reached Jerusalem, and I shall never forget their earnest devotion or the intensely religious expression of their faces, as they approached the Holy Sepulchre. They looked weary and worn, had *walked* most of the way, and the marks of all the toil and privation they had encountered to reach the holy spot were

plainly to be seen. It put me to the blush—their entire and utter devotion as, "taking their shoes from off their feet," they prostrated themselves before the entrance of the tomb. Many of them were old men and women, and the tears ran down their wrinkled faces. . . We met these same pilgrims afterwards, *walking to Jericho*, carrying their blankets, provisions, etc. on their backs, and yet, tired as they looked, their faces still wore (to me) a beautiful expression. They were poor, ignorant people, but I felt about them as I did in Egypt*, about those old Egyptians, who all their lives (because of their religion) from the cradle to the grave, worked over their tombs. The *earnestness* of these people, both of the far past and of the present made me read myself many lessons, I can assure you!

Our stay in the Holy Land was to be so short, that . . . we were up every morning at five o'clock, and several mornings at four! I was so excited and interested that I would gladly have remained up all night.

Our dragoman arranged for us to take the Jericho, Jordan, Bethlehem "loop" trip, as it is called, three days on horseback, and you will hardly credit the fact that I induced Connie to try part of it. I had commenced with her very diplomatically on the Nile, by persuading her to try donkeys for the excursions. She would look into the eyes of the donkeys until she found one with "a good expression," then with strict instructions to the donkey boy "*never* to leave the head of the donkey," and with another boy at her side, she really liked it. But the horses on the Jericho trip she did not like. She was watching her horse's ears all the time and could not really look at the strange, drear, desolate views. I wish you could have seen our start! Our dragoman, going first, mounted on a fine horse, carrying saddle bags with all our baggage; then came Connie on a *cow* of a white horse, a man at the horse's head, and another by her side; then Clare on a large white horse, and I following on a bay, then our two mules loaded with provisions, blankets, etc. As

* When in Egypt I fell under the spell of those uplifting 5 calls to prayer. The splendid indifference of those Mohammedans to all onlookers! The pilot of our little Nile boat (with a dignified scorn of the wretched taste displayed by some Canadians and Americans who laughed), after washing his face, neck, feet and arms carefully, spread his "prayer carpet" towards Mecca and kneeling down, prayed their solemn prayers! It made the most profound impression upon my sister and myself.

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber.

we slowly paced through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, all seemed (except our costumes) like part of a biblical picture. At the Mount of Olives, a Turkish guide and guard met us—the Government insists upon this—and during our three days' trip, this armed man walked before us. How I *wish* I could describe to you all we saw on this wonderfully interesting trip as well as I have described *ourselves*. No scenery that I have ever seen is like this Holy Land scenery—I doubt if any one would wish it to be . . . All the desolate Bible sentences rushed into one's mind. "And there shall not remain one stone standing upon another," and "their land shall be unto them desolate." Mile after mile, hour after hour, the same scene of desolation was before, behind and about us. We were in our saddles for six hours, riding across this beautiful but desolate country, stopping only once, for about twenty minutes at the Inn of the Good Samaritan for a cup of coffee. We did not reach Jericho until late twilight, and I can never tell you how impressive the shepherds' camps were—the herds, the firelights and the shepherds "all seated on the ground"—the bright stars above them, reminding me so vividly of "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." I had no idea that the "to-day" of this country was so like the past.

When we reached the inn at Jericho, there was only *one* room free where the proprietor had planned that we should sleep. We did not let Connie know but gave her this room alone, and prepared to *sit up*. But when the Pasha of Jerusalem, who was there with his suite, heard about us, he offered us the use of his private dining-room, if we would wait until he had finished dinner. So we sat in the moonlight until long past nine and then crawled to bed in our "made-up" room . . . from our window we could just see the Dead Sea gleaming in the moonlight! We slept as much as was possible from excitement, and at four, our dragoman knocked at the door and before five we were in our saddles again *en route* for the Dead Sea. For two hours we were "almost there," as it seemed to us, the distance was so deceptive. And again the landscape was so desolate—nothing to be seen but sand and rocks, and only one building—a handsome Greek convent. At last, after having been (as it seemed to us), within touching distance of the Dead Sea, we really reached it, and no more beautiful body of water have I ever seen! It is the most vivid, *intense* blue, and as clear as the water of Lake Superior used to be—you could see the stones

on the bottom. This singular sheet of water, with no life of any kind about, in, or above it—no fish can live in it, no living thing can drink of it—is yet so clear and beautiful. I tasted the water, and its bitter, salt taste remained in my mouth for an hour. We again mounted and rode for another two hours before we reached the Jordan. Here we lunched under the trees and looked at the swift-flowing but dirty river. Our way back took us through the valley of the Jordan to the "Hill of Temptation," and several other points of interest. Then we returned to Jericho to sleep, and were in our saddles before five o'clock the next morning on our return trip to Jerusalem, which took us to Bethany, the Mount of Olives, Garden of Gethsemane, etc. The view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives I shall never forget or the perfume of the millions of blue violets in the Garden of Gethsemane. A monk in charge gave us *six* violets, saying, "We shall have so many thousands of poor pilgrims here at Easter time, and each one must have some flowers from this garden, so I can give you no more." I enclose one of these precious violets, a piece of olive wood from the Mount of Olives, a red poppy from Jericho, and a daisy from Bethlehem.

Bethlehem was deeply interesting and yet I feel that I am writing in such a commonplace way . . . I think I have felt it all too deeply to allow of much letter writing . . . We have already made plans to come again and stay a long time and go *everywhere*, for we, who can sleep anywhere and eat anywhere, enjoyed every mile of the trip, so much so, that we were divided in our minds over whether we wished we could or could not be taken on board the steamer at Jaffa. This port, since Bible days, has ever been a difficult one, and often the sea is so rough that transporting passengers from little boats to the big steamer is impossible, therefore, as we watched the walls and towers of Jerusalem slowly fade behind us, we were secretly half hoping that it would be too stormy to board our boat at Jaffa, and that we could return to Jerusalem and have another week there! But although the waters ran high at Jaffa, we were told that we could be taken to the steamer. And we were literally "taken." Two strong men took us, each in turn, in their arms, and waded to the small boat, where we were safely placed, and then ten strong fellows pulled us out to the steamer; and here the scene was terrible! Two men stood waiting at the foot of the ship's ladder, and two of our boatmen held us (each in turn) in the bobbing, bouncing little boat, as we were dashed up and

to see all these wonders before the trolleys, automobiles, and railways come . . . and come they will soon. Of course there are rough spots, but in Norway one feels so radiantly well and happy that little things don't bother one as they would elsewhere and it has been quite enchanting even on some of the bad weather days that fall to the lot of all who travel.

This hotel is in a perfect situation with a lovely Alpine lake on one side and the Hardanger Fjord on the other—high up on a rocky wooded hill between the two. Strange to say, we found one of Uncle Fenimore Cooper's novels in the little hotel library! We have spent a delightful week here—running across our Scotch and English fellow travellers again. . .

* * * * *

down on the high waves. The men would call to each other in some unknown tongue, and seem to understand, for down we would be hurled again in the frothy sea, and then bound up on another high wave. After several such approaches, suddenly, without warning, I was grabbed by the two men who were at the foot of the ladder and for a second I was hanging in their arms over the sea, and then swiftly carried up the rope ladder and placed safely on deck without knowing how I got there! . . . We had two days of "beam seas" (if you know what that means), and the ship rolled as I have never known a ship to roll before. . . I feel that I have told in a very lame way what has filled me with such enthusiasm. I have been in a waking dream—I don't know how else to describe the feeling. A part of my being has remained in the 19th century, while another part of it has seemed, in some unaccountable way, to be walking about in the Bible days. . .

From an Earlier Letter to Samuel Livingston Mather.

When we left Odda, we drove along the side of the pretty lake and had views of the glaciers and of "The Waterfall." Our last Norwegian drive was to Sand in the late twilight. We spent part of it in composing a limerick:

"There were once two real Vikings at heart,
Who from Norway could not bear to part.
How their footsteps did *lag*, at each final zig-*zag*,
Those unhappy real Vikings at heart!"

The names of our horses for this trip were "Quick" and Quicker." We gave "Quick" more sugar to console him for not being "Quicker." In some ways this last drive seemed more wonderful than any—perhaps because it was the last. Then came our very last boat trip in Norway through the fjords to Stavanger. Just at the end, a sudden and terrible "blow" came up, and our wee boat just brought us in in safety. We had fallen in again with the two pleasant Englishmen, whom we had been meeting here, there and everywhere. They were our kind of travellers and did not hurry on, so we often met. In talking at Odda they discovered that we were booked on a Norwegian steamer to sail from Stavanger to Newcastle, and they expressed such doubts of the Norwegian line and so praised the Wilson line to Hull, that they unsettled me mentally, and I telegraphed the faithful Bennett to see if he could secure for us a cabin on the Wilson boat. Just before we left

Odda, we had a message from Bennett. "Cabin secured Wilson line." But when we reached Stavanger, we could hardly walk to our hotel, it blew such a gale, and when I saw the hotel, I suddenly decided—in the Woolson flashlight fashion—"I am going to-morrow morning at 7 on my Norwegian boat, so as to have the daylight landing at Newcastle and the shorter passage." So off we started in this violent "blow" to the long-suffering Bennett, and he began frantically telephoning to ask whether the cancelled cabins on the Norwegian boat could still be had. Back and forth went and came telephonic and telegraphic messages until 9 p.m., when this was received: "Benedict Venus in order"—which meant that we should at least have a place on our Norwegian boat named "Venus." At 7 we were on the boat, which started off in the teeth of the storm. Our two chairs were tied and we tied in them; and of all the 80 passengers only two besides ourselves were up. The nice Bennett had secured for us the Captain's room, as all the other cabins were sold, so we really had a fine time, for the North Sea is a splendid sight in its rage, and "rising from the sea" is as *nothing* to what that "Venus" did! She rose and sank, pitched and rolled, pounded and groaned, stood on tip-toe and on her head! The Captain, Clare and myself had the funniest kind of meals—just the three places set; and we ate what we could get to our mouths, holding on to each plate with both hands, and

eating almost like animals. No food would stay on the plates—the boat pitched so. The Captain was very proud of us. The crossing takes 30 hours only, but the poor, pale, weak passengers, as they crawled up from below at Newcastle, declared it to have been 30 centuries!

York.*

We do not like Newcastle, so we went on to York, which we *do* like, and we made up for our few services during our Norwegian summer by having five in the Minster in two days! The singing was really heavenly, and the sun poured through those beautiful windows, over the tombs of the good old bishops who kneel and rest there in marble, the faint flush seeming to make them alive again. . . York is less spoiled than many of the cathedral towns. You can still walk around the fascinating old walls. We have, of

* We have had two great problems on this trip of ours through the cathedral towns; one, how every day could be a Sunday so that we might enjoy the full services in every cathedral, and the other, which cathedral to admire the most? We have seen sixteen, and I think of all we have seen, Durham, for position, certainly holds the rank, although Lincoln comes *pretty* near; yet Ely stands out and above all someway, I can hardly explain *why;* but they each have peculiar beauties. Peterborough is charming, Ripon, so graceful, York so grand, Wells, so unique, Gloucester so lovely, Worcester, so full of interest, and Chester so fine.

* * * * *

Each one of the English cathedrals has some particular bit that makes it more beautiful than any other! This holds good for all, and the last seen, you think the most beautiful. In this lies their greatest fascination, I think.

From Earlier Letters to Miss Mather.

course, bought and eaten Yorkshire "Parkin." The Dean's name is Barry-*Cust*, and the sermon was preached by a clergyman named "Bott"; I bought some sewing silk at a shop kept by Mr. "Pick"; these English names are so funny!

* * * * *

After a few days in London*, we went down to Dover where all our trunks and the Bergen box had been sent. We took the first days to unpack everything—but Thursday morning came a letter from H— saying that his mother was dangerously ill in Paris. We made rapid preparations, sent telegrams to Paris to people who could help H— . . . and started for Paris at 11 o'clock Saturday, to find that my friend had died that morning at 5.

* Sunday we went to Stoke Poges. . . It is just *the* church and churchyard one would wish to see in memory of the Elegy; so old, ivy-covered and solemn. After the service, we wandered about the churchyard, saw Grey's tomb, and his loving inscription to his mother, and then we had a typical English luncheon in a typical English inn. A cold joint, a few boiled potatoes in the bottom of a very large covered dish, a few lonely-looking string beans in the bottom of another large covered dish, then the "gooseberry tart," high crust and large empty void, and away down in the bottom of the dish some stewed gooseberries. Then cheese, and the solid queen's loaf! Fortunately, we had some beer to cheer us, and that, and the beautiful Crown Inn made up for the luncheon. The inn—one of the very prettiest in England, is a favourite place for artists—we saw one, so enthusiastic about his art that he was seated in the centre of a running brook, his feet in rubber boots and a heavy ulster coat about him, easel before him, painting a little queer bit of a foot bridge! I did not laugh at him, however, for would I not do as much for the art I love best—music? *Indeed I would.* The front platform of a Broadway street car was often like a running brook last winter, and yet I did not mind!

In the afternoon we wandered about the beautiful Burnham Beeches . . and then, just as the "curfew tolled" (bringing the Elegy really very near to us) we took our train back to London.

From an Earlier Letter.

Norway did me worlds of good—not that I was ill, but Norway made me feel like a girl and everybody who saw me in London did nothing but exclaim over how well I looked—and that stock of strength and health was (I now feel) all to enable me to bear the shock and heart-breaking ordeal before me in the death of my friend.* It was a great strain, but I feel thankful that I was physically well and could do it all. But when we went back to Dover, I felt

* Only two things comforted me, one being that mortuary chapel belonging to the American Church, where, covered with flowers, my poor friend's body rested in sacred peace until the . . . necessary arrangements could be made for . . . transportation to America. And the other comfort was that I could do all the harrowing things for that poor son, and for her—no one else could have done what I did—that is, she would not have wished any one else to do it. Almost her last words were: "I wish your Aunt Clara were here." I had been introduced to this friend at Farmington by Miss Porter when I was only 15, and she was my room-mate and life-long friend.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

You would never know, unless I told you, what "thrills" the sight of your envelope gave me . . . that stamped envelope of the Mansion House Cottages, Fisher's Island. I sat, holding the envelope, and floating off into such beautiful memories as I have not had in a long, long time. Your envelope gave me back my *young youth!* I felt as though I was 15 again, for when that age, I went to Miss Sarah Porter's School at Farmington, Ct. and my room-mate was a girl older than myself; she was rich, she was a great beauty; she had an exquisite voice. Her father and mother had both died, and my friend lived with a rich aunt at New London, Ct. This fascinating "Julia" became my best friend. But she left school after that one year and I kept on for three years more. She fell in love—the very year after she left school—and married a banker living in New London, but strange to say, we kept up our constant correspondence—not at all surprising on my side, but astonishing in my pretty young friend. She had no children, and was adored by her husband, who was thirty years old. I laugh to think how terribly old I thought him when Julia married him! As soon as I came out, I was invited to spend a whole summer in gay New London with my friend and what a summer it was; my first taste of society—and oh! such gay, brilliant society! A fort full of fascinating officers; the band, which played for us to dance at the fort, and splendid serenades under our windows on other nights. Then the training school ship was anchored in the harbour all summer, five officers in charge of the 200 "middies." Another full band and dances aboard the ship—on deck. Then the New London gentlemen took us three

depressed and "down" . . . and knowing that a trip always did me good, Clare planned one for me. First, we went to Hastings, reaching that place quite by accident on the anniversary of the battle! As "1066, Battle of Hastings" was the *only* date I ever *could* remember, it seemed appropriate that I should be there. We then went to Tunbridge Wells, once so famous, now so deserted, but still lovely. We rather like deserted places. We walked "Up and Down the Pantiles" (Emma Marshall's story describes this once fashionable walk) and it all looked as though the next moment you would see a sedan chair stop and a lady in Watteau dress and powdered hair and patches step out! And to sit in the pew in the interesting Charles Martyr Church in which Queen Victoria had sat as a little girl, and to stay in the old hotel which long ago was the home of Queen Victoria's mother, where the Queen lived as a child—all this was fascinating. Nowadays, the smart people go to Bath for the waters, and to St. Andrew's and North Berwick for golf, and so this famous old bathplace is left just as they left it years ago—but it is—for that very reason quite charming.

or four times a week to *Fisher's Island*. We camped there, we danced there, we went out for crabs there, we bathed there, we had picnics there—we went there by moonlight and by sunlight! Do you wonder that I sat holding your envelope—enveloped myself in a dream of memories? 'Oh, how I wished that you had written me more details of the place itself, as you would have, had you dreamed that my feet had sunk into almost every inch of sand on the island itself, and also under the water as far out as we dared to go!

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1922).

After this came a very complicated day... First to Reigate, where, near the station, there was a good florist. We selected our flowers and ribbon, went back to the station and on by train to Boxhill, arranging our flowers in the train. At Boxhill we bargained with the one cabman there to drive us first to the cemetery, and then to Burford Bridge Hotel. The drive through the English lanes was delightful, and the cemetery, beautiful. No wonder Mr. Meredith loved it and wished to be buried there beside his wife. The grave was most lovely; there was a cross made of double pink dahlias on the green grass, and our flowers covered all the rest of the grave. His epitaph to his wife seemed even more perfect when seen there than one remembered it from reading:

"Who call her Mother, who calls her Wife
Look on her grave and see, not Death but Life."

Then in the late twilight we drove on to unique little Burford Bridge Hotel. As, on our former visit, we had slept in the room where Keats wrote part of "Endymion," so on this visit we selected a room where we could have a bright fire. But we spent the evening in the room where Nelson said good-bye to Lady Hamilton. In talking with the proprietor we learned to our astonishment that the Authors' Club of London had not offered enough money for Flint Cottage, and that Mr. Meredith's historic house

had been let to strangers, who were to enter in two days, but that Cole (Mr. Meredith's gardener for 30 years) was still there. It did not take the Benedicts ten seconds to change their plan, and to remain a day longer at Burford Bridge. The next morning we secured Cole, and we three alone spent two hours in Mr. Meredith's garden—a morning never to forget. We seemed to catch the very last faint echoes of Mr. Meredith—to walk on his favourite paths, look at his favourite views, sit on his favourite seats, stand in the room where he died, above all, to linger in that hidden little garden house in which all those wonderful books were written. And two days afterwards we should have been too late!

After this most exciting day, we moved on to Guildford and from there took the famous drive "Over the Hog's Back" (the route of the Canterbury Pilgrims) to Compton. And now I must share with you another unexpected joy that came to me. Many years ago I saw at the New Gallery, London, a picture by Watts that I liked better than any picture of his that I had ever seen. It was called "The Sorrowing Angel," and represented an angel in an attitude of profound grief, face buried in its hands, and in front of the figure, a marble altar, upon which were scattered all kinds and varieties of birds' wings (you can imagine what an opportunity that gave for Watts's colouring). Below

were the words:

A Dedication
To all who love the beautiful
And mourn over
The senseless and cruel destruction
Of bird life and beauty.

As we share Mr. Watts's horror of birds' wings and ospreys on ladies' hats, you can understand how this picture appealed to us, and ever since, I have tried to discover where it was. At last a dealer told me it was in a private collection and *never* shown. And I walked into this Compton Gallery (built by Watts's admirers as a sort of memorial to him) and there was my lost picture. Clare has had a copy coloured by hand for me. In the cemetery near by, Mrs. Watts has designed and had built a Mortuary Chapel, full of meaning and of beauty, but to me more beautiful still was her epitaph without words at the foot of her husband's grave—a deep red tile basin—sunk in the green velvet turf—which is always kept full of fresh water for the birds!

Clare finished up this trip by taking me to Maidenhead for two days. We could not decide what hotel to go to, and after giving us long looks, every one answered: "You'd better go to Skiddy's." We did not know, nor did we discover afterwards, whether this was a compliment or the reverse? On Sunday we drove to the Church of Bray for morning service. We had a good

sermon from the chaplain of the lighthouses and lightships—a subject in which I am much interested. But the people of Bray decline to believe in the changeable Vicar; they pretend that no such Vicar ever existed. He was Independent in the Protectorate, Churchman in the reign of Charles II., Papist under James II., and moderate Protestant under William and Mary.

Clare recklessly chartered for the whole afternoon a large electric launch, and in truly regal fashion, we saw that lovely part of the river, going through the famous "locks" and taking tea at Cookham. This splendid trip ended in our securing on our way back to London a fine view of a military balloon race—sent up from Aldershot. We almost lost our train when one balloon disappeared in a cloud and all were watching to see how soon and where it would come out. Now wasn't this a fine trip? It did me more good than doctors or medicine—indeed, no medicine helps low spirits, but a complete change does.

Then we settled down in our cosy homelike London rooms, a pretty parlour, a dear little dining-room in which the faithful old butler,* whom we have known for ages, served us delicious meals. After all, there is no place like England for comfort; the English servants know how to make life easier—the baths arranged, the hot water

* I seem to see that mild immemorial old waiter, whom I've known there for so long. *Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.*

brought, the bright open fire; the attractive service. The weather treated us well—only two fogs and we were able to walk out every day. We heard some lovely "Twilight Concerts," a good hour, I think. After a busy day and a cup of tea, it was most delightful to sit still and hear music in that "between time" before dinner.

We had "enormous" delight in seeing that splendid Loan Exhibition—all masterpieces—and many of them had never been exhibited before. We were very near the Grafton Gallery and could therefore drop in every day for another feast, until we knew every one of the treasures by heart. We were often there when the polite artist in charge called out: "Closing hour, please!"

London,

November 5th.

"Remember, remember, the 5th of November!" Although, as I write the above, I falter; perhaps Guy Fawkes was the *6th* of November? Clare, who keeps me correct in dates, is in our cosy little dining-room writing, so the date, right or wrong must stand. We have had such an interesting day. First, we drove down to Postman's Park to take another look at the memorial placed by Watts behind St. Botolph Without Aldersgate, in commemoration of heroic self-sacrifice, instances of which are recorded on tablets—48 in all, at present. Mr. Watts paid for a covered arcade

and for the first thirteen tablets. This arcade is a godsend to the poor people living in that densely-populated part of London. Then we went to St. Paul's and heard some lovely singing, selecting our seats near that beautiful cenotaph to General Gordon. Afterwards we walked home. On Sunday we can walk anywhere with ease; no fear of being run over. How people can rail against a London Sunday I never can understand; it is the only day when you can go about easily in the interesting parts of old London. . .

Hotel Gassion, Pau,

December 10*th.*

Take up your map of France and look down in the very most south-western part and you will see a little black dot, marked Pau, but that little black dot is really a charming old French town that has been for years a great resort for people who do not like too warm a place, and who like sports of all kinds—hunting, fishing, climbing, golfing, tennis, motoring, and now, aviation. The English found this ideal place long ago, and have clung to it ever since, and this brought English churches, chemists and all the nice things that follow the English. The mountain view is superb. The best hotels are built upon a high terrace—which is something like the Pincio Terrace overlooking Rome. At each end is a pretty old park and all before you is spread

out the splendid view—green hills first, then mountains, beyond and ever beyond, higher and higher, until—fifty miles away—rise up the snow-capped peaks, up, up, as far as the eye can reach!

For many years we have talked of trying Pau, but always, when on this side of the ocean, we are in Vienna in the autumn. This year, we gave up going to Vienna until spring, and therefore this was our chance to try Pau.... Of course, we are reading all we can get hold of about Henry of Navarre!

* * * * *

We really hated to leave Pau, so many things there appealed to us; the walks, the castle, etc.; but we do not like French cooking, and after three weeks of "dabs" of "fish, flesh and fowl" done in oil, in onions, and in rich sauces, I felt that we were getting absolutely no nourishment and I did not at all like that fearful feeling of *void* inside! So off we started on a superb day, *via* Lourdes to Carcassonne. Dear me, how much I owe to Father and Connie!* Father started me on the right paths of history and good literature and the habit of observing. I can remember how ashamed I used to feel when Father would . . . say: "So *that* is all you saw?" The next time, I saw all!

* For years and years I felt there was no possible use for *me* to attempt anything in any line, because Connie, from her earliest girlhood, had been at the head in *every* line.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

Then Connie, being such a French scholar, and such a reader, kept on in all lines—all this is apropos of our first stop, Carcassonne. Connie was forever singing and repeating Nadaud's lines; she never reached Carcassonne, but the Benedicts did—*I have been to Carcassonne!* It seemed like a beautiful dream come true, and to flash into a pale tinge of life my sister again. My favourite verse of the Carcassonne song was the fourth one—

"Our Vicar's always right, of course,
We're wicked—yes! Since Time began.
He told us in his last discourse
Ambition is the Scourge of Man.
Still, two days on that errand spent,
About the time that Autumn's done—
Oh, Heavens! I would die content,
After I had seen Carcassonne!"

(That two days at the end of Autumn always seemed so pathetically little to ask of life). I think Connie's favourite verse was the first:

"I'm sixty—growing old and grey—
I've laboured hard my whole life through
But never have I found the day
To gain an end I've had in view;
Full well I see on earth—alas!
Complete success can ne'er be won.
My wish will never come to pass—
I never have seen Carcassonne!"

It is the most wonderful place—those double ramparts and splendid towers and thick walls.

We walked all around the walls twice, and would have gone three times, but had compassion on the poor old guard.

Aigues-Mortes is also very interesting—left exactly as it was when St. Louis started from there to the Crusades, its very remoteness has saved it. Pont du Gard is most majestic—what work those Romans did just to supply one small town with water! We went everywhere—to Nîmes, Avignon, Orange, Vaucluse, Arles. (When we were girls we had a novel called "Nathalie" that we read *every* year between the ages of sixteen and twenty. The heroine came from Arles. I insisted on reading a few chapters of this book to Clare at Arles). We found the women still very pretty —even the old women had such pretty hands and feet and eyes and *noses*!

A "double star" of Baedeker is always impossible for Clare and myself to pass by—I have never yet caught Baedeker in a mistake about his double stars; in his single stars, yes! So we were led on and on to sight after sight, handicapped as we were by the French custom of no guards, no porters, no one to aid you. We opened our car doors, carried our hand luggage, *fought*, even with *soldiers*—for seats. Clare's foundation French carried us on; *I*, hurling at them in English every kind of abuse of their ways, their country, etc, received smiles and hats off, due to Clare's polite French and *pourboires*! And the

everlasting pretence that everything is so "festive" and gay when it is *not!* But the sights were splendid and rewarded us. We became so interested in our trip that time grew short and we suddenly realized that unless we left some of these "double-starred" sights unseen, we should never reach Hyères for Christmas, so we decided to go into Marseilles on Christmas Eve, spend Christmas there, and then return immediately and continue our journey—which we did. Never have we spent such a Christmas—no gifts, no letters, no trunks—and we two alone in great roaring Marseilles! But the service was nice and the poor little clergyman hailed two more with joy. We sang all the dear old hymns—"O, Come all ye faithful," and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." . . . Then we went back and finished our trip. . . When we arrived at Hyères, we found at the Bank 64 letters, packages, cables, etc.*

The Costebelle Hotels on a hill above Hyères are full of very smart English, and there is splendid golf. But as we do not play, Hyères does not do for us, charming as it is, for there are no walks. So after a week, we moved on to different places along that formerly beautiful Riviera—now ruined by cheap hotels, and automobiles, the white dust stirred up by the motors covers the trees and flowers, and *almost*

* During a long life of travel, we have always had our letters forwarded to my banker, never to hotels; I could therefore telegraph—"Hold mail," and off we would go, feeling sure we should lose no letters. *From a Letter to Miss Victoria Gittings.*

the "blue Mediterranean"! At Bordighera we discovered a hotel high up above the dust where we spent two weeks. We found a few narrow goat paths up on the hills under the olive trees. Here I read aloud to Clare—never dreaming of her interest in it—that old-fashioned romance, "Dr. Antonio," and we looked up the places described in the book, and all that Dr. Antonio planned for Lucy and her father to do, we have done. Clare, by the way, did not think Lucy as limp as *we* used to consider her. After a long search, we found at last the very little inn to which Dr. Antonio took Lucy after her leg was broken. It is still pretty, covered with climbing roses, but ruined because of the railway on one side and the trolleys on the other. Then Clare began planning for Taggia and the Pilgrimage Church of Lampedusa, because Dr. Antonio had taken Lucy there. So I yielded and we stopped over at San Remo (a place I do not like) just to make this excursion. The drive, in a comfortable victoria with two strong horses, and at the *eating hour* of the motorists, was delightful, and as soon as I saw that very curious old bridge, I was thankful that Clare had wanted to visit Taggia. It was upon this bridge that Ruffini thought of his story. Taggia is noted for this bridge, and for its oranges and for the fame brought to it by Ruffini's book.

All went well until we discovered *at* the bridge that my message to have mules or donkeys wait-

ing there for us had never been sent, and there before us was the most difficult mountain foot-path in Italy, all paved with "agony stones"! The Benedicts *never* give up, so we said, "We'll walk up," and we *did*. It took us a good two hours—and our *feet!* We shall never walk well again, I fear. We were kept up and on by a feeble hope that perhaps we should secure something good by this pilgrimage, and I tried to keep my thoughts on the faith of the poor peasants, who, hungry and cold, had brought from the sea, three miles away, every one of those horrible cobble stones to make this very path up to their beloved Madonna. What beautiful faith they had, when *we* allow (at least C.W.B. does) a small "blizzard" to keep us home from a warm, easily-reached church. The views every now and then through the olives were enchanting, but oh, the view when we reached the top!

The coming down was worse than the going up, for Clare suddenly suggested the alarming idea that *we* might break a leg or two and no "festive" Dr. Antonio at hand for *us!* After that, we almost crawled the rest of the way down. I counted the zigzags until I grew dizzy and stopped. However, no legs were broken, and we reached our carriage in safety, and, illuminated by a sunset that contained every shade of red, pink, and gold, we drove back to San Remo.

The next day we went to Alassio, travelling

with two attractive English ladies whose name was Rashleigh, with whom we talked of "Dr. Antonio," Taggia and the comet.

Alassio is about the only one of these Mediterranean resorts that still remains unspoiled, the valley and mountain walks are beautiful, the hotel stands on the shore and the waves "Break, Break, Break," all day and all night. I felt as if I owned the whole sea. We had also at Alassio splendid views of this uncanny, unannounced comet. Didn't you think that it looked exactly like the osprey hat belonging to a giant's wife? In the little English Church there is a tablet in memory of Eugene Schuyler. He was our Consul at Cairo and did much for Connie. . . I sometimes wish I had kept an account of my Sundays abroad. We have attended so many strange services in so many strange churches. What are "sidesmen"? A good name, it seems to me, for vestrymen who are always fighting and taking "sides." Just now all the English, and we with them, are wildly interested in the elections. The Banks have charts up, with "dabs" of colour for the different parties upon which, as the returns come in, the figures are added. It is quite like a prolonged U.S.A. election, when people stay up all night in Madison Square to see the returns flashed out on an electrically lighted map. Clare is *firm*, but I waver, according to the politics of my English friends.

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After Alassio, we stopped at Pisa for a few days. We can never resist another look, and yet the night we arrived, a flippant young man from Chicago and his young wife, also flippant—and a friend—a "*Gurl*" from St. Louis, were in the omnibus with us. The wife said to her husband: "Can't we see a little of Pisa to-morrow?" and he said: "If you'll be lively '*Gurls*' and get up early, you can see the Leaning Tower *en route to the train!*"

Then came three weeks at Perugia, with that "most beautiful land view of the world" before us. We can see twenty miles in all directions. To really know Perugino's paintings, one must come to Perugia—not because his best pictures are here, for alas! the French never sent them back, but because he painted in *all* his pictures this wide lovely Umbrian landscape.

At Florence we saw Dr. Baldwin, who has left Rome and returned to his pretty house in Florence. Then we started for Bologna, and afterwards to Parma for another sight of the Correggios. It is such a delight to discover that the frescoes which, upon a former visit, made no deep impression, we found, upon a second visit, to be still more disappointing, and that those we were enthusiastic about, are still those that we admire.

All Italian towns contain such beautiful things, I am never quite sure that I do not like the lesser sights best. It was interesting at Piacenza

to visit the San Sisto Church, where for two and a half centuries the Sistine Madonna hung. How they must rage over having sold their precious treasure to Dresden! It would have brought people *forever* to their now deserted town. . . Then we went to Cremona, a place with some very picturesque buildings, and all the violin treasures. At the smell of gunpowder, we are like two war-horses, so when we found ourselves so near Brescia, we could not resist going there. We were rejoiced to see those lovely Morettos again and *they were glad to see us!*

Nor could we resist Mantua for a second visit. Those wonderful frescoes of Mantegna's! Such a fine idea it was of his to paint those ladies of the court seated above the high marble mantel-pieces, and those splendid Gonzaga men mounting up the steps—and what is left of Isabella d'Este's lovely rooms seems so personal, so full of interest. They even show you the apartments that were built in the palace for the dwarfs—so funny and cosy, with the little steps for their little short legs! And yet, few people ever go to Mantua.

Grand Hotel, Venice.

March 27th, 1910.

It is such a comfort to me that I can come again to Venice; there were years when I could not, but Connie so loved Venice that I felt I would

like to be able to come back sometimes, and now I can... Her palace has been taken by an art dealer, and so I am no longer obliged to see happy people go out of *her* door! I feel thankful every time our gondola glides slowly past... We look through our exquisite double windows of carved marble and see the whole floating life of the Grand Canal, all the magical sunset tints, all the moonlight... I sit as I write you now with the inkstand on the marble ledge. And oh, the joy of being in a place with no noise, the beautiful peace and stillness of Venice! Clare plans for every afternoon a charming gondola trip to see a church, a fresco, a picture or a palace; she carefully selects these with the express object of forcing the gondoliers to go back and forth through these lovely small canals! They prefer to go short distances on the Grand Canal, but by giving an order for a special church, they are obliged to take us just where we want to go. Then after tea, Clare plans a nice walk through these fascinating little streets, over some of the three hundred and fifty bridges. Yesterday afternoon we lost our way, and passed four times a young man and maiden, who, hidden under the loveliest archway, were having a violent flirtation. As we interrupted them for the fourth time, the man burst out in Italian (not dreaming that Clare understood): "Enough, enough of this girl in brown!" Clare was dressed all in brown. We laughed and laughed, and after a moment the

girl joined in the laugh, but the lover still looked dark and angry.

We had two delightful books on Tintoretto, and searched for all the Tintorettos in deserted churches. Clare wrote "How Danvers Saved the Regiment."

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From Venice we went to Vienna. Such music as we heard—such acting as we saw—such dinners as we attended! I am so fond of the Vienna ballets. They gave a new one while we were there, "The Man in the Moon" who falls in love with a mermaid. "The Man in the Moon" was enacted by a beautiful dancer dressed as a boy, and the scenes where this lovely creature, seated in the crescent of the moon, looked down on the gleaming water were enchanting—"The Dance of the Waves," and "The Moonbeam Dance"—a device thought of by the lover in the moon to convey his message to the mermaid.

We were so fortunate as to reach Vienna for the Philharmonic Celebration—50th anniversary. Weingartner with that orchestra in Beethoven's 9th Symphony, I consider epoch-making—nothing beyond it. (Just as I feel that *nothing* can go beyond Mottl conducting "Tristan".)

The dear Emperor came to the concert, and the whole audience stood (the audience that day was as splendid as the concert) while the orchestra

and those voices gave the Austrian Hymn. I cried, but they were the kind of tears that did me good, and the Emperor wept also!

We saw Kainz the last time he acted before his operation—a grand performance of Julius Caesar. . . . We were driven nearly wild trying to select from the mass of lovely models the few costumes we could afford to have. The joy of returning to the short trimmed coats! We hated the long, lank ones. The weather became warm, and I felt guilty not to hurry to our green, pretty Schwalbach and the champagne-like, bubbling iron baths which do us both so much good.

* * * * *

From Schwalbach we travelled by a delightful route, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Trèves,* Luxembourg, Sedan, Rheims to Compiègne. Luxembourg is a charming place; Sedan wasn't charming. We spent two weeks at Compiègne, at the Rond Royal Hotel near the palace and beautiful forest, taking fascinating walks in the Park itself, no motors or driving allowed. I was happy!

* Trèves.

We came to this wonderful old place, and are staying in the queerest quaintest Inn, which was—ages ago—the Rathhaus, and above *our very bedroom window* is the Latin inscription—so well known, and so often quoted, which, in a condensed translation reads—"Before Rome was, Trèves stood." I have discovered, by the way, from an old book why the Moselle wine is always in smaller bottles than other wines. There is an ancient legend to the effect that St. Peter, when at Trèves, was sent by Our Saviour to bring some wine; on the way back he drank some, and in order to conceal this, he cut the cup or measure of horn (or bone) down to the level of the wine, and ever since, the measure of Moselle has been called "the miserable little remainder" . . . Trèves is full of interest . . . we saw all the Roman ruins; one old gateway is the finest I have ever seen. . . *From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.*

We read at Compiègne a book on Marie de Medicis. (How I pity people who do not care for history; how much they lose!) While seated in that lovely Park looking through the magnificent trees at the Palace, I came upon the vivid description of how Richelieu made King Louis XIII. plan a hunt at Compiègne, so as to entice his mother there with them; then secretly return to Paris, and leave the Queen Mother there to be forever exiled! Poor woman, bad as she was, it always made me sorry to think that she never saw Paris again. To read this on the very spot where it happened made the old place alive to us.

Napoleon I. loved Compiègne also and was often there with Marie Louise. He had a most unique walk made for her which he called "the Cradle Walk." It was built from the Palace steps to the distant forest for her to walk there unseen. It is a lovely arbour, perhaps twenty feet wide and high, the top of it in the shape of the top of an old-fashioned cradle, and all covered with climbing roses and vines... Besides our short excursions from Compiègne, we spent a beautiful afternoon at Pierrefonds, and a day at Chantilly.

We crossed *via* Boulogne and Folkestone to England, travelling up to London on a Saturday. Reading the paper on the train, and seeing that one of my favourite actors was acting that day at a matinée, I said: "Why not squeeze in that?" So I coaxed our "Cabby" to drive us to our

lodgings *via* Wyndham's Theatre; we secured two good seats, went to our lodgings, had our lunch, and were soon back in the theatre, very much enjoying the play!

Our five days in London were full to the brim; then off we started again, *via* lovely ways and "stops" (are any ways and stops *not* lovely in England, Scotland, or Wales?)*

* One of the greatest charms of the English landscape, is I think, the multitude of beautiful little churches, which are always beautifully situated and *always* covered with ivy. And when you stop to analyze an English landscape, you are sure to decide that the picturesque village church is what makes you exclaim with pleasure; and no matter how small the place, there is always a daily service and always the open door... And the solemn appeal from some column or porch "Who soever thou art who enterest this Church, offer up one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here." During this visit to Oxford, we have spent our mornings in wandering about the grounds of the colleges; then in the afternoon, we walk to all the beautiful places near; one day to Abingdon, where we saw that old church and almshouse, dating from 1553, and where we had tea in a queer little Inn called the "Bee Hive," over the door of which is an old sign saying that in 1640, a man named "Honey" kept this Inn, whose beer made people feel "funny." I took some, but did not feel too funny to insist upon going home by way of Tunning Well and seeing that little gem of a church, noted for being the burial place of Dr. Fell of "I do not love thee Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell" fame. He dropped dead in this church on hearing of the death of his beloved king, Charles I, and the spot where he fell is marked in the pavement of the church floor. We would like to change the old refrain to "I adore thee, Dr. Fell, the reason why I *joy* to tell"!

Another day we took the train to Ensham, and saw a lovely old church, and then went across the meadows to Stanton Harcourt, where we were so fortunate as to run against—quite by accident—the present owner of the old Manor house, and I, having no idea who he was, asked him if we could see the Harcourt tombs, and Pope's room in the old tower. He smiled, and, after hesitating a few moments, took us all by himself—letting us go into the Harcourt Chapel and see the tombs of those grand Harcourt heroes, and climb up into the rooms in the Pope tower, and do all kinds of things not allowed to the ordinary tourist. It slowly came to us that he was the master, and we had a charming time, and he was delightful. He took us also into his house, and when we started to walk to Cumnor, he showed us a shorter way through his fields and pastures green, and went with us for about a mile and a half. The queer old kitchen at Stanton Harcourt is something like that famous one at Glastonbury Abbey. This one is described as "either a kitchen within a chimney, or a kitchen without one." I believe these are the only two existing

George Hotel, Lichfield.

July 8th.

Yesterday, we walked to St. Chad's, one of Dr. Johnson's* favourite walks. Since we were last here they have held that great Johnson Celebration and have opened the house in which he was born as a sort of Museum. . . We had two services with wonderful singing in the cathedral, but the automobiles have, in a strange way, spoiled even the *interior* of cathedrals, for although we reached there at a quarter before ten, we were not allowed in the choir. Afterwards, I asked the very nice verger why we had been shut out? He said: "Since automobiles, we find people too restless to remain through the service. They wish to come and go as they please."

We have with us "A Swan and her Friends." It makes very near and vivid that pathetic courtship of the handsome André and the beautiful

in England where a whole ox could be roasted. Cumnor was also charming. Another beautiful church with a Bible dating from 1611 chained to a large square pew; and some such quaint tombs.

From an Earlier Letter.

We had a month of such delightful life on the Isle of Wight. I found a riding master for Clare, and they, mounted on fine horses, dashed ahead, and I followed, driving the smallest known pony, attached to a low phaeton, for Connie refused to get into anything else, and at first sign of danger, she was out over the wheel, begging me to "hold a tight rein"! But it was a delightful way to see the Isle of Wight, and we kept house in a very homelike and pleasant manner.

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

* We are delighted with "Dr. Johnson and his Circle." To meet with justice done to Boswell is a joy to us. I always hated Macaulay's views of Boswell.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Honora Sneyd, which her foolish old father declined, thus making her unhappy, and sending poor André to Benedict Arnold and his death! Then, afterwards, this same foolish father let Honora marry that much-married, wretched old "Pa" Edgeworth. . . . We often walk through the Dean's Walk, where fascinating Major André made love to the fair Honora.

Angel Hotel,

Knutsford (but really Cranford).

We decided to go a little out of our route to visit *Cranford*, and we find it still unspoiled and most interesting; full of houses mentioned by Mrs. Gaskell; the queer old Unitarian Church she attended, and its lovely old graveyard where she is buried, the little Angel Inn, etc. Although we cannot commend the taste of the Watts Memorial to Mrs. Gaskell, or the laundry built to give the girls of Knutsford employment, so that they need not leave home and their mothers, yet there are many good ideas connected with these memorials, and Ruskin had given all kinds of interesting pictures to hang in the recreation room. We had a real "Cranford" experience ourselves. I had put a copy of Clare's book "A Resemblance" in my travelling bookcase, and when I saw the pretty little free library, I suddenly said to Clare: "I am going to present your book to the Cranford library; it will bring you good luck." No sooner

said than done. The young man in charge seemed quite overcome. He could do nothing but say: "But this is so kind, marm, so *very* kind!" And he watched us as far as he could see us. This was in the morning. In the afternoon, we started out to see some more Gaskell sights, and everywhere I had the "feeling" that some one was following us. At last I said to Clare: "I have seen that same gentleman four times, I begin to feel he is following us." And when we entered a little book shop, in he came, and taking off his hat, and keeping it off, he gave a low bow, and asked: "Am I addressing the very generous lady who has just made so rich a gift to our library?" He turned out to be the rector of the little church, who had been selected as the most appropriate person to give me thanks. It had been passed on from person to person, how we looked and he had been following us! Then followed a real "Cranford" talk, the shopkeeper, his wife and son coming in from the rear of the shop to listen. It was all so funny and charming. We have decided that Knutsford is as well worth visiting as Haworth and the much-talked-of Broadway.

Banavie.

We came here Tuesday to find our dear treasure of a place unspoiled, I have already had three lovely walks on my grassy foot-path along the side of the Caledonian Canal, and two of my old

friends who live on the locks have remembered me and welcomed me back with joy. One called out to a fellow-locksman: "Archie, come quick, here's your American leddy what gave ye all the papers."

* * * * *

We had four delightful weeks at Banavie. We hated to leave, but when we did, we went to Edinburgh, where we had a charming large room with a wide bay window, and Clare as usual had a good time looking at Sir Walter's monument. We spent hours at Andrew Eliot's, buying quantities of books, although we had no trunk to pack them in.

Peterborough,

Sunday, August 7th, 1910.

We left Edinburgh yesterday. It is delightful to see Peterborough without any restoration work, it is all finished and in perfect order. . . . I took a look at Queen Katharine's tomb, to which years ago, I contributed.

Swan Hotel, Bedford.

Monday.

I continue my letter to you from the home of the great author of "Pilgrim's Progress." The walk along the river is quite like Cambridge and

Oxford* (in a way), as Bedford has any number of schools for boys and girls, and it was so pretty seeing them in boats, rowing up and down. We spent the whole morning in the interesting "meeting house" where the Bunyan souvenirs are kept. A most sympathetic old man was in charge, which adds so much to the pleasure of pilgrims. . . Then we went to Elston where Bunyan lived, and saw the font where he was baptized and the pulpit from which the sermon was preached that converted him. We saw also the little stool or bench upon which he had to sit and pull the bell ropes.

Bell Hotel, Olney,

Tuesday.

You see where we are now?—in this dear little unspoiled English town, where Cowper lived for over twenty years. We spent hours in looking at the things that have been gathered together and placed in the house where he lived so long with his pet hares! We have seen his pew and his little summer house and have sat in the pretty room where he wrote "The Task,"—"the cup that cheers but not inebriates." We took

* When I am here, I say: "Oh, Oxford is the most wonderful." When I am in Cambridge I say: "After all, we must confess that Cambridge is the most beautiful." No wonder our Swedish friend said, in telling us of Lund and Uppsala, "But, ladies, you must put out of your minds Oxford and Cambridge or you will be very much disappointed in our college towns."

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

that lovely walk of a mile to Newton Underwood, which Mrs. Unwin and he walked every day for twenty years, and we also obtained a permit to see the "Wilderness." I think that nothing escaped us.

George Hotel,

Northampton.

Here we are at our next sight—at least, within six miles of it. For years and years has been written on our hearts "Must see the pictures at Althorp House." But the hotel proprietor, the head bookseller and every one we asked said that, as Earl Spencer was at Althorp, we could not see the pictures. Our disappointment was keen, but I obtained the name and address of Earl Spencer's steward and telegraphed him: "Can two American ladies see the pictures at Althorp at any hour to-morrow"? Then crept back to our hotel, had a poor dinner—it being nine o'clock. At nine-thirty, came the answer: "Yes—at two thirty to-morrow." Wasn't this splendid? We took a walk in the morning to see the lovely Queen Eleanor Cross, only three of them are now left, and then after luncheon we stepped into a victoria and drove to Althorp, expecting, of course, to find many other sight-seers. But no one was there. A footman received us as if we had been invited guests, saying: "I believe this is Mrs. Benedict?" Then a dig-

nified-looking housekeeper took us all over that splendid house and we saw at last the pictures we have longed to see. I cannot describe the peerless Van Dycks, Reynolds, Rembrandts, Gainsboroughs, etc. It was two hours of delight, all alone with that dear, appreciative old housekeeper. And slowly it came out that the Earl, having no children, really loved the pictures as he would have loved children, and that it was he, ill and dying as he was, who had commanded from his bed that we were to see the pictures. . . We saw them on Tuesday, and on Friday, Earl Spencer died.

5A, Cork Street, London.

August 14th.

I have thought of nothing but those splendid Althorp pictures—those beautiful men and women by Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc., have been floating before my eyes and I have dreamed of them.

To-day we have completed our Johnson memories by attending service in old St. Clement Dane's Church; getting up early and being frightfully brisk, we accomplished what I wished, that we could see the new statue of Dr. Johnson, only recently unveiled. As we stood at the door of the church, the rector entered and gave us a long, surprised look, as no one else was there so early. So I told him we had just returned

from Lichfield and that we had decided to attend service in the church where Dr. Johnson had worshipped for so long. He seemed pleased, and said: "Then you must sit in Dr. Johnson's pew." And we were escorted upstairs to the gallery pew where Dr. Johnson always sat. It gave me a very queer and near feeling. We read this summer that old-fashioned novel about Angelica Kaufmann called "Miss Angel." Nothing more charming has Miss Thackeray ever written, I think, than the account in this book of Dr. Johnson trying to comfort poor Angelica.

We spent the afternoon yesterday at the Tate Gallery, seeing those new Turner rooms in which, at last, all those hundreds of pictures and sketches that Turner gave to the nation, have been hung, and which for over fifty years have been hidden in the *cellar* at the National Gallery! It is a splendid collection. We have, of course, stepped up to see our Leonardo at the Diploma Gallery. . . . We had a nice visit from Mr. James,* and were delighted to find him looking so well after his illness. He had brought his very ill brother,

* I will come in to-morrow Thursday for 15 minutes at six o'clock, in much elation at being thus able not wholly to miss you. . . I have 900 things to do, but the biggest in the list will be my rejoicing rush at you.

P.S.—I am so glad I am not enclosing you a cheque! The first letter (of 30) to-day which is unchequed.

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

Professor James,* up from Rye, and they sailed the next day from Liverpool. . . .

We went down to Southampton the night before sailing, and took our steamer, "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," the next day at noon—a fine start. But the new plan of eating at all hours spoils the voyage for good sailors and delights the poor sailors. People were eating white asparagus with their meat and all kinds of vegetables together on one plate on one side of us, and on the other side, they were eating ice-cream and nuts! Chief Steward Stolte grasped our despair and gave us an ideal table to ourselves in the upper music room. The voyage was pleasant and we reached U.S.A. on Tuesday morning August 30.

And thus ended our 15th trip abroad.

* You will be interested to hear that we have seen Henry James. He really did summon up courage to come to New York, and he seemed to us to look and feel well. But he declares he isn't. . . . I think *I* cheer him up a bit. He laughed out loud when I told him he owed Clare a great deal because the Putnam magazine liked *her* kind of story, and his "Bench of Desolation" had "burst" the magazine, and thus cut off one from Clare's small list of magazines. Then I told him of the "Bench of Desolation" *I* had sat upon—*without* a man—for five desperate months! This brought another laugh. He also laughed when I told him that as *my* influenza had no pain, no symptoms—only depression, I did not know *where* to put the hot water bottle when Clare brought it to me. By working hard, I did, I think, cheer him up a *very* little. His brother's death has been a dreadful blow to him.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"
(Told by C.W.B.)

and from

LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, Miss EMMA BECK, Miss MAY HARRIS and COUNT CAMAJORI.

SAILED on March 30th, 1911, on the S.S. "George Washington;" had the largest, pleasantest cabin that we have ever had on any ship. The ship was crowded, but there was plenty of room for all. The upper, enclosed glass deck we did not like; it shut out all the fresh air and shut in all the tobacco smoke and other odours, but the majority of the passengers adored it! They could wear their silly, thin *neckless* (I say, reckless) waists, their silly openwork stockings and low shoes with very high heels and the hideous "hobble" skirt and "hobble" hat. We sat alone on the breezy side of the lower deck, dressed in thick, high-necked, long-sleeved waists, and skirts and hats of the mode of two years ago! Mahler, who had booked himself in the Imperial Suite, was too ill to sail; Soomer, our Bayreuth Wotan, was on board; Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, also, who sang in a delightful manner the night of the concert... The voyage was pleasant, the ship very steady, although not until we reached

the English coast, did the ocean appear more than a pond. There we struck violent North East winds and snowstorms, and did not land the Plymouth passengers until the afternoon of April 6th. Cold as it was, the ladies dressed up in the most inappropriate gowns, hats and shoes, to "land in," and looked wretched and miserable on the "bobbing-up-and-down" tender; and the same evening, when the 300 left the ship at Cherbourg, the majority were in summer dresses, and looked frozen. We returned to our warm cabin, thankful to be able to remain on our ship, but expecting a *frightful* night. To our astonishment, we had a perfectly smooth night, and the next day on the North Sea was cold but beautiful. We reached Bremerhaven Saturday morning, and went on by a slow train to sleepy old Hanover, where we spent such a pleasant, quiet Palm Sunday, attending service in the very interesting old English Church, full of queer inscriptions, carvings, etc. In the afternoon we drove out to see the palace where the Hanoverian Royalties used to be so happy, and in the evening we heard a really fine performance of "Carmen" at the Opera. On Monday we had a pleasant journey to Nuremberg* . . . going the next day, as always,

* When looking at the almost impossible position of the houses there, I always think of Charles Dickens's description: "If, for years and years it had rained houses, hailed houses, snowed houses, blown houses, they could not have come into existence in a more impossible fashion." We prowled about the narrow streets and admired again the *in-* and *ex-*teriors of the quaint houses, lingering a long time by that of the cobbler poet, Hans Sachs, who has grown to be so near and dear to us from Wagner's "Meistersinger." We carried our enthusiasm to the point of walking in the late twilight to

to look at what used to be the picturesque old Bayrischer Hof. In the afternoon we walked entirely around the walls.

Vienna,

Good Friday.

We like to be in a Roman Catholic country for Holy Week—all the concert halls, theatres, etc. closed, and all the churches open, and the bulk of the inhabitants attending devoutly the services, almost all the women dressed in black. It is the custom to spend Holy Thursday in making the pilgrimage to the churches, and kneeling before each Holy Grave for a few minutes of prayer. We ourselves visited 12 churches yesterday—some of them beautifully and impressively arranged. One church had a painting of the scene at Golgotha, after all was over on Good Friday—the empty Cross lit up by the vivid sunset, below were magnificent flowers—sent in by rich and poor—then, still below, was a figure of Our Saviour. In

Nuremberg's cemetery (which like everything else there is also quaint) to Hans Sachs's grave! Near it is the grave of Albrecht Dürer. The inscription on the tombstone is: "Dead he is not—but departed; for the artist never dies."

Then we spent three delightful days at Regensburg... We were fascinated with the Sausage Kitchen, and the sausages were delicious, as they were taken off the gridiron before our hungry eyes by funny tongs held in the deft fingers of a pretty German girl.... We were charmed with the queer old buildings and churches, and also took the delightful excursion to the Hall of Fame and Walhalla—all of it entrancing—the walk through the woods, the row on the Danube . . . The cloisters belonging originally to the old Benedictine monastery were beautiful. How strange it must be for the Princes of Thurn and Taxis to own them as part of their palace!

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

some of the churches the "Lamentations" were sung by beautiful voices. At the Emperor's chapel in the Hofburg there was an added "touch" in the motionless figures of the splendidly uniformed guards, who stood as though carved out of marble. The morning papers had editorial articles on the day, its meaning, its legends, etc. I like best the one about the tree and the bird. How, because the aspen yielded to the temptation of allowing its trunk to be used to make the cross (the only tree that could be tempted), its punishment is to "tremble" forever. And as the lark brought water in its beak to our Saviour, its reward is that it is the one bird that mounts to "Heaven's gate," as it sings—"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings" . . All these things certainly put one in the true spirit of the day. . . .

. . . We remained in Vienna for six weeks, and heard much fine music. We fell in love with Richard Strauss's new opera "Rosenkavalier"; every time we heard it, we liked it better.

We had planned to leave Vienna on May 18th for Franzensbad, when "Electra" was announced for that very evening, so we decided to postpone our start. We found "Electra" full of interest and parts, very beautiful. Mildenburg was splendid as Clytemnestra—no wonder that Sargent wanted to paint her!

While we were in Vienna, Gustav Mahler was brought from Paris, very ill, and the night of

"Electra," word was telephoned to the opera to Rosé to come at once. We saw the message whispered from man to man, they never ceasing their frantic violin playing—wonderful discipline! Poor Mahler died that evening. When he was alive, we did not like him, but when he was ill and dying, we were very sorry.

Franzensbad,

May 29th, 1911.

No one else takes the cure as sensibly as we two!!!... We watch the two Royalties who are taking the cure with us—the Queen of Sweden and Princess Edward of Anhalt. We often meet the Queen, taking her walks quite alone, with only her dog to protect her...

* * * * *

From Franzensbad we went to Dresden... At the Belle Vue, we demanded a quiet room, *not* on that noisy street with teams shaking one in one's bed at daybreak! After a stiff fight we were given a room, but men pounded and banged at something below us at daybreak. However, as Dr. Spring found nothing to do to my old teeth, and only an outside spot on one of Clare's wisdom teeth, we could better endure the pounding *outside* than the beating on gold *inside* (our mouths!)

The morning we left, as we were stepping into our cab, there was a touch on my arm, and

a familiar voice said: "How do you do?" And there stood "Perfect Bliss." He had just seen our names, and the porter had told him we were leaving. As I always go to all trains at least an hour before they start, I thus gained a little talk with Mr. Bliss, a real pleasure. . .

I had said to Clare: "We ought to celebrate Coronation Day," but we felt it would bring bad luck to our teeth should we plan to celebrate. But on the train going to Leipzig, Clare read in a paper that "Walküre" was to be given at the opera that night. "Our coronation celebration," we said. So we bribed the coachman to stop at the opera-house *en route* to the hotel, and we bought the last two parquet seats. We heard a very fine performance, the Siegmund being our Bayreuth Siegmund and the Wotan, our Bayreuth Wotan. Between the second and third acts, we went out and ordered a glass of Munich beer and drank to "King George and Queen Mary."

Harzburg, Harz Mountains.

July 6th.

Fortified by those invigorating iron baths . . . we decided to finish our Martin Luther pilgrimage, begun years ago at Worms and the Wartburg. Wittenberg was full of interest—Luther's house and his grave at the old church. We stopped at Magdeburg; the cathedral is really splendid.

Then we pushed on here, hoping for a room in which we could settle down for a little "after-cure" of mountain air, to be met by the smiling manager's "Nothing free." Upon which we made a new plan; Connie used to say that our retreats were masterly. I demanded one of the nice "engaged" rooms for a few days, and in that room we re-packed, after which, off we started on a "Harz Journey."

I found to my astonishment that all the prettiest roads through the forest were closed to automobiles, and it did not take Clare ten minutes to engage a fine carriage, two strong horses, and a good driver, and oh! the delight of driving again, free of motors, and of seeing that bright yellow sign with its three blackest of black balls and magic words "Closed to motors" And into these lovely forest roads my carriage rolled, I almost shouting for joy!

We drove first to the top of the Brocken, and spent a night at the strange inn; had a glorious sunset, and thought much of witches and Walpurgis Night as described in Faust. It was so quaint and wild, alone on top of the Brocken! We did not at all mind a sunrise of white mist, for as they flew by us—those weird mist clouds—we could almost *see* the witches on them! It looked exactly as if they were flying past us on white broomsticks.

From the Brocken we descended to Schierke which . . . is just one long street—all the houses with pretty, red-tiled roofs. . . We drove through the Ilsethal, and the Bodethal. At Gernrode we visited the old Abbey church, and then took a late train to Ballenstedt . . . a very attractive place. Had a delightful walk in the Palace Gardens. The next morning we took a drive to Falkenstein, a very charming castle—from there we went to Quedlinburg, where we saw the old castle and church and Klopstock's house—also the beautiful flower gardens, where we bought seeds for Pomeroy Place.* We spent hours looking at the picturesque old houses. We have met with a great loss in the death of Felix Mottl, the greatest conductor of Wagner—particularly of "Tristan and Isolde." Oh, what joy he has given us for years and years—first in Bayreuth and then in Carlsruhe and Vienna!

En route to Bayreuth we stopped at Halle where we saw the Handel monument with Jenny Lind; the queer cemetery, etc. At Bayreuth we gave ourselves up to the music, sat in the woods all the morning—Clare knitting and I reading aloud; then home, where our nice little landlady cooked us

* On May 20th, 1919 (*our last day in Pomeroy Place*) we searched in vain to find *one* spray of Grandmother Pomeroy's "lilies of the valley," fully in bloom. Then suddenly, we saw the grass filled with dear little fully opened "Forget me nots"—all stretching up their hands and calling out to us, "Oh, *Forget me not!*" and, "me, and me, and me! Oh, forget *us* not!" So we picked and picked and pressed them all, and shall take them with us to "New Harbour."

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

such good meals—fresh vegetables from her own garden. Afterwards we would quietly rest until time to walk through the woods to the Magic Building, and there in the cool, dark theatre, we sat and heard those heavenly strains swell up from that mystic abyss!

Van Dyck rose to all his old great moments in "Parsifal." He is so true an artist as to be able to cover the slight differences age has made in his voice. We had several nice talks with him; he remembered that I had been in Bayreuth to hear his first Parsifal.* We liked Dr.

* Van Dyck has a fresh voice of great power, and throws himself with all his heart into his part. Materna told me such a charming story of his feeling and enthusiasm. In that solemn scene when Kundry is at Parsifal's feet, she (Materna) saw two large tears gather in his eyes and slowly roll down his face . . . Materna was grander than ever. As a musical friend of hers said: "She is ever studying—ever thinking of her parts, and thus, she ever advances" . . . The last performance we heard was "Parsifal," with Materna, Van Dyck and Reichmann. And then the next day we got away somehow—I do not yet quite know what we did. We took a way train and were obliged to sleep in a place called Schweinfurt, reaching Frankfort in a dazed, *let-down* condition! . . . I must not forget to tell you that on this visit to Bayreuth I accomplished what I had failed to do before. I was really taken one evening to fascinating, dirty, historic, musical Angermann's the old tumble-down beerhouse where Wagner used to go, and, with his mug before him and his big dog at his feet, sit and think up this beautiful music that he has left us Morris spoke of this as "a place no lady should visit." I have learned that the most attractive places in the world are the very places that gentlemen always speak of in the above terms, and I instantly strain every nerve, and pull every wire to obtain admission! A large party of us went there one evening after the performance, and it was beyond words

Muck better than ever; we had a very satisfactory musical talk with him.* The new flower curtain between the audience and stage in the flowermaiden scene spoiled that exquisite music. "Meistersinger" was very brilliant, although to our taste, Siegfried Wagner exaggerated the burlesque parts, but Richter conducted and that made us happy. So many Royalties, celebrities and interesting people were at Bayreuth and all our musical friends from Vienna, England and America, as ever before...

We left Bayreuth on August 10th, travelling through to Frankfort. We had a fight in the restaurant car with a Russian lady, she insisting upon the window being closed and I at last consenting provided *she* stopped picking her teeth!!

interesting and amusing. All the musicians, singers and distinguished strangers were there and although there was plenty of beer, that was *all*, and the fun was good-natured and "well-behaved." They sang and carried on, but there was nothing disorderly.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

* While we were seated at dusk—night before last—on the piazza, looking off over this lovely peaceful view, Clare said: "It does always remind me of Bayreuth, as we stood in the second pause looking down over the town." In came a handsome motor; we turned our backs and I held up a book—I had been reading aloud to Clare (we always try to hide). But a gentleman of this party walked straight up to us, and with hat off, and face working with astonished emotion, held out his hand and gasped out: "Mrs. Benedict—Miss Benedict, can it be a dream?" And there stood Dr. Carl Muck, our Bayreuth Parsifal director, with whom we had parted in August 1914 at Bayreuth!

I have no words in which to describe this meeting—we held hands and *understood!* There is a magic bond between real music lovers—they speak a tongue spoken and understood but by a few—many *musicians* have it not.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

Arrived at Wiesbaden to find the weather too hot to allow of our doing anything until after dark . . . Princess Marie of Greece (Grandduchess George of Russia) and her party sat next to us in the small dining-room—very amusing to watch. Dr. Pagenstecher, "the world's greatest oculist," fitted me with new reading glasses. As I read to Clare a greater part of my time, day, night, twilight, and almost moonlight—reading glasses are most important!

The other evening they had a grand celebration on the birthday of our dear Austrian Emperor. We secured good places, saw the illuminations and fireworks and heard the music. I danced (my two old feet *under* my skirts!) all through the Lanner dance music, then through the Johann and Edward Strauss waltzes, and even up the "staircase waltz" of Lehar; and when it came to the Austrian Hymn, I broke my best umbrella beating on the stone! We overheard some nice-looking people near us say: "I thought those ladies were from Vienna by their *costumes*, and I heard the girl talking fluent German." It was funny to see Clare's mixture of feeling—rather pleased that her dress was liked, but wondering, did they mean she spoke Viennese dialect?

We left Wiesbaden on August 29th . . . and arrived at Nancy about 7. Crowded dining-room, General French and party were there, adding to the confusion. After dinner we walked in the Park and heard the band. The next morning we saw the

few sights of Nancy ; interesting some of them, and took a slow train to Troyes, picking up food as we went, so to speak, and reaching Troyes late. The next day, saw the church where Henry V. was married, etc. and took another slow train to Sens, where we saw the beautiful cathedral, and then went on to Fontainebleau to the unique Hotel de France et d'Angleterre. We visited the Palace and Park and then drove to Barbizon, expecting to spend the night there, but the hotels were hopeless. It was pathetic to read all that Stevenson wrote of this place in his forest essays, and see to what it had declined! We told the driver he must drive back to Fontainebleau, so we saw another part of the forest where the oldest and largest trees were—so disappointing! Fontainebleau does not compare with Compiègne—so *we* think . . .

Arrived at Blois, still in terrible heat, and found the Grand Hotel anything but "Grand"! Luckily, we had had the sense, before eating that first wretched dinner, to go and see the beautiful Blois Château, but that Sunday decided us to give up all attempt to visit Chambord and Cheverny from Blois, and off went the Benedicts to Tours, fanning all the way. Found that a pleasant room with bath had been reserved for us. The bathroom kept us alive through our five days there. After reading all our guides, and consulting time-tables, we realized that to see the Châteaux we *must* take a

motor! Managers and chauffeurs were talked to until they were "mad," and I hoarse, to obtain a man who could and would go slowly—only *one* was to be had. We spent five days in this wretched machine—I screaming all the way—*but* we saw the Châteaux, Blois, Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, Chenonceau, Loches, Amboise, Chambord, Chevergny, Chaumont, Chinon, Uzès, Luynes, Montrésor, Montsoreau, Saumur, Plessis-les-Tours; also Candes, and the Abbey of Fontevrault. I will sum up our opinions here. We thought Loches seemed more *real*—made a deeper impression; Chenonceau was, on the whole, the most charming; Chaumont the most attractive as a residence; Blois the most wonderful for details; Amboise had the most beautiful position next to that of Chinon-Chinon being the only ruined Château. Chambord was the most stupendous—no "rhyme, nor reason" in its plan, the creation of a mad brain! Amboise, Blois, Plessis-les-Tours, Chinon and Loches, the most interesting historically. Candes was an unexpected "sight," well worth seeing, also Fontevrault; the effigies of Henry II., Richard I., Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine and Queen Isabella of Angoulême, very interesting and a very fine church. At Angers there was a wonderful castle and a statue of King Réné, also the splendid remains of an old Abbey church. We then—still "melting" hot and longing for sea air—decided to go to St. Malo. In the cooler part of the moonlight evening we walked around the ramparts; and then fled to Mont St.

Michel, where is the once famous Poulard Inn. We visited the interior of the Abbey, took the row around it at high tide, and ate the wretched omelette! The next day we saw the sights of Caen . . . and started off to Bayeux, hoping that we could reach Dives by any route rather than see Caen again. Arrived at Bayeux, we secured the only two seats in the only omnibus and drove to the Hotel. Commenced—upon arrival—to bargain with the manager and his impossible wife, to drive us to Dives. . . We supposing that all was arranged, went to see the beautiful cathedral, and the wonderful, wonderful Bayeux tapestry—studying each one of the 58 scenes. We returned to the hotel to discover that no answer had yet come from the stable, and I suddenly divined that this man and wife were trying to keep us for the night! So we had our small pieces piled into the "bus" and off we went to the station and took the train ignominiously back to Caen. At the Caen station we again faced—in despair—an automobile trip, rather than go back to that miserable Hotel. To have seen *me* walking into a garage and ordering an automobile would have astonished my friends, but not more than it astonished me! And my directions astonished the chauffeur. "How long do you call the run to Dives?"

"An hour and a half."

"Very well, I engage you to do it not one moment quicker than *three* hours and a half."

Even at this pace, we had several narrow escapes, but we reached at last the delightful "William the Conqueror" Inn at Dives, where we obtained the bedroom in which Alexander Dumas, père, had slept. The owner, M. Paul, felt very unhappy that such "distinguished visitors" (as he called us) could not have the Madame de Sévigné room, which was occupied, but we were taken into the kitchen to *see* the chickens turned on the spit over the open fire. And the next day at luncheon, M. Paul insisted that I should sit in Madame de Sévigné's chair, and Clare made some very "festive" remarks about "distinguished letter-writers," making me feel that I should never dare to write a letter again!

After all this peace and joy, an automobile trip again faced us, as being the only way in which we could see all that we had determined to see in the country of our ancestor, Sir Ralph—the column that commemorates the sailing of William the Conqueror and his companions for England, a look at Deauville, Trouville, etc., and the finding of the Pommeraye estate somewhere between Honfleur and Brienne. . . .

At Havre, to our astonishment, was one of the four good hotels we had found in France—the Frascati, in a charming position facing the water. I determined to stop at Harfleur because of Henry V. Rignold memories; ("Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more; Or

close the wall up with our English dead!") and to spend the night at Caudebec, so as to visit the magnificent Abbeys of Jumièges and St. Wandrille, the home of Maeterlinck. We did enjoy Harfleur and its fascinating old church, supposed to have been built by Henry V. Caudebec was charming.

I look back upon our trip in wonder and pride. That we *could* see all so satisfactorily in spite of the elements and all else against us, spoke well for our health and determination. Knowing the French and their ways, we knew the amount of hard fighting that lay before us . . . and we did fight every inch of the way, so to speak—Clare in gentle and polite French, and I in strong and *im*polite English. However, the splendid sights compensated us—for the sights *are* splendid; the twelve great Châteaux, and all the exquisite churches, abbeys, and ruins; and how soon one forgets the discomforts and only remembers the beautiful things. We were handsomely supported by our many books; we needed them all, for each one told something of interest forgotten by the others.

After our rest at Dover, we made a delightful trip along the south coast of England; had a perfect Sunday at Chichester, and an interesting visit to that Old Ladies' Home or Hospital. When the man in charge heard that we had visited the only other such hospital in existence—at Lübeck—he

showed us many things not shown to ordinary visitors, he knocked on the old ladies' doors and begged that we could see their pretty interiors, and he gave us some hollyhock seed from the old garden, which I shall plant at Cooperstown. From Chichester we went to Portsmouth; stopping at the historic George Inn, we had luncheon in the room where Nelson ate his last dinner in England. Afterwards, we took a small boat at the "floating dock" and went out to his flagship, the "Victory," a very interesting excursion, bringing the horrors of war vividly and painfully near.

Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst,
New Forest,
October 17th, 1911.

For years and years we have said: "Some day we must visit the New Forest!" and the "some day" is now!... To see the New Forest, one must go "ten toes" on these lovely forest paths, one's feet sinking into the soft green moss and thick coloured leaves—such an enchanting carpet! If one dares to go off the beaten track, then one really sees the endless beauties of the forest. The danger of losing one's way is very great; charming paths tempt one, and all look so much alike, no signs of any kind.

We love the little forest ponies that wander about everywhere, and we like the gypsies, and even the pigs, with their enormous families.

The other day we came upon a very little boy, not more than six years old; he had a small stick and was trying to make *twenty* very small baby pigs go where he wanted them to! So we stopped to help him, as he seemed unable to make the pigs go anywhere. When I asked him; "Where do you want them to go?" he answered: "They must go in there—" pointing to a small opening, "because their mother has gone to the forest." It did sound so funny, and we walked on into the forest where the boy had pointed that "Mother" was, and after a time we came upon her, eating up hundreds of acorns that lay thick upon the ground.

Opposite this hotel there is a church with many pretty details—not an old church; but it contains an interesting fresco by Leighton, some handsome tombs, and, as the church is named "St. Michael and All Angels," all the wooden supports of the roof are carved angels' figures, and the pillars, pulpit, reading desk and organ have carved angels' heads. I spent nearly all day Saturday watching from my large front window the rich and poor, (even the gypsies* who brought

* Now let me tell you the meaning of "Wardo-Engres," the name of our front hall. We were reading George Borrow's "Gypsies of Spain" and suddenly came upon a chapter describing the names of the English tribes or families of gypsies. Do you wonder that we screamed when we came upon "The Coopers—Wardo-engres." Added to the appropriateness of "Cooper" is the fact that *we* are half gypsies ourselves, and that the "scheme" of our front hall is a picture for each country we have visited.

No one has ever guessed it; two people were a little "hot," thinking it might be "Romany,"

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

chestnuts and lovely forest ferns) bringing some offering of the harvest. Sunday we went to every service—such crowded congregations, and such singing of the prettiest hymns—and the fruit, honey, freshly-made bread, vegetables, etc., were piled up around the altar—they give to the very poor all that they first offer to the Church.

We have made friends with a dear little dog named "Laddie," and also with his master. . .

We thought Sir Claude Phillips's article on what the loss of the Mona Lisa means to the world, altogether the most sympathetic of the many that we have read. How I admired and envied the woman who had the daring to walk into the Louvre and fasten a big bunch of roses into that empty place!

We are thinking seriously of trying an English Christmas this year. We have spent Christmas in almost every country, why not in England?

5A, Cork Street, London.

November 8th, 1911.

Now, pack your trunk and join us in the delightful little trip we took after New Forest and before London. We went first to Christchurch (more particularly to see the Shelley monument) and fell in love with that beautiful old *un*restored Priory Church. How much more satisfactory it is to fill in those empty niches with imaginary

statues—and to admire what is left of the exquisite carvings of the 12th and 13th centuries. It was so distressing at Winchester to see that "filled in" reredos. If only all the English churches and cathedrals could have been left unrestored! We spent a charming Sunday at Winchester*—I think it is my favourite interior of all the English cathedrals. We took that walk of Keats's that he describes step by step in a letter to his brother George "I take a walk every day for an hour before dinner; I go out of the back gate across our street into the cathedral yard," etc. We followed his every step, which can be done easily to-day, and we tried to picture the graceful figure ahead of us.

From Winchester, we went "across country," as the sportsmen say, in order to see lovely, ruined Cowdray, which we had to ourselves on a superb day, and the pictures at Petworth.

* Winchester Cathedral is so massive... William Rufus, Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, Bishop Wykeham, and many more of note are buried there. Salisbury, whether near or far, is ever a jewel in the landscape. Beside the cathedral, we were so fortunate as to see the famous Van Dycks at Wilton House. I shall never forget this beautiful house of the Earl of Pembroke or his pictures. I wonder if *Mrs.* Earl of P— appreciates it all?

Then we walked across the meadows, over stiles, in true English fashion, to Bemerton and saw George Herbert's little church, and when the wife of the present vicar saw us wandering about, she came out, full of curiosity to discover if two Americans cared enough for George Herbert to take the walk from Salisbury on the warm day. She seemed so pleased to find it was true that she asked us in to the Parsonage, and we saw the lovely old house and garden. She gave us a big bunch of carnations and a sprig of the medlar tree that George Herbert planted... Another day we took the only hansom cab in Salisbury and drove to Stonehenge—that freak of nature or work of man, which seemed far more wonderful than the pictures had told us.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

Petworth Castle contains one of the finest private collections in England, but the pictures are only shown once a week, to forty people only at a time, and only four parties at 11, 12, 2 and 3. We decided to risk sleeping at the little inn at the gates of Petworth, so as not to be counted No. 41, and 42 in the eleven o'clock round. Our splendid "Benedict Luck" (as some of our friends insist upon calling our carefully-laid and carried-out plans), did not fail us. When we awoke the next morning we found to our *joy*—pouring rain. Feeling sure that none but the insane would select such a day, we should have the place to ourselves—and we *did!* At ten minutes before eleven we two appeared and no one else. This was delightfully satisfactory, as the old guard let us linger as long as we wished before the particular pictures we had longed to see, and oh! it was enchanting.

Never have we had a better time in London (always excepting those days of splendour when Sir Henry Irving was alive). A strike of the motors made London just as it used to be—I have gone about with the utmost ease. Clare engaged for our whole stay a nice old "jog-trot," "Four Wheeler," "Cabby's" joy was great; these faithful good drivers are being rapidly crushed out by the rude "smart" chauffeurs. I confess it did look funny to see my old "Four-Wheeler" in the midst of those up-to-

date motors at Covent Garden. But when that taxi-cab strike came, oh! how the fine ladies and gentlemen tried to bribe my old "Cabby," but he only touched his hat and answered: "I am engaged," and in we stepped and drove off, leaving crowds of handsomely-dressed ladies on the wet pavement, begging my "Cabby" to return for them!

I like the London theatres better than any others, but Clare rather overwhelmed me when she counted up that we had been to 18 in less than three weeks. . . . We had one or two fogs, but we really do not mind a London fog; there is something so weird and mysterious in going about the lighted streets just as though it was the middle of the night.

We had a beautiful day at the Dulwich Gallery; also an interesting Loan Exhibition from private collections. "Laddie's" master from Lyndhurst turned up unexpectedly one night at the theatre and spoke to us. Just as we were hesitating as to whether to try to see the King and Queen before they went to India (always such a fatiguing thing to stand hours in the street and then catch a fleeting glimpse), we went to see Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play." This is being given in a very small theatre, with only stalls, no pit, no galleries—just one long box. . . As we drove over to this new, out-of-the-way theatre, I said

to Clare: "What a pity it is that we could not have seen the King and Queen at some theatre—but they will never come *here*." Almost as I said these words, I saw a double row of police and our "Cabby" drove through an absolutely cleared street, and I stepped out upon the royal red carpet. "They *are* coming here!" I cried, and they did! And our stalls commanded a full view of them—the King, Queen, Queen Maud, Princess Victoria, Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Now we need not stand on the cold pavement to see the King and Queen!

The play, you ask? . . . We only liked the epilogue, in which he gives a scene of six newspaper critics saying "slashing" things about Shaw's play—"Fanny's First Play"—rather. This we thought funny, but one was obliged to wait a whole evening to reach it.

This morning we have spent in the City at the Record Office, where we saw the petition to George III. from the North American Colonies . . . In showing us the Doomsday Book, the old man in charge said: "Americans show more interest in these treasures than the English." He then went on to speak of a very agreeable gentleman who had been there last summer. "He belonged to a fine family in U.S.A.; they trace back to William the Conqueror; the name," he added carelessly, "was *Pomeroy*."

We had such a beautiful All Saints' Day service at Westminster Abbey... We sat just where the sun poured in over that effigy of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who was probably the first bride to be married at Westminster, 700 years ago. And then, just beyond, I could see a little of that monument to Sir Francis Vere; it has four kneeling warriors which support a black marble slab on which lies the armour of the deceased—this is a favourite of mine. Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, was found one day rapt before this tomb; when questioned, he said softly, his eyes fixed on the fourth knight: "Hush! hush he will speak presently!"

When we left London we went down to Dorchester to see the Hardy plays.*—a distinguished audience and many newspaper representatives from London. Connie's favourite Wessex tale, "The

* This is very wonderful—if anything in this incoherent and chaotic world is more wonderful than anything else. Your energies and ingenuities and revolutions amaze and stagger me and also *entrance* when I can hope to profit by them as in this case. I am in town for as long as I can stand it (I mean, stand the fearsome complications and excursions and alarums that are of the very essence of being here, always).... London is really good for me, despite its many vices, and I am a different creature from the interesting invalid of Madison Square.* Are Hardy's plays going to take from now to Christmas? The Dynasts are long—but these seem to be longer. Do come back, at any rate, as soon as they release you and regale me with everything (including tea), above all, I mean, with your half year's adventures...

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

* Where Mr. James had last seen Mrs. and Miss Benedict.

Three Strangers" was very well acted by the Dorchester amateur club, and an old Dorset fiddler of over eighty, played for that tragic christening dance. Clare's favourite, "The Distracted Preacher," was splendidly acted. We had a fine view of Mr. Hardy, our seats in the hall were opposite his; and no one looking at him would have dreamed that he had written all those wonderful stories and novels. It added immensely to our pleasure to see so great a man so simple and unaffected in his appearance and manner—a very rare thing. And Dorchester is such a quaint little place, full of small but delightful sights.*

Getting as far as Dorchester tempted us to re-visit Wells, my sister's favourite English cathedral. What a soul-satisfying cathedral it is, and oh! the Bishop's Palace and the Vicar's Close! And that lovely walk on top of the ruined wall that Bishop Ken had made and where he walked up and down and thought up all those dear hymns—"Awake, my soul, and with the sun," etc... We had a photograph specially taken of that most beautiful hall in the Vicar's Close in which the long windows were given by our Pomeroy ancestor!

* We are exclaiming over Thomas Hardy. There is no one like him for absolute simplicity, and yet what dramatic pictures he gives... We are reading "The Mayor of Casterbridge"—what could be more dramatic than that sale of the wife—her throwing her wedding ring at her husband and walking away on the arm of the sailor who bought her! I know of no writer like Hardy, and now that we have seen him, we wonder all the more how he can possibly *know* all those fine, subtle feelings of men, women and children. The King's Arms, he so fully describes in this story, was where we stayed when we went to Dorchester to the plays last November. Casterbridge is Dorchester. *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

Empire Hotel, Bath.

December, 2nd, 1911.

Here we are at Bath—a place we have *longed* to "stay" in, ever since our first very hurried "look." Almost every one of the "great" in every line, has once lived here; almost every house bears a tablet. We are reading "Historical Houses of Bath"; "The Linleys of Bath," etc. and are deep in the past. Our walks are full of thrilling interest; the other day we went to Fanny Burney's grave, and yesterday we looked up the house in which Dickens first thought of "Little Nell."

Bath is unlike any other place; these "Parades," "Crescents," "Circles" and "Squares" charm us, and oh! the "Bath Chairs!" They wait outside the Abbey, the Pump Room, the theatres etc., just as the sedan chairs once did. Will they not tempt me to give up walking, and shall I grow fat? And yet, so up-to-date is this hotel and so full is Bath of "smart" people that the *past* does not in the least overpower the gay present. Indeed, Bath would be an ideal place to "stay" in, if only the English hotels would return to the simple food of the past—a few things well-cooked—rather than a long menu full of poorly-cooked "nothings"! Food is growing to be ever more and more a problem; the fault is increasing everywhere in an alarming manner.

* * * * *

Our second London stay was quite perfect; we were obliged to confess that London *does* know how to celebrate Christmas. The very fact that we had none of the aids—such as sun or snow—made this all the more wonderful. Dark, damp days, fog and wind we *did* have, but the streets and shops were brilliant and crowded full of nice-looking people—all the theatres as well. Although the papers said that London was "deserted," Queen Alexandra, Mr. James* and the Benedicts were there—and "*lots*" *more!*

We went to the Christmas plays and pantomimes; "Peter Pan," with the original cast, was charming; and "A Message from Mars" with adorable Charles Hawtrey was captivating; this I like better than all the Christmas plays; besides all its charm, it teaches such a lesson to the selfish. We have never before in Europe been so near home at Christmas time, and the Christmas ships coming and going, made the distance seem only like a ferry trip. We had a big heap of gifts piled on the table surrounding our tree, which came from Vienna. Nothing more fairy-like than this tree can be imagined—small and dainty,

* My dear Clarae,

On Friday afternoon at a punctual, *thirsty* five, please, with great joy. I long for the tale of your wild wanderings and the secret that enables you to come back—that is "up"—smiling afterwards, for I take your smile for granted—your frown would be fatal to your faithful old

Henry James.

each branch tied with fairy gifts and bent in against the trunk, we had only to pull gently down each branch, and there was our loaded tree ready!

We tried to add to the pleasure of a few by doing up our Christmas gifts with gay paper and holly, and, in our nice old "Four-Wheeler," delivering them as we do at home—our gift to C.H. being the most attractive we thought...

It was hard to leave Bath and it was hard to leave London, but unless we could have three months in Italy, it did not seem worth while to take the long expensive journey. After an animated discussion as to whether we dared to travel across France in winter, making stops all along, if in summer we had found things so disagreeable—happily we dared, and found that for the Benedicts winter is the time for travelling in France! Deserted hotels were only too glad to give of their best—warm, pleasant rooms and freshly-cooked little dinners; and the cars were warmed and empty. Our journey of five "stops" was delightful, both the journey and the "stops," and we saw one big "sight" that for years and years we have planned to see—Bourg and the Church of Brou. Before we ever came abroad, Connie talked about the Church of Brou and Carcassonne; and her longing to see these two places reached at last the mentally-lagging Clara, and she longed and has longed more and more. Connie got to Bourg, but never saw Carcassonne. Our Carcassonne

visit was so soul-satisfying as to make us determine to get to Bourg. Finding our first two stops at Rheims and Dijon entirely comfortable, we ventured to spend a night at the very small simple inn at Bourg, and had, therefore, the whole of that exquisite gem of a church to ourselves in the morning light. Of course you know Rheims and Dijon, so I won't let my anxious-to-describe-pen write another word—except that never before had we had time to visit that interesting "Well of Moses" at Dijon. Oh, those wonderful tombs of Philippe le Hardi, Jean Sans Peur, and his wife Marguerite—how beautiful they are! But tombs in a museum are distressingly out of place.

At Bourg, as we were entirely alone in the church, I could read to Clare Matthew Arnold's lovely poem, as we stood there looking at those three beautiful tombs. What workers and what lovers those two Margarets were. I hardly know which I admire the most—the wife or the mother—what ideas they had, what determination, what devotion! One could look almost forever and never come to the end of all that those carvings mean. Those who take "motor flights," and the tourists who dash in and out and on, and call this church "too decorative"—if they stopped long enough to *look*, would discover that each smallest exquisite carving expressed so much of love, and held *such* meaning. How thankful one feels that this perfect memorial was used as a granary during the

Revolution, and that the tombs were entirely buried under the grain, and were thus saved for us to see to-day—pure and untouched.

"So rest, for ever rest, O, princely Pair,
In your high church, mid the still mountain-air,
Where, horn and hound and vassal never come,
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb."

The next day we went over to Aix-les-Bains, and found it very attractive in its winter sleep, the big hotels closed, but the lake and mountains so pretty. Early the following morning we left for Turin, to take another look at that fine gallery, and to refresh our minds about its treasures, some of which we remembered but dimly. It made us suddenly realize that six years ago we did not *know* enough to look at certain pictures . . All that one reads and sees and hears only opens one's eyes to the painful fact of how little one knows!

Next we travelled to Alassio, the winter resort we liked so much two years ago. We have, oh! *such* a view of the blue Mediterranean! I never tire of hearing what the "wild waves" say. Then the walks are splendid—masses of flowers, hot sun.

We found Anne's old courier Rampoldi here, so the question of going to Russia was raised again. But Rampoldi discouraged us about the severe cold there. We moved on to Rapallo, finding it spoiled; spent a few lovely days at Pisa, where we had a chance to go over Lord Byron's palace, which

hitherto has always been occupied. It is now to let for the price of 800 dollars a year! Think what some one could make of such a chance—a splendid palace in a perfect situation with Byron associations thrown in!

We were a week in Florence.* Having just read "The Last Stuart Queen" (the Countess of Albany), we hunted up all the places mentioned in it—the palace where Prince Charlie lived with his faithless wife, also her tomb at Santa Croce, and her portrait painted by her third lover, Fabre, and presented by her to the Uffizi. I always disliked her face.† On Prince Charlie's Palace an old weather vane, still carrying the pathetic initials of the royal cypher, still blows back and forth in the wind.

Perugia.

Ash Wednesday, 1912.

We came here, half afraid to venture to so high a place, but we find it much warmer and more sunny than Florence. We take lovely walks, and oh! this view! We read at last that terrible Malet book, "Sir Richard Calmady," one of the most dangerous and disagreeable books ever written, in my opinion.

* *Vide* p. 388.

† Of course, even two such ardent admirers of Prince Charlie as we have always been, do not stand up for all those wretched last years of his life. One always wished he had died on the battle-field of Culloden. But she—the Countess of Albany—was so double, ran away from Prince Charlie into the arms of Alfieri, and then pretended not—and would not marry Alfieri (although she was living with him), because if she did, she would lose her pension! And there is not a doubt in my mind that Fabre, also, was a lover. The wonder is that she was given burial in Santa Croce. *From a Letter to Miss Beck.*

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael has just sent us two little books of his about two well-known

* Your adventures with Clare—and with phenomena of a public and geographic order even more formidable than Clare—reach me in your vivid recital like the story of some planet inhabited by beings of another order from your poor old sedentary and slumberous H.J. . . . Still I like to think that there are other planetary creatures so compounded of wondrous and impenetrable stuff—an engine of energy and buoyancy that I would give all my slender savings . . to have inherited ! . . . Well, it's very delightful, to hear of after the first groan of humiliation. Particularly glad am I that you find at Florence that the vision of the old Bellosguardo places and days comes back to you to an appealing and consoling effect—for they were, probably, on the whole, the most charmed and appeased, the most gratified and rewarded and beguiled days that she . . . ever passed.

There is no news of anything or any sort here but the enormous coal strike, which, now that it has been going on nearly a month has grown to a very big and black phenomenon. We are all alike under the dark cloud and one can think and dream of nothing else and plan and hope, before all the portents, for nothing *at all*. The end is not yet—neither owners nor men will yield and the logical result will be, if a change doesn't come, national famine and bankruptcy. The Government has been trying tremendously to act, but has achieved absolutely nothing, it hasn't either legal or material powers and can neither on the one hand, drive the miners at the point of the bayonet down into the mines, nor on the other, force the owners to yield beyond the point they *have* yielded. Meanwhile all employment is breaking down and want and illness and misery are gathering fast. I heard today on the best authority that the poor King is in a dreadful state of nervous agitation and apprehension and sends for the Prime Minister 5 times a day and the P.M. is ill and overdone with the colossal strain of his vain fight and every one is scared and depressed—ready to believe anything—if it's only bad enough. It's not—poor dear old England—a cheerful country to be in now, I assure you—I congratulate you on the prospect of easier and palmier conditions. My imagination pants vainly after you . . . but I trust the Leipzig Jawbreakers to keep up with you by means *best known to themselves.*

Henry James to Mrs. Benedict.

pictures, throwing much light (in one case, at least) upon what has always made me unhappy. I could never "fit in" Lippo Lippi's fascinating love affair with Lucrezia Buti to the *face* of his supposed portrait in the Coronation of the Virgin. The face and the story never seemed to go together. If this homely, stupid-looking man was Lippi, then good-bye to all the romance of his love story, for no nun could *possibly* have broken her vows for such a man. Now a paper has been dug out of an old library which states that the portrait is that of the donor of the picture—*not* of Lippi. The other little book is about the two "Virgins of the Rock." I have always thought that the National Gallery Virgin was *the* picture, and yet, when looking at the Louvre picture, one felt that Leonardo must have painted it. Mr. Carmichael gives the clear solution (he has no old paper to back him up in this case), that Leonardo painted both.

Just at the end of our stay . . . I felt that I had the influenza; after dragging around for a few days, Clare packed up and had me *en route* for Florence before I knew it. As I had no symptoms except no appetite, and great depression of spirit, the doctor and Clare cured me in a few days.* But this little "mishap" of mine brought actively forward again the only subject the two Claras have ever disagreed about—to have or not

* *Vide* p. 390.

have a maid. We have therefore been "seeing" maids, I looking at them, they looking at me! An Elise, a Bertha, a Maria and a Matilda begged for the place. Elise came with a fifteen years' recommendation, and could "do anything," but when, in answer to my question as to why she was leaving her present place, she said: "The lady is old and ve-ry nervous, she is afraid of motors, and I *cannot* live with an old, nervous lady!" Oh how we did laugh—nor did she see why! We have decided to try Matilda; she starts with us next week for Venice. Will her aid in packing etc. compensate us for our delightful life of free "slushing"? The joy of flinging things around and shutting doors upon this mixed "slush"! I know Matilda will not like "slush."†

So we destroyed all our old "duds" and bought new sponges, brushes, etc., then we took the whole of a heavenly day to prepare for her, so to speak, repacking our trunks so that not too much should be required of her at once. Clare put into one

* I came down with influenza—the dragging-around kind, not like the in-bed kind. The doctor could find no symptoms but depression. He tried to discover the cause—what I was worrying about? He could not find out anything, but Clare did—she knew her mother! So Clare drew up a paper (the doctor called this a silver-coated, gilt-edged pill of Benedict prescription!)

"You have no aunt or uncle or cousin to support. You have no grandchildren to save for. We have only our two selves to think of—*therefore:* If I choose, I can sell every year a bond or two, thus adding a few thousands to our income—*and I can keep on doing this for* 125 *years before I am bankrupt!*"

When I read this, I laughed for half an hour and was cured!

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

† If you are not at home, I will wait in the "slush" room‡ until you come "slushily" back. *Henry James to Mrs. Benedict* (1911).

‡ Mrs. Benedict's name for a very precious little "extra" room in her apartment at the "Stratford," New York.

tray all that she would need in Venice, and I did the same. Then Matilda came. She seemed the very kind of maid I had been longing for; past her youth, quiet, nice-looking, and speaking four languages fluently. I showed her the two trays, had her unpack them, look at the things, and repack them herself, telling her that was all she need take out upon arrival in Venice. Then in the morning we showed her carefully how we liked our bags to be packed. Our first blow was to discover that Matilda had left on the floor of the bathroom Clare's best sponge! Our second blow was to see Matilda's two *enormous* dress-suit cases, almost trunks. However we kept hopefully on; reaching Venice late at night, we unpacked our own bags.

The next morning we started out gaily, giving her the keys (we had shown her Clare's key and mine four times that day in Florence) and telling her to unpack and arrange the contents of the trays only. When we returned two hours afterwards, I thought she looked flushed and she left the room rather hastily. I glanced around, found no waists in the drawers, and my trunk was unlocked; I opened the wardrobe and not any of my dresses were there, but Clare's very best, most delicate white Vienna "creation" was hung up close against her dusty old travelling dress. This pretty, dainty white costume Matilda had never seen, as it was in the bottom of another

tray. When Matilda appeared, her explanation was that she could not unlock the trunks for over an hour, and then she had forgotten what I told her to take out. She had remembered to have seen an old white dress of Miss Benedict's, and thought it was the one she had hung up. I think the thing that settled her fate was the calling Clare's lovely dress "that *old* white"! There *was* an old white, quite different, in the tray she had packed and re-packed... So we sent her off to Florence and then sat back and laughed for an hour! Out came the nice old "slush" slippers and we felt no anxiety about the late ringing of the couriers' room bell. All that I got by this attempt was to be that sum out of pocket—(money that I want awfully now!) for she really could do nothing and spoiled our Venice stay.

Venice is still most beautiful, but surely after a time, all these steam and motor boats will cause damage to the lovely buildings—this constant beating of the water on their foundations. Venice is crowded with tourists from every country, but the fashions for the ladies no longer please me, and therefore everybody looks vulgar. In Venice, this seems particularly inappropriate—these graceful buildings, lovely arches, picturesque windows and doorways and balconies and gondolas, and *then* the people!

Vienna.

May 12th. 1912.

This appalling accident to the "Titanic" brought back to us so vividly the horrors of our week of prolonged misery. So few really know as we do, what it all really was. My one remedy for such depression—"black thoughts,"—is *work*, so after the first days, I said to Clare: "We shall both be seriously ill unless we fill every moment." We then made a deliberate plan, and have worked all the morning and walked in the parks all the afternoon, until we were dead tired. This physical fatigue brought us better sleep, but I have not been able to keep the "Titanic" out of my mind for a minute. Mr. Ismay and the Captain must have been crazy. The more one reads and hears, the more one wonders. The poor passengers had no faintest idea of the immediate peril—not until that last awful moment did they realize it. I do not wish to belittle any bravery, but I cannot see why husbands and wives were thus separated—such added agony! The question of the lack of boats in this one case happened to be of moment, but all people acquainted with the sea know that small boats are very seldom of use, even in a fairly smooth sea. The point was that the "Titanic" ought *never* to have been in that ice path after all the warnings; and if caught in ice, should have slowed down instantly. It

has always been the policy of the White Star Line to go as fast as possible through fog*.

One good result of the accident has been that in view of the fact that all their millions did not secure to John Jacob Astor or any of those rich men *a plank*, I have not worried about spending in one month all that ought to be spread over two years!

Wald Hotel, Villingen.

July 7th, 1912.

Our two weeks here have been delightful. Such endless walks in the thick woods that begin at our very back door! The peaceful Moravian town of Königsfeld was charming. We covered the grave of Dr. Wendell Prime in that unique little cemetery with roses.... All the Moravian churches remind me so much of Zoar.

I don't think I have shared with you our joy in being invited this year to attend the dress rehearsals at Bayreuth, so in that very small, very select gathering are to be your two Claras! In one week we shall be listening to Wagner in that Magic Red Building on the pretty green hill.

* * * * *

* We have always disliked the foolish luxuries of all big ships. I liked much better the smaller boats—the old Cunarders and North German Lloyders, when as a matter of course, we sat by the boats, and boats were always everywhere, ready for use. It was the many decks that caused much of the added agony on the "Titanic"—also the glare of light on these decks until midnight makes confusion.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

On our way to Bayreuth, we stopped at Freudenstadt in the Black Forest, a very interesting place with beautiful old church and carvings.

The rehearsals were splendid—to be alone in the first four rows, no noise, no perfumes, no fans—and then the interesting audience, and the chats with artists and conductors added to our pleasure. We are forever spoiled I fear, for anything else! No tickets are given or sold, of course; those invited receive cards with just the number of the door through which they must enter. You can imagine, therefore, my joy to find that the number of our door was the very same that we like best, near the stage. As we entered the first day, rather groping our way, coming in from the blinding sunshine outside, I felt some one grasp my hand and there was Siegfried Wagner. "I selected this door because I knew you liked it best. No one else is to enter here, so select just which seat you like, dear Mrs. Benedict." And there were five rows of entirely empty seats from side to side! Behind these, Siegfried keeps two rows free for himself, so that he can slip in and out and disturb no one. Then behind these two rows come all the invited guests, about three hundred, so there was no sense of loneliness, and as almost every one there were artists of past glory, or friends and relatives of those of present glory, they knew every note and word—and the artists singing, conscious of the critical audience, outdid themselves.

We heard the "Ring," "Parsifal" and "Meistersinger," and then arranged for a pleasant trip to London *via* Nuremberg, Carlsruhe, Rheims, etc. At Rheims we took an early train for Laon,* stopping there four hours to see the cathedral and the carved oxen on the towers, placed there in memory of the faithful creatures who pulled up that steep hill the stone needed to build the cathedral. Took the fast Basle train to Boulogne, travelling with a funny, lonely American who talked to Clare and refused to listen to one word that I said!

We remained three weeks in London, went to a few theatres and picture galleries; saw the dainty statue of Peter Pan† at Kensington Gardens, attended service in my favourite Chelsea Hospital, and the Foundling Hospital. I hardly know which appeals most to my heart—those brave old warriors, lame, blind and deaf, in their smart red uniforms, standing at the close of the service and singing in their cracked old voices—"God save the King!" or those dear, clean, happy-looking

* Our rule was—every time we travelled "up and down" so to speak, from Vienna to England, and Vienna to Italy, to travel a new route, taking in some new sights, and it was only this last visit that we did get to wonderful high-up Laon. For years we had tried to reach that spot.

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber.

† I must (about Barrie) agree with your father. I see nothing "funny" in an allusion to the sentence to be placed on his tombstone; also it shocks one (particularly those who know the tragic deaths of many he alluded to) to speak of dear Sir Henry Irving's boys as "in a skiff, trying to upset each other." Poor "Larry" Irving and his devoted wife went down on that Canadian steamer.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

girls and boys—hundreds of them, with folded hands and closed eyes, singing their sweet little Grace prayer!

If one is fond of sight-seeing, the things to do and see in England never come to an end. We thought we knew almost every sight in Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire, and had planned for Somerset and Oxfordshire, but when Henry James wrote that he was really not well enough to come up from Rye to say good-bye*, we changed our plan in ten minutes, and made another delightful one, taking in all kinds of "sights" in the very districts we thought we knew. Maidstone came first, where we found much to interest us in the old church, castle, barn, etc., and we even had a charming row on the river. We reached Rye in time to have an early dinner, dress and walk to Lamb House, and thus not to appear at an hour that would *demand* a meal of Mr. James. Our carefully-made plan worked well. Mr. James was seated in his little parlour reading when we walked in upon him, and when his dinner was announced, and he heard that we had already dined at the inn, he was convinced that we could eat no more, and he went in and quietly ate his own dinner, while we wandered about in his charming garden. Seeing him up, and eating a

* Don't worry about me. My doctor is reassuring. It has been terrible heat, but you are creatures of the wind, and I am yours—both of yours—very lame but faithful and I trust not ugly duck. *Henry James.*

Sunday night dinner at 8, put us in high good spirits, and we sat with him until 10.30 when he walked down to the little inn with us, where in the brilliant moonlight we said good-bye to him. In the morning he sent us Meacci's dear little picture, which had belonged to Connie, and which he had asked for in Venice in 1894, and had had in Lamb House ever since. When he wrote "The Outcry," *I* made an "Outcry," and begged the picture back to place in "Fenimore" at Pomeroy Place.

From Rye we went to Penshurst to see the castle. It contains many interesting portraits of the Sidneys, but the picture that I sought—the dog's portrait with its string of pearls—this having been painted because the dog had saved the life of his master, the Duke of Richmond—the stiff housekeeper first declared was not there, and then, when I was firm, she acknowledged was there, but not shown... We spent an afternoon and evening at Brighton, the Coney Island of England, going about on the pier, putting pennies in the "slots" to our own and the crowd's amusement! Then came one of our biggest pleasures. Once a year, and only for a few hours on Thursdays, the Duke of Norfolk opens Arundel Castle for the benefit of a charity. We spent Wednesday night at the little Norfolk Arms near the Castle, and were at the door at the opening hour, so as to see the Castle itself, the grounds, the Chapel, Dairy, and

Keep. But I think the sight that pleased me best (in these days of forgetfulness), was the photograph of the first Duchess, surrounded by low vases filled with the most exquisite white flowers. What a tribute both to her and to the new Duchess!

We went to Reading next, where we visited the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey, and also the Museum, where we found a fine print of the Battle Abbey Roll, our Pomeroy Lion dancing gaily. We also spent a most interesting two hours in going over the Huntley and Palmer biscuit factory. It is a perfect wonder. I shall eat all the more biscuits now, which speaks well for the manner of making... From Reading we travelled to Stratford, as Clare had considered our education incomplete until we had seen a representation of Shakespeare at Stratford. We took places for Othello that evening with Benson's company. All very good *but* Benson! *

We went down on Tuesday afternoon to Southampton to avoid the crowded "Special." We found on our boat, the "Kronprinzessin Cecilie." a splendid package of books sent by Annie Jennings

* Clare's Shakespearian interest began almost in babyhood, and was taught her by seeing—when very young—the most perfect performances in the world—I took her to every good Shakespearian representation; she saw all those wonderful performances of Sir Henry Irving's, she saw all that Paris ventured into, and all the Burg-theater performances in Vienna, and of course all in America, so Shakespeare was a friend to Clare. I got for her these books of Mary Cowden Clarke's and she loved them, and now—can you believe it?—we are reading them all over again, and they are even more interesting than before.

From a Letter to Miss Victoria Gittings (1919).

and also all the rest of the precious water colour pictures sent by Mr. Thomas.*

The voyage was happily uneventful, only one half hour of the fog horn and Captain Högemann attentive and kind, but Purser Tielbar, the dear faithful friend of all the voyages since the "Spree" had retired. The passengers were desperate—dressed up "ladies" flirted with the stewards. This last we had never seen before. We reached the New York dock at about four p.m. on Tuesday, and began the fight with the custom house gentlemen (?) I broke down under the sharp questions about Connie's† little Meacci—the picture that Henry James had given us back—and after my rage and tears, things went better. So, tired out and hungry, we arrived at 37 Madison Avenue a little before 8 o'clock.

And thus ended our 16th trip abroad.

* The sketches are beautiful. We spread them all out upon my berth and began framing them and hanging them in imagination. They will add so much to Connie's room "Fenimore," and you will be forever associated with it.

From a Letter to T. H. Thomas.

† I am said to remind people very much—in my manner and voice—of my sister. I have overwhelmed people (who knew her well) with feeling as I spoke, so this must be true. And Mother, when in another room, used to ask: "Is it Connie or Clara speaking?"

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD"
(Told by C.W.B.)

and from LETTERS to Miss KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, Mrs. GREGORY, Miss MAY HARRIS and WILLIAM GWINN MATHER.

OUR steamer, "Kaiser Wilhelm II.", sailed on Tuesday, March 18th, 1913, at 10 a.m., but because I had had a sharp attack of rheumatism*, I was given permission to go to the ship on the afternoon before. . . . Oh, the comfort of that start—no crowd, no waiting in line, all ease and peace. . . We had the whole great boat to ourselves, bright lights and attentive stewards . . . and such a nice little dinner, which I enjoyed. The first meal in days unaccompanied by *tears*—for, strange to say, the pain had ceased of itself, and that sent us up sky-high in spirits! It was also announced to me, that as there were only 250

* The week before we sailed I was clutched by rheumatism in an impossible part of my poor lower back. I could not reach the seat of the pain with right or left hand, so Clare—between times—rubbed or painted with every one of the remedies that all our friends suggested—liquid and solid, bad-smelling and all kinds were put on my poor thin back, and I lay and groaned and wept. . . But my life-long motto of "never put off till to-morrow what can possibly be squeezed into to-day," answered well, for I had already attended to all things really necessary for me to do, and so Clare could and did do all the rest. . . We lost all those long-planned, good-bye dinners and luncheons; we are still having descriptions of how people stood and drank to us—the absent guests of honour!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

first class passengers, we were to be moved into one of the *cabines de luxe* with adjoining bath —such splendour! Shall we ever be able to come down to ordinary things again? And such a "send off" as our friends gave us—the most splendid one we ever had—cream, butter, fresh eggs, fruit, candy, boxes of cake, boxes of biscuits, growing plants for turning one of our portholes into a pretty window box; a pot of fifty growing tulips, which adorned our table in the dining room for the whole voyage, nineteen books from one friend—all carefully selected—and twelve others, separate gifts; a dainty little basket holding six spools of sewing silk and six spools of cotton, each threaded with six needlefuls. (Can you grasp what this means to two people like the Benedicts, who require a full half hour *and* a brilliant light to thread *one* needle?) One sumptuous gilt basket had twelve little bottles, each containing a different kind of jam for breakfast; hung up between were little bags of choice tea, all ready for use, and on the top of this basket were what looked like bunches of grapes—each grape being really a delicious drop of candy—it was a fairy basket! Clare's hand-painted Easter eggs were tied with yards of wide satin ribbon (which ribbon "thrifty Ma" plans to use for a summer muslin!). Fortunately, Clare had taken on board an empty trunk that she wished to have copied in London, and into this we packed all these wonderful things, except the flowers, fruit, cream, etc.

Our voyage was swift—all too swift for us who love the sea. There were interesting passengers; Mrs. Ava Astor and her attractive little daughter had their table next ours on one side, and Seymour Hicks and his charming wife, Ellaline Terriss, sat on our other side; we found them as charming off the stage as on. . . . It ended by his presenting us with one of his books. . . . It was a strange chance that brought a Willing and a Benedict together again on an ocean steamer; the beautiful Countess de Cuelebroeck (who was a Willing and who was with us during our terrible accident on the "Spree,") always said that the combination of a Willing and a Benedict would bring good luck to any ship.*

We left the boat at Plymouth† and I *did* reach Truro Easter Monday, I reached also my first open fire (at the old Red Lion Inn) since

* The little story you ask me to tell you had to do with our awful accident on the "Spree." During those terrible two days, when we were given the life belts and expected the boat to sink every hour, there appeared a lovely old lady in our part of the dining saloon (that the Chief Steward had fastened off for us when he put mattresses on the floor for us to sleep if we could). I begged her to come in and she did so and took a seat, and with tears pouring down her cheeks, continued to tear in small bits, bundles of letters. She remained there the greater part of the day, and I cut some chicken for her and begged her to eat something; and one or two such little things passed between us. After we were saved, and slowly towed back to Queenstown by that blessed little tramp boat (six days of prolonged danger), this lady turned out to be the Countess de Cuelebroeck (née Willing) and, in talking afterwards of all these horrors, she said: "The thing that gave me the greatest peace was the *expression* of your young daughter's face; it positively calmed me."

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

† Then to Plymouth, where, if we did *not* see the steps of our Pilgrim Fathers, we *did* see the steps of every other man, woman, and child, I do believe. When I tell you it was the day after Bank Holiday, you can easily believe this statement.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

Cooperstown, and I knelt before it! Our first journey, too, with flowers everywhere—like our May at home—and English sights, sounds and customs was delightful to us. We had planned this three weeks' trip in the toe of England's foot for three reasons. We wanted to visit again St. Michael's Mount (once owned by the Pomeroys) · to find the grave of our Meran friend, the late Dowager Lady St. Levan. Our second reason for going on this trip was to visit the little cottage near St. Ives where Sir Henry Irving spent seven years of his childhood with his Aunt Penberthy.... We found the cottage and an old woman living near whose mother had often held Sir Henry—as a child—on her lap... Our third pilgrimage was to the famous Lizard Light, whose sixty-mile flashes have so often said "Good-bye" and "Welcome" to us on our many voyages. A nice little inn is perched on the rocks between the lighthouse and the life-saving station, and it was very exciting to have the great flashlight illuminate our windows!... Strange to say we found the Archbishop of Canterbury and his family there "in hiding, for a complete rest." The last time we had seen the Davidsons was in 1904, the year of the "hundredth birthday party" of Pomeroy Place, when they came to Cooperstown to visit Bishop and Mrs. Potter.

When I get to England, I am like a war horse at the smell of powder... I want to see

every quaint corner, every garden, every church. So on we went to several lovely places along that beautiful south coast. . . At Penzance* we discovered a fascinating library full of valuable old books. Sidmouth was charming, the little town, the esplanade, and an excellent tea-room kept by one appropriately named *Trump!* On our way to Bournemouth, we stopped over to see Wimborne Minster, which in our estimation does not equal Christchurch Priory in beauty or charm. At the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth began again the well-remembered fight with the ungracious manager; he refusing to let us have the rooms occupied so many times by Sir Henry Irving! The next afternoon we drove to "Melville" to see Mrs. Gregory, her husband and the cranes. Her devotion to Connie's books had led Mrs. Gregory to establish a colony of cranes in her attractive garden, in memory of the crane in "East Angels."† After this pleasant visit we went to Lyndhurst in the New Forest . . . On Sunday, the day being heavenly, we walked through the woods to Minsted, attended service in that most curious old church, and lunched at "The Trusty

* We went to Penzance, so associated in my mind with Black's "Three Feathers," and the "Pirates"! And we even drove to Land's End, where the little Inn has on the sign towards the land, "The Last Hotel in England," and on the sign towards the sea, "The First Hotel in England." As we could go no further *that* way, we turned back and kept on up the west coast. . . .

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

† I must share with you a tribute that came to me last week from a Professor at Cornell. He reads every year "Anne" and "East Angels," and likes my sister's books better *now* than those of any other writer.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

Servant." . . . On Monday we reached London. . . . We enjoyed the theatres, heard the Colonne orchestra, fell in love with Clausen's lovely pictures at the Academy, took tea with Henry James in his new winter home in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, saw the "golden bowl" and helped to celebrate his 70th birthday. One day we went down to Tunbridge Wells to take tea with Lady St. Levan's daughter. We had a delightful visit from Mr. Thomas, who came all the way from Cardiff to dine with us* . .

We attended the Browning sale on the day the precious love letters were sold—a very harrowing but exciting occasion. We witnessed the fight (?) between Mrs. Meynell and Mrs. Barclay of "Rosary" fame, as to who should obtain a little picture of Mrs. Browning. (Mrs. Barclay wore a rosary—each bead as large as your thumb nail—over a white waist!) Oh! those never-to-be-forgotten hours from 12 to 5! I can still hear the voice—English, clear-cut, soft—of the auctioneer as he said "ten pounds," "eleven pounds" and so on, higher and higher, as the bidders spoke, nodded or gave mysterious signs with pencil, lips, eyebrows or

* Please remember me most cordially to Mr. Thomas. What terrible rivals to his friends have ever been "old Welsh bones and stones." He cares more for these interests than for any letter from any friend! "Stones and Bones" would never fail him, to be sure—friends might.

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas dined with us on Friday evening, just we three alone, and *we* very much enjoyed it (He will tell you himself whether he did or not). I think his added years very much become him; I like his grey hair much better than his Mentone hair, and he looked distinguished and stately. He seemed well and was agreeable, and we talked, of course, all the evening, and yet, somehow, never finished a subject or felt that we had said anything. . .

From Letters to Mrs. Gregory.

fingers, each meaning upward leaps that the auctioneer understood, but not the Benedicts. We had gone down to make a modest bid or two, but were overwhelmed. . . So we sat there in choice seats that had been reserved for us, and looked at and touched each precious thing, and watched the strange crowd gathered there, and *felt* the anguish of the two spirits that I *know* were hovering over us, wrung to the very soul, so to speak, to see those dealers handling the sacred letters, the faded ribbons, envelopes, stamps—all just as they had treasured them. Such wild excitement (hidden, controlled, kept down); intense silence as the low voice of the auctioneer announced the leaping figures—up-up-up to 6,550 pounds for the love letters.* The set faces of the men bidding against each other only showed emotion by their colour —some faces very pale, others very red, and others of an alarming yellow tinge. Almost all the bidders for the large houses, such as Sotheran and Quaritch, were buying big lots; we decided that our best chance by far would be to wait until they break up the lots. As each "lot" was handed round the long table, we had fine views of all. Had I been rich, I should have called out to the auctioneer—after Sabin's bid of six thousand, five hundred pounds—"Seven thousand,"

* There was never anything like this Browning sale before in London or ever could be again. We hated to go and yet could *not* stay away—we—who know so much about the Brownings—my sister was in close touch with many of their friends in Florence and kept some of their things for a time.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

and have thus secured the love letters. And then I should have presented them to the British Museum. . .

We asked Sotheran to send us the catalogue and we have selected a Derby china vase that always stood in their drawing-room at Casa Guidi, and into which every morning Mrs. Browning and Pen put fresh flowers, the little boy's delight being to stick *his* flowers through holes in the pierced lid. After Mrs. Browning's death, Mr. Browning tried to have a photograph taken of this room she so loved, and in which everything stood just as she always had it, but the photograph was so unsatisfactory that he had an artist paint the interior with all its contents. The picture was sold at the auction, and the precious things were plainly to be seen—this particular little Derby basket also.

After these exciting London days, music and Richard Wagner called us* and we started on our zigzag journey across Belgium and Germany to Leipzig, to be present there at the celebration of Wagner's hundredth birthday. At Eisenach we spent Sunday, visiting the old church and hearing the organ upon which Bach played. On Monday we went to Meiningen. . . The old

* Of course, for the Wagner centenary, all the opera houses of Germany already announce splendid attractions and I see plainly that C.W.B. and her daughter C.R.B. will dash frantically back and forth, right and left, north, south, east and west, so as to hear *all* these performances, and of course we shall spend every cent of "saved" money, as we call the small "increase" in my nephew's yearly accounts!

From a Letter to Miss Beck (1912).

Duke's palace was *very* attractive; such charming, "lived in" rooms. In the late afternoon we took the train to Coburg. There, all was musical activity, flags flying, people driving about. Clare had secured tickets for the gala performance of "Ariadne" under Richard Strauss, and the next day she secured also two gallery seats, so we sat *upstairs* and saw the audience and Richard Strauss conducting, and afterwards we sat *downstairs* and saw the Duke and Duchess of Coburg with their suite in the large central box—a very pretty sight. I do not fancy an opera and play combined; I want my play all acting, and my opera all singing, but "Ariadne" contains some wonderful music and we very much enjoyed our little détour from Wagner to Bach and Richard Strauss.

The next day we went to Leipzig to pass May 22nd. This was a day never-to-be-forgotten. We began by being present at the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Wagner monument at 10.30—girls dressed in white and beautiful singing, after which we called at our faithful bankers, Knauth, Nachod and Kühne and were bowed to and smiled at to an overwhelming degree. We then hurried back to our hotel, ate a sandwich, and before 12 were seated in the famous Gewandhaus, listening to a good address on Wagner, which was followed by Wagner's favourite Beethoven symphony, the immortal Ninth, under Nikisch! At 5.45 we were at the Opera House where we

heard a brilliant performance of "Meistersinger"—Urlus singing Stolzing better than I have almost ever heard it sung, and Van Rooy giving a fine rendering of Sachs . . . Nikisch sat in a box near by . . At the final strophe, full light was turned on and the audience—a very musical one—rose and stood until the end—a splendid tribute to Richard Wagner.

The next day, after all this musical excitement, we took our train to quiet, health-giving Franzensbad, and began at once on the "iron cure," soaking in our champagne-like baths. We are still planning a little for Russia. There are a good many "ifs" about this plan—"*if* we get our passports"; "*if* we can secure a good courier"; "*if* no cholera breaks out." We are in correspondence now about "emergency passports"—does that not sound dangerous and Russian?

From green, peaceful Franzensbad we went to Dresden . . . and then had some delightful days at Berlin—oh! that glorious picture gallery! How true that remark of Connie's: "How like the faces of dear friends pictures can grow to be!" We drove out to see the new "Fairy Tale Fountain," which is very charming. But Dresden and Berlin we know almost by heart, so we did not linger long, but started off to several unknown-to-us places in Northern Germany—nearly to the frontier of Russia; one being Marienburg, that famous fortress of the Teutonic Knights to which Bae-

deker gives two stars and the Benedicts add a third! Now are you seated comfortably on the Magic Carpet? And, as it is a long journey, you had better take a lunch basket along, well-filled. So off we go to Marienburg! We did not reach there until 6.30 p.m. and Baedeker, the hotel proprietor and two policemen all told us that no one was ever allowed in after 6 o'clock; there was no use to ask. But we are never thwarted by little things like that! Off we walked up to the entrance door, and knocked and knocked and knocked. After a long time, a little window was opened and an angry, flushed face appeared, and in answer to Clare's polite question, this was hurled out: "No, no, no! I have been on my feet all day—I have taken several large parties and five schools over the place! If I do more, I shall die!" While he groaned this out, I—behind Clare's back—opened my purse and held out a five mark piece. For a moment the man looked dazed; then, with a broad smile, he unlocked the massive door, and motioned us in, saying: "Oh, if it is going to *snow* money, I must yield." So we had an hour and a half in that wonderful castle, a gorgeous sunset adding much, and being alone adding still more to the impression. . . The next morning, as we took our train for Königsberg, we saw the crowds gathered before the castle for the first entrance at 10! But Königsberg is desolate and deserted, though full of interesting old buildings, and connected historically with beloved Queen

Louise, and my hero, Napoleon. Clare is always amused when I am faced by these two—and I confess I *am* torn in two, for I love Queen Louise also. How terrible must have been her sufferings when Napoleon marched in triumph through the Brandenburg Gate! We went to Danzig, Stettin, Stralsund, and other fascinating places, spent two days on the island of Rügen, and then crossed on that wonderful ferry-boat to Sweden—a delightful trip, plenty of room on the wide decks for all the passengers and the whole train. . . Arriving in Sweden, there was a "free fight" for seats, and we ended by travelling in a third class compartment with first class tickets. As we were only going as far as Malmö, we did not care, and the rage (on our behalf) of a Swedish lady who was with us, and her sudden friendship, compensated us. At Malmö we learned the peculiar Swedish ways. No one helped us, and we walked at ten o'clock at night to the hotel and fought for a room. At last the proprietor said: "Come with me. I keep a few good rooms for first class people." And he showed us into a very nice apartment where we were thankful to rest. . . . From there we visited Lund which is full of interest. We arrived at Stockholm to find the streets absolutely packed with people . . . watching the comings and goings of the King and Queen of Italy who were visiting the Swedish King and Queen. . . . And for three days our little balcony, directly opposite the Royal Palace with

only a waterway between, gave us a splendid view of all that went on—our balcony being like a private box! To my joy the Royalties drove down to the water steps in open carriages drawn by high-stepping horses with outriders and their boat was a beautiful blue and gold barge rowed by 30 midshipmen. Clare, whose knowledge of Royalties is deep, called off their names as they appeared. . . .

We gave up all thought of Russia for several reasons; one being that winter not summer is the season; another being that I did not like the courier that Cook had engaged for me; he seemed to think that we were going to Russia for eating and drinking; he kept telling me where this and that could be had, "deliciously cooked," and the very best place for such and such wine. We then decided to see as much of Sweden as possible without a courier, which we managed very well by writing out in English all the questions we thought we should need to ask, and getting a Swedish lady to write under each the same in Swedish.* . . . Armed with this magic paper, we got on even in difficult Sweden.†

* It all threw a little light upon some of the mysterious Swedish Royalties—Queen Christina for instance. They have never wanted to stay in Sweden and even now the Swedish Royalties remain there as little as possible. *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

Clare, who *does* speak a few languages pretty well, soon obtained a bowing acquaintance with the Swedish language, but the words all have an angry sound. You ask a question learned with difficulty from your phrase book and are met in answer with "snart" or "snabb," or "tack" or "jag" or "dam"! *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

Stockholm is the most modern city I have ever been in. No horse cabs—all motors, and the people live, move and have their being by telephone—the poorest shop, the poorest hut has its telephone, and at every street corner there are penny-in-the-slot telephone boxes.

Lund and Upsala, their Yale and Harvard, are, I think, the two most interesting places we saw in Sweden. We nearly lost our train because we *would* take the drive to Odin's Hall to drink mead from the silver horn!

We travelled through the forest districts that give to Sweden her riches and saw the enormous logs in the rivers and lakes ready to be floated down. We saw also the mines, and all that is left of the "costumes" district. Zorn lives at Mora, and as long as he lives, the people will wear their costumes, but soon all this picturesque side of Sweden will have passed away, and it will be in the Northern Museum only that one can see what Sweden once was.

Now I turn my Magic Carpet across that high Lapland railway to Norway. During the journey we saw a Midnight Sun—I shall never, never forget it. Imagine the most beautiful sunset you have ever seen, and place its hour at nine p.m. lasting until midnight; but instead of growing darker, picture all the shades of red, pink, yellow, green and blue, each growing more and more vivid—more intense. Our excitement

increased as each moment cast these exquisite shades over water, hills, and sky. Then suddenly we gasped; "Why, this is sunrise!" And it *was!* When we reached our destination at midnight, everybody was going about the streets—children, animals, etc., as with us at broad noon—it was uncanny! Seeing it once was indescribably beautiful; but frankly, this "all night" light did not appeal to us; we could not sleep, and we resorted to every device—even to umbrellas—to darken the windows. When I told this to a young boy I talked to at Trondhjem, he said: "Oh, Madam, if you lived here as I do, you would love the light; in winter the sun sets at one p.m."

Finding that every boat to England was booked full for weeks ahead, we decided to go by land. After a few days at Trondhjem, admiring the stately cathedral, and buying some pretty rugs and some furs, we made a rapid trip down through Norway, Denmark and North Germany, across Holland to England, and all the way up the east coast to Edinburgh—a trip of lovely "goings" and interesting "stoppings." At Hamburg we had a splendid sight of a "Zeppelin" carrying passengers. We changed our minds about Hamburg; on this visit, we thought it a very handsome city.

When we finally reached Edinburgh, we drove to the Royal Hotel which overlooks the Scott

monument and the park with the floral clock. There are a few rooms at this hotel that I like—they have deep bay-windows on the front. The cross room clerk (a woman, of course!) always tells me that these rooms are occupied, and we always have a fight, and I always win. Arriving this time after nine o'clock at night, I took the back room she gave me; but *en route* to the dining-room, I stopped at the office, and in what Clare calls my "dotted i's and crossed t's" voice, said to my enemy: "If, when I come out from breakfast, you have no front bay-window room for me, I shall look elsewhere." Then we went in to breakfast... After a little, Clare said: "That lady in pink is the Princess Sophie Charlotte, Prince Eitel-Fritz's wife; but that is not her husband with her. When you get a chance, look and see which one of the Kaiser's sons you think it is." When I looked, I said: "If it *is* a son of the Kaiser, it is Prince Adalbert." But I felt sure that Clare had made a mistake; no one glanced at them, nor did the headwaiter pay the least attention to them. The headwaiter is an old friend of mine, so, as I passed out, I told him of our discovery, and he begged me to tell no one, and to take no notice of them—that had been their command. "But where is Prince Eitel-Fritz?" I asked. He pretended that a telephone call must be answered, and hurried away... Then we were shown into one of the best rooms on the second floor and my bay-window gave me a view of

another bay-window—at right angles from it on the first floor. In this bay I saw what looked like a bed, and as I was saying to Clare, "What a queer place for a bed!" a pink-sleeved arm pulled up a shade, and there was Eitel-Fritz in bed! The lady in pink—Princess Sophie Charlotte—had pulled up the shade. And so, for five days we had interesting glimpses of Prince Eitel-Fritz getting well. It seems he had caught a "chill," as the English say, and they had promptly put him to bed. And in bed his face looked just as it had looked as a little boy. And oh! his night clothes of pink and green and violet silk! And the devotion offered by his wife, his brother, and his valet!.. I was right, it *was* Prince Adalbert, and they were all seeing Scotland "*incog.*"

After our delightful Edinburgh days, we went to Banavie, and spent a happy month at the Lochiel Arms. Sometimes friends came dashing up in motors,* and gave us variety, but not enough to interrupt Clare or disturb me.

* One of Clare's illustrated papers had a page describing the "speed habit," and the writer (a Mr. Howard) pronounced it to be as terrible and as impossible to break as the drink habit. Following Connie's advice, I wrote to Mr. Howard in thanks for *one* pen being raised in protest. Imagine our amusement when two weeks later, Mr. Howard put the contents of my letter on his page!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

If I read a story or an article or see a picture I like, I write a line of praise to the author, and I often have beautiful answers. They all echo the same refrain: "No one but you has ever done this"—"No one has any time," etc., etc.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

Clare planned a trip from Scotland to London, which she spoke of as "direct," but which looked the reverse on the map, as we considered the different places where we wanted to stop. We *wanted* to stop everywhere, and the changes we like; yesterday we changed carriages five times. But it rests one to get out, walk about, take luncheon or afternoon tea, and then go on by a lovely way to another pretty stop. . . Fountains Abbey impressed us still more with its beauties on this our second visit. We remained over Sunday at Ilkley and *en route* from church saw in a window of an antiquity shop a fine old "Ladder Back" chair. We had the nerve—even on Sunday—to ring the bell, and the man had the nerve to sell us the chair!

We were determined to visit Haworth again, as Clare was too young to remember our first visit to the Brontë shrine. . . . Haworth is really a pilgrimage—no place to eat, no place to sleep; but determined people *jump all hurdles*. We had a heavenly day and the place itself remains absolutely unchanged—that steep, barren, impossible street leading up to that desolate parsonage and church and packed-full churchyard that Mrs. Gaskell describes. One can almost see the sisters hurrying at dusk to the little shop to buy paper; the old man wondering what the young ladies could be doing with so much paper. And those life-giving walks of theirs on the York-

shire Moors upon which their back door opened. For their sakes, we walked from that back door for a bit, hoping that our feet pressed the sod that their feet had pressed. What beautiful, passionate love those sisters had for each other! At the church, there was an old woman cleaning, for I, knowing that all clergymen take Monday* for "gadding," planned this visit for a Monday, feeling sure that this particular vicar, who *never* lets any one step into the Brontë house or garden, would be away—and he was! Armed with this information, I wrote on my visiting card: "We belong to the Fenimore Cooper family, and are devoted admirers of Charlotte Brontë. May we be allowed to step into her garden?" I then went to the door, rang, and handed in my card. In a few moments a smiling daughter of the house appeared and said: "My father allows no one in, but he is away, and *I* will show you the garden." She unlocked and opened the gate, and in we walked. The front of the house is left just as the Brontës had it . . . We stood and looked at the windows and into the open front door, and could almost see them all—the stern, but dear father, delicate Emily and Anne, and brave Charlotte, and even the two little sisters, so loved, who died first,

* Since the publication of the Héger letters, those of us who have always been Brontë enthusiasts have been all stirred up again. We walked or rather climbed up that long, narrow, crooked, steep road to the little church on Monday—the "giddy gadding day" for vicars.

From a Letter to Miss Emma Beck.

and the handsome, bad Bramwell, and "Auntie" and "Tabby" and the dear, dear dogs!*

Llangollen,

Hand Hotel.

And now, here I am in Wales in this fascinating, old-fashioned hotel, overlooking the pretty river Dee... Of course you know of the famous Ladies of Llangollen? Their beautiful, devoted friendship—living here together for fifty years—has always appealed to us. We arrived an hour ago, and I decided to remain indoors, tempting as was the walk that Clare had planned. So she has gone out alone...

Clare appears here and is enthusiastic about the first walk... charming excursions can be made in a funny boat on the canal, drawn by a pony, so you can picture us as spending at least half our days in the boat...

* * * * *

We have had an unusual opportunity to see the house of the "Ladies," as the present owner

* After leaving York, I carried out a wish I have had since reading Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." I went to solitary, quaint Haworth, and saw the little church on the hill, and the old graveyard next to the parsonage where all those wonderful books were written. We walked from the station up the long, narrow, desolate street to the little church where Charlotte Brontë is buried. The house is exactly as when the Brontës lived there. The present Vicar being away, the maid let us in, and it all looked just as described by Mrs. Gaskell—the view from their window in front of that "painfully full" churchyard, and the view behind of the dark, desolate, fascinating moors! We felt chilled and depressed, and I commenced coughing in sympathy with the poor Brontë sisters, much to Clare's distress...

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

wishes to sell it as it stands, with all the treasures of the devoted "Ladies," so the whole house and grounds were shown. Yesterday, we inspected the little Llangollen Church, and seated ourselves in the former pew of Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), because Robert Browning once visited her for two weeks and sat in this pew each Sunday.

London.

October 10*th*.

The suffragettes make London more difficult. Many collections are closed, as they are really afraid of the women.* We had a disagreeable experience last Sunday at Westminster Abbey; in the Commandments, while the beautiful responses were echoing through the lovely arches, about twenty women began singing in high, sharp "Salvation Army" kind of voices: "God bless Jennie March, Mary Slanden," and so on, naming names. There was almost a panic; people rose from their knees; the feeble voice of the Dean could not be heard, and for a few minutes all was confusion. But the vergers were evidently prepared for this and about 14 extra men had been added to the ordinary force, and the manner in which they each took a woman and marched her out of the Abbey, was silently and wonderfully done. But no sooner were a large number of the vergers thus occupied than another

* Oh, that hacked-to-pieces Henry James portrait by Sargent! Henry has so vivid an imagination that I daresay he *felt* on his head and face the blows of that meat hatchet! *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

lot of women, on the other side, piped up shrilly and began singing the same refrain of "God bless," etc., then followed the names of the women who had been locked up. It was disheartening; indeed, the way in which every woman is watched is very disagreeable—the police and guards even take long, close looks at one's guide book.

We went the other day to the National Portrait Gallery to see the much talked-about picture of Charlotte Brontë. In this picture Charlotte wears a pale green dress* and is reading "Wuthering Heights." We have re-read this wonderful book. How haunting it is!†

A beautiful Sunday and we have just come in from a walk through Hyde Park to the Chapel of the Ascension... You probably know the interesting history of this chapel—the turning of the deserted old cemetery in Bayswater Road into a lovely, quiet garden by placing the old tombstones upright all round the wall. The chapel is always open, so that people who wish to get out of the motor whirl and rest, can do so. On the left side of the doorway is this: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter the Sanctuary for rest, solace and

* All very pathetic—that "wearing of the green" for the first time since Emily's death.

* * * * *

† Since the publication of the Héger letters, the picture has been removed from its place on the wall! The Benedicts secured permission to see it, and knowing about the writing on the back (that somehow so appealed to one of her wearing a coloured dress (green) for the first time since Emily's death) we turned the picture over and *saw it!*

From a Letter to Mrs. Gregory.

prayer; let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever-continuing ways of God with man." On the right side is this: "Is it nothing to all you who pass by? Come and rest awhile. Commune with your own heart and be still . . . Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

* * * * *

We enjoyed Cologne and Augsburg* where we stopped for a day. On Sunday, we went into Munich, dressed and drove off to surprise the Coits.† We did indeed surprise them! . . . We very much enjoyed seeing them, spending almost all our time in their handsome large apartment. The night before we left, we all went to the opera to hear "Salome." Von

* Augsburg is a fascinating place. . . We spent most of the time in prowling about the old part of the town, obtaining at each turn of the crowded little streets, odd views of houses, windows and roofs. Among other things we saw the queer little house where both the Holbeins lived. We put up at the historic "Three Moors," which they have been mistaken enough to make over into a modern hotel "with every comfort." The only thing left of interest is the old visitors' book, and we felt very insignificant as we read the names of Kings, Queens, Dukes, Princes, etc., and then Liszt, Jenny Lind, Talleyrand, Walter Scott, and many more; indeed, almost every name of celebrity. *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

† Thank you for your kind words of sympathy and your pretty little angel-praying, I hope, for me! When one has reached my age, a schoolfriend is a terrible loss. We began life together, closely knit, and we ended it (so to speak) again closely-knit by this terrible war. Every boat—often five a week—took my fat letters to my friend. I never told grievances or wrote of sad things; we had unending subjects; and therefore (her poor, desolate husband now tells me) she lived upon my letters and her letters were all that I had of that kind of blessed affection and understanding. I wrote to no one all I felt and thought but to that one friend. I feel lost, and drifting—and all the joy of that planned-for meeting gone! But I am so thankful to have *Clare—just Clare!*

From a Letter to Miss Victoria Gittings (1920).

† Josie and I made mud pies together and paper dolls, and we used to "hippity-hop" to school, delighting to call the school "the barber shop," according to the rhyme—we *not* being good scholars!

From a Letter to Mrs. Saville (1920).

Bary as Herod, rose to great heights, but his "Kill that woman!" failed to make the fearful climax it should make. Miss Craft sang and acted well. A little too much "Madame Butterfly"—but she danced beautifully.

Vienna was just Vienna, brilliant and fascinating. We enjoyed our month—going often to the opera, and hearing also two splendid Philharmonics and a Richard Strauss concert conducted by the great genius himself.

We did what *we* love to do and what every one else wonders at—we went to Venice in December—for we find it quite perfect in winter—no tourists, all the best rooms free, and the gondoliers eager and willing to do the things we like to do . . . We were in a very interesting hotel where Wagner composed part of "Tristan," but we occupied the room in which Verdi composed the 4th act of "Rigoletto," for this room had an open fire and Wagner's room only steam! We had bought two delightful new books on Venice, one, "Venice on Foot," describes so clearly the most intricate walks that we had no difficulty in finding our way and were able to take a different one each day. Oh, what those walks were—we reading the history of every bridge, shrine, palace, church, as we passed them! Our second book, "Venetian Sermons," we liked so much that we decided to go to the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning to hear the

author of the "Sermons," Dr. Robertson, preach. It was a strange experience; no one there but one boy who had evidently led the singing in the Lutheran service that had gone before. He started all the hymns in a high, Caruso-pitch, so that the two American ladies and ourselves (the whole congregation), could not aid him. Dr. Robertson introduced himself to us and we explained that it was his book of "Venetian Sermons" that had brought us...

On this visit Clare had one wish come true—to go in a gondola to the opera—a thing that she has always pictured as being quite fascinating, and it all came up to her dream. The opera was "Carmen," and it was acted in a most spirited manner—the enthusiastic clapping, cries and shouting of the excited audience making the whole performance alive; and the coming out on a soft, warm moonlight night and stepping into the gondola, was really enchanting.

As in Vienna, so here again, we hated to leave, but on December 10th, we did leave... At Verona in bounded a woman with ten large packages, bags, bandboxes, a huge bunch of flowers, and a lover! So we bounded out and looked up another compartment... We reached Alassio to find our same pleasant rooms all ready for us, with the whole blue "Med" spread out before us. We have already taken our favourite walks, and "ah-ed" and "oh-ed" over the superb

views at each turn, and have been into the English Tea Room for a cup of good tea and a toasted tea-cake, sitting on the terrace with roses blooming and climbing all over it.

One day, when Clare was writing in her little room, she heard what sounded like a pebble fall on her balcony. She paid no attention; then came another, but she did not look up, for she supposed that some small boy had made a mistake in the window. Then came down before her window what looked like a travelling shawl and rug pinned together, gently waving. This sent Clare out upon the balcony, where, looking up, she saw the smiling faces of "Athens" and "Abbazia." They had come from Vienna to surprise us, and surprise us they certainly did, for they had cleverly arranged to have letters and cards posted to us from Vienna the very night they started... Of course, Clare's writing went to the wall.... Then besides these friends in the hotel, several English friends sent word to friends of theirs, living in villas at or near Alassio, so for a short time we lived quite like "belles," as all these people were either bachelors or widowers! Even Rampoldi (Anne's old courier, now retired) turned up, and every time we appeared, there he stood, bowing from the very hips, as though to Royalties! And he added to the flower heap by sending us beautiful bouquets at Christmas and New Year!

* * * * *

How we adore deserted old Pisa! It is easy and delightful in imagination to people these palaces. We almost *see* Byron, Shelley and Mr. and Mrs. Browning going in and out.

We stopped at charming places all along that lovely coast of Italy, which *now* is far prettier and less spoiled than the south of France. . .

Perugia has never before so fitted into our mood—so peaceful, so beautiful, so comfortable. We persuaded the landlord (an old friend, for this is our ninth visit), to divide what is still called the "Pierpont Morgan Suite." Spring comes early in Umbria, and already the valleys are covered with green grass; trees are budding, and wild flowers everywhere. . . One of the great attractions of this famous hotel is a splendid library. We selected "The Choice of Books," (Frederick Harrison), an old favourite of ours and we agree with all of its articles except the one on George Eliot.*

To GEORGE ELIOT.

O wondrous woman! shaping with thy pen
As Michael Angelo did shape from stone,
Colossal forms of clear-cut outline, when
We dwell upon thy pages, not alone
The beauty of thy rose, we see, as finely traced
As roses drawn by other woman-hands
Who spend their lives in shaping them but faced
We find ourselves with giant's work that stands
Above us as a mountain lifts its brow,
Grand, unapproachable, yet clear in view
To lowliest eyes that upward look, Oh, how
Hast thou shed radiance as thy finger drew
Its shapes! A myriad women light have seen
And courage taken, because thou hast been.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*New Century*).

Mr. Hamilton Curtis—as usual—had his same enchanting rooms, and one day he invited us up to take coffee and to see how perfect it all was, and to make us envious!

After our delightful winter, we again went to Venice, and took the same Verdi room at the Hotel Europe where we spent the Carnival. We had never been in Venice at that season, and you would have laughed had you seen us entering into all the fun! We bought hundreds of the little ten cent lottery tickets, and, separating the blanks from the winning numbers, we fell into line and marched slowly in to obtain our prizes. All was so well-managed and orderly; the very poor were allowed to stand at one side of the exit—all carefully boarded off—to stretch out their hands for the prizes that we could not use, and their blessings and thanks, on receiving our frying pans, flour, chocolate, soap, etc. added greatly to our pleasure. Then, as a balance, we bought expensive tickets for a charity "Thé Dansant," given at the Fenice Theatre by the smartest Venetian society ladies. This was a very pretty sight—all but that disgusting Tango which a few people *would* dance. However, the floor was soon cleared, and the peasants appeared, dressed in their picturesque, modest costumes and danced the Pope's dance—the graceful Furlana—such a contrast! The Pope has really succeeded in making the Tango *un*fashionable—bless him!

During these last days in Venice we had been fighting with Cook about the arrangements for our trip to Dalmatia—we tearing to pieces Cook's plan, and making our own. We started by train to Trieste,* which is nowadays a very different place from the interesting seaport of our first visit. We travelled by train from Trieste to Pola—a wonderful trip as to scenery. We spent a day at Pola, visiting the Arena, Temple of Augustus, two fine gateways, etc. A graceful statue of the Empress Elisabeth was placed here after her tragic death. . . The next day, we took the boat for Cattaro, the southernmost point of Dalmatia, and we sailed along that exquisite coast, remaining on deck until very late at night, in order to see by moonlight the islands that we were to visit on our way back. We slept as well as was possible in the "best cabin" on the boat and reached that wonderful "double starred" bay of Cattaro about 10 a.m. I wish I could give you a faint idea of the beauties of sky, mountains and water! From Cattaro we made a three days' driving trip to Montenegro. We have never been to so remote a place—so wild, so un-

* Trieste Bay with its shipping from all countries is an animated scene. I do not wonder that Austria is proud of her one seaport. . . We had a letter to a Mr. Thayer, the one who has written the best life of Beethoven. He was very kind and showed us his rare Beethoven collection. He also strongly advised us to stop at Adelsberg to see the marvellous caves there. Such wonders of "the waters under the earth," I never before even dreamed of. We were over three hours in the caves. . . We climbed mountains, crossed rushing rivers, walked through long corridors and entered immense caverns. . . It was frightfully grand . . . but I felt thankful to come out upon the *outside* of the world into the sun again. . .

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

spoiled. We started on Sunday afternoon in order to be at Cetinje for the Monday morning market. We had the whole magnificent road to ourselves. excepting that as we approached Cetinje, we met the peasants on their way to the market, every man, woman and child in national costume. They are a splendid-looking race. We reached the "Grand Hotel" at seven o'clock, and found a room with hot fire ready for us. . . All the foreign diplomats and military officers eat at this little hotel, making the dining-room quite lively. The nice Swiss proprietor did all he could to aid us, and it was thanks to him that we learned the King's plans, and thus had a fine view of him, dressed in his gorgeous blue satin embroidered robes! The Monday market was a remarkable sight. In the afternoon we took the drive to Rjeka and saw the King's summer palace, with the sentry boxes on the roof, so that the guard could watch the narrow, dangerous road up from Turkey! . . . I could write you sheets full about this wonderful Black Mountain country.

After this glorious drive in Montenegro, we coasted all the way up to Ragusa, which is most picturesque; and from there we took a three days' trip to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia. The journey inland was fascinating; peasants all in costume, also shepherds. Sarajevo still has ninety mosques, and I fell again under the

spell of the "five calls to prayer," as in Egypt. We took a Mohammedan guide, and went about everywhere . . . to the mosques, the museum, the tobacco factory, and even saw a review of the Austrian troops. This, so far away, in such strange surroundings, was very impressive—particularly when—while the officers remained at salute, stationary like statues—the band played the beautiful Austrian hymn.

From Ragusa, we went by an Austrian Lloyd steamer to Spalato; arriving there in a "downpour," we were discouraged to see a motor "bus" belonging to the hotel, which, strange to say, is kept by a Philadelphia man. . . . We spent the next morning visiting that wonderful Palace of Diocletian. . . The rain began again at twelve, and continued to increase, so we saw that the drive to Salona and Traù would be impossible. Here the Philadelphia man helped us by letting us have an automobile. We started off, therefore, in this disagreeable vehicle, taking an extra man with us, who spoke German (our driver only spoke Croatian). So I would ask a question in rapid English, Clare would repeat it in German to the guide, who would translate it into Croatian to the driver, and back again through all these tongues would come at last my answer. And all my questions were about people and things and places of the third century! The cathedral of Traù was one of the most perfect things we saw on the whole trip,

and the rain held up while we walked through the strange buried city of Salona.

We decided to take the little coasting steamer the next morning at 6 a.m., so as to have two hours at Sebenico. That beautiful, beautiful cathedral, the only one in Europe built wholly of marble and stone, its waggon roof is most striking—no tiles outside to hide the stone work any more than wood within; its builders built for eternity, and deemed that "nothing so perishable as timber or common as brick should enter into its composition." . . As we were looking at the strange carved heads around a part of the exterior (heads, by the way, from which they have learned much of the far away past of the inhabitants), we heard the organ. Oh, if a service should prevent our seeing the interior! . . . We hurried to the lovely doorway and entered softly, and such a sight as met our eyes! The entire church—every inch of space—was filled with kneeling figures, all the women in black, and every hand—to that of the youngest child—holding a lighted candle. In the centre of the nave was a handsome catafalque, surrounded by kneeling men in white holding large lighted tapers; while in the very high marble choir were the Bishop and priests. At first we supposed it must be a funeral or requiem mass for some bishop or person of importance, until we saw the expressions on the faces—the tears which meant personal sorrow, and such a multitude of people could not feel the same

about any *one* person. Slowly it came to us that it must be a mass for all the dead and it was; the man in charge told Clare afterwards that on the last Friday in March was celebrated this general funeral mass. I shall never forget some of those faces, or the comfort and even joy of the service. I envied them, just as I envied the Mohammedans their five calls to prayer.*

I could tell you of many, many interesting bits, some of the memories are enshrined in the most choice niche of my brain—such scenery, such buildings, such costumes and such customs! It is a wonder to us now, that we did keep well. We had all kinds of wrong food at improper hours; we slept on sofas, red velvet shelves (called berths), between damp sheets, dirty sheets and no sheets! We would be called at 4.45 a.m., and walk to the boat (that always left at 6 a.m.) without a mouthful, and after the boat started, would get what breakfast the little coasting steamer could provide. We had very strange experiences and felt very far away, as we looked into Turkey . . . down the dangerous narrow road at Rjeka. And

* Will you be shocked when I say that so many things about both the Roman Catholics and the Mohammedans I envy? As I heard those five calls to prayer—called from the tip-top of those exquisite minarets—to the north, south, east and west—that appeal made in such earnestness and so near the heavenly blue sky, ending with "And Mohammed is nearest to God!" and as I watched the young and old—perfectly indifferent to the lookers-on—carefully wash their faces, necks, arms, hands and feet before they dared enter the mosque to pray—I half wondered: "perhaps he *is* nearest God!" All this I envy the Mohammedans.

From a Letter to Mrs. Gregory.

again, when in the interior of Bosnia, we were requested to report at once upon arrival at Police Headquarters! But we were so interested that we forgot to think how we *did* feel! The big moments—and we had many—repaid us for all the difficulties...

Fiume is an impossible place from which hundreds of emigrants sail yearly for America. From Fiume we travelled across Hungary to Buda-Pesth.* I had not been there for a long time and I wanted to see that fine Picture Gallery since Count Palffy had presented his pictures to it... At last we saw the real Giorgione and the fragment

* It was difficult to get away from Buda-Pesth, but at last we made ourselves go, and the journey between Buda-Pesth and Salzburg I consider that *I* discovered, and that I am a second Columbus, and ought to have a statue somewhere (It would not be expensive, as life-size would take but little marble).

Everybody told me that I could *not* get from Gratz to Salzburg easily.... that six changes would be encountered, besides the possibility, nay probability, that we should be left in the Austrian Alps to foot it into Salzburg. However, with the Woolson obstinacy, which is so satisfactory when successful, and so hideous when a failure, I listened to all that the proprietors and porters said, and then calmly started on the zigzag journey... And oh! how perfectly gorgeous it all was—by far the most wild and beautiful journey I have ever made in Europe... and the six "stops" were as beautiful as the "goes." We would be left in the wildest little villages at the foot of the most glorious, snow-capped mountains, and the little engine and few cars would steam off out of sight up some valley, and seem to leave us alone with the mountains. Each stop was for at least an hour, so we took lovely walks, and twice had refreshments in the shape of coffee, cream, bread, etc. in the quaintest of inns. And then, another little engine would appear and take us up, up, up to another lovely

point, and so on, all day. We were literally passed from mountain to mountain; and the views were so grand and wonderful that we hardly knew where to look. Fortunately, the cars were made for the views, and were almost all glass. But even with all these many words, I have not conveyed to you in the least the delights of the day.

Salzburg is all that has been said of it. It is called one of the three most beautiful places in the world, Constantinople and Naples being the other two . . . we only felt sorry that we could not take every one of the tempting excursions, but we were obliged to make a choice of temptations. We went to the house where Mozart was born, and played on his piano, and saw all the many things that are to be seen. There is a charming museum after the style of the Nuremberg Museum, which in my opinion, far exceeds that of Nuremberg—rooms fitted up in the style of the sixteenth century—the kitchen is certainly the most attractive place I ever was in. We drove to Königssee, which I think *must* be the loveliest lake in the world. The visit to the salt mines was interesting, but very terrible; my last visit to things *under* the earth, while alive!

As in Pesth, so in Salzburg, we had to make heroic efforts to get away—I wanted to stay all summer!

We went to Linz by rail (another enchanting journey) and the next day, took the Danube boat for Vienna. This part of the "beautiful blue Danube" is considered the finest and by some considered far finer than the Rhine. It is "beautiful" but not "blue" (Strauss to the contrary!) The water is a clear, deep green, and in this respect the Danube does surpass the Rhine—the water itself is so much clearer than that of the yellow Rhine, but the scenery does not compare with that of the Rhine. Parts are lovely; some "pretty" mountains—not *grand* and one or two attractive castles. The one of all others that I wished to see, where Richard Coeur de Lion was imprisoned for so long, and where Blondel found him, (fortunately for my romance) was a most picturesque old ruin. We fell in with 160 pilgrims, who had just visited the Pilgrimage Church of Maria Taferl. The women were all in their peasant costumes, carrying provisions on their backs; the men in white coats with red crosses. They got off the boat at some distance from Vienna, and as the boat pushed off, they all knelt on the grass in silent prayer, facing the river, and remained thus motionless, until we were out of sight.

From an Earlier Letter to Miss Mather.

of a copy of a lost Giorgione, as the critics say, (daring C.W.B. says "a real bit") We were also deeply interested in all the memorials to the Empress Elisabeth that have been placed in the city since our last visit—the church, museum, hospital and several statues. The Elisabeth Memorial Church is one of perpetual prayer; when we were there, two nuns in white were kneeling before the altar. It must comfort people to enter day or night, and always find light and some one praying.

One night Clare took a box at the opera and we heard "Suzanne's Secret" by Wolf-Ferrari, and "Djamileh" by Bizet; followed by some prettily arranged dancing scenes, called "A Winter Dream," the music by Robert Schumann. The first scene represents Schumann at the piano playing the pieces—then comes the carrying out of all the music. This was charming! Schumann himself said that these "Kinderscenen" were not intended as pieces for children, but rather as the "poetic looking back into youth of a grown person."

Vienna is a very sympathetic place to spend Holy Week in*; we went yesterday to see the

* Our Dalmatia-Bosnia-Istria-Montenegro trip has been often in mind during our Vienna stay, for between times we have kept on reading about those wonderful countries. I have discovered that if beforehand you read up generally—so to speak—about places you are going to see, and read about only just the ones you are seeing (at the time of seeing) and then, after the whole trip is over, re-read all your books, it is all stamped clearly on your mind—never to be forgotten and can be added to that never-ceasing joy of your "memory-picture gallery."

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Albrecht Dürer pictures of the Passion shown on a screen in one of the large concert halls. Behind an arrangement of plants, entirely hidden, was an organ upon which Bach's Passion Music was played.

At the opera, we heard Edyth Walker in the "Ring" as a dramatic soprano. She left Vienna twelve years ago with a fine mezzo-soprano voice. She wanted to sing soprano rôles but Mahler refused to allow her to strain her voice; they quarrelled and she left. Since then, she has made the high notes—and fine notes they certainly are—but the beautiful low notes are gone, and she *cannot* act. Indeed, such close attention must she give to her notes that her Brünnhilde stands perfectly still to sing.

I must tell you an overcoat story that is almost as funny as the one about our finding the Prussian officer's coat in our wardrobe at Wilhelmshöhe! The other night we went to the Burgtheater. We always give the attendant an extra tip to hang our cloaks on the last hook where we can lift them off ourselves. I wear a plain black cloth coat—quite long and thick, with large sleeves and pockets. As Clare helped me on with mine, I said: "Is this my coat?" "Yes," answered Clare. It did not feel exactly like mine, but as just at that moment we saw some one we wished to speak to, we went on and out, and finding it to be a pleasant night, we de-

cided to walk home as we often do. As we walked and talked, every now and then something heavy struck against my right leg. At last when nearly home, I said: "Clare, did you put the opera glass in my coat pocket?" and when she answered "No," I slipped in my hand and came upon a large pistol in a heavy leather case! The rest of the walk was not pleasant. Upon reaching the hotel, I went into the private office of the manager and showed him the coat. It was a gentleman's overcoat and upon examination, proved to be that of Count Emerich Thun! The poor Count fared worse than I did (as we heard afterwards), for he threw my coat over his arm and went into one of the fashionable restaurants and did not discover his mistake until he tried to get into my coat at midnight. The next morning his coat was sent to him, and mine returned to me.

On Tuesday May 26th, we left for Dresden. Since our last visit, the picture gallery has been entirely re-hung. My favourite Lorenzo Lotto has been brought forward to one of the best places in the Cupola Room—triumph for C.W.B.! As "Parsifal" was given both on Whit Sunday and Monday, and as we never hear it anywhere but in Bayreuth, we did not hear much music in Dresden.

On Tuesday, June 2nd, we went to Franzensbad... This year I take my baths in the royal bathroom—very delightful!.. We have selected

MRS. BENEDICT AT FRANZENSBAD (1914).

[*To face p.* 439]

good books for our reading, and the weather is fine, not hot and from June 3rd to July—

So far I wrote in quiet, peaceful Franzensbad, when there came upon us the terrible news from Sarajevo, and our life of peace was changed in a flash to one of mixed rejoicing and anxiety. We rejoiced in a way that our beloved Austria need fear no longer the danger that the Archduke's morganatic wife and her children would surely have brought to the land, and yet we had a perfect horror of the Servian methods, allowing this ambitious woman to make the safe expeditions in the city with all the flags flying, cheers and the homage to her of an *Empress* knowing that she would persuade her husband to take the fatal drive, as she did. . .

But this murder did not much disturb our life . . . and all Austria took a long breath, never dreaming of what was to follow. . .

When we left Franzensbad on July 6th, we went *via* Freiberg to see the "Goldene Pforte," which is quite unlike anything we have seen before in all our wanderings. . . We also planned to take in another "sight" on our way to Bayreuth,—Altenburg,—spending the night there and visiting the castle, the museum, and the Skat fountain—the game of "Skat" originated among the peasants of Wendish origin in the vicinity. In the afternoon we proceded to Bayreuth

and found everything in good order in our Bayreuth home with the faithful Hetzels in the Rheingoldstrasse. We unpacked and settled all comfortably, and then began our feast of music, for we were again to attend the dress rehearsals, and this time we had taken tickets also for the first half of the public performances. Thirty-six new singers made it very exciting. Siegfried Wagner told us that the biggest successes of the season would be the new Senta, Barbara Kemp, and the new Loge, and we entirely agreed with his opinion. The new Senta has a beautiful voice and she is a fine actress also; she is not good-looking enough to please Americans, but her voice should place her in the front rank... fortunately, during our very first days at Bayreuth, I had an opportunity to tell both these young singers of the future I thought was before them.

The dress rehearsals really spoil one for the performances, for at the rehearsals only people are present who know the music and who are devoted to Bayreuth. When the public crowded in to the first performances... many came for other reasons; to show off their clothes, to see other people's clothes; to meet friends; to say they had been at Bayreuth; to criticise... and the change was not pleasant, although it brought many interesting people.

MISS BENEDICT AT FRANZENSBAD (1914).

[*To face p.* 440]

Bayreuth,

July 27th, 1914.

This musical Mecca is not an easy place for letter-writing, save to the few who beg for every detail of how the new singers take their notes, how they act, etc. . . But I have this morning turned my back upon the musical talk going on briskly in our little parlour, and have come up to my room to write to you. Since I wrote last, our beloved Austria has been through much and is now to be plunged in war. How well we understood the dangers of Bosnia, for our three days in Sarajevo were filled—even then—with dangers; it was in the atmosphere, and I did not feel safe until entirely out of the country. Those sullen Servians, those ninety mosques full of devout Mohammedans, the five calls to prayer every day from the tops of those graceful minarets mingling with the sound of the gay Austrian bands far below; all these strange, warlike natives dressed in the costumes of their country, all with visible and invisible pistols and knives! all at war with one another! It was to the very building where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife went that we were summoned the morning after our arrival to explain who we were and why we were there to the chief of police. It was Clare's fluent German, and the meeting with a polite Viennese

officer, that convinced the chief that we were there as sightseers only and not as spies.

The poor dear Emperor. . . Even this fearful war, they write us, he faces bravely, with the old courage that has never failed him. . . I earnestly hope, as all nations are averse to universal war, that something will be done to prevent it. These reports of war which sweep over Europe (particularly here, where so many Royalties are gathered) like a fierce thunderstorm have nearly stopped the performances. Some of the singers and orchestra men were called back to Vienna, as they belonged to the reserve. But others fitted in and all goes on; except that the Royalties and all the Austrians left at once.

London,

August 4th, 1914.

While we were in the midst of our wild, difficult flight, we had so many things to face and do, such demands upon our brains for quick decisions, upon our feet for quick action! And it came so suddenly that all our strength was needed for action and not for tears or complaints.

Whispers reached us on Thursday; we therefore gave away our seats for the performances of Friday and Saturday, secured a little English gold and our tickets to London, and, armed with letters to the stationmasters at Nuremberg and Frankfort, we started off.

But that prompt German Emperor was quicker than we were; our train was held up everywhere; it was a splendid sight—that magnificent order and discipline. At ten o'clock p.m. we were in the Frankfort station, and no train going—all had been stopped—the Orient Express, the Ostend Express, etc. But the letter to the stationmaster saved us. "A train will leave at 1.46 a.m. for Cologne," he whispered to us, "*you must get on it*, no matter what they do or say. Go!" So we waited there in a crowd of English and Americans, so frantic and so strange! It seemed folly to consider for a moment that we could get on the train, but, following the stationmaster's advice, we arranged just how we would do it—we would make for the sleeping car, which we did, and in that narrow corridor, we, with crowds more, sat packed in tight on the floor! We reached Cologne at seven a.m., as we were stopped all along . . . the whole line was guarded, also every bridge and tunnel. We hurried to the Hotel du Nord where that faithful old porter who had served me so often advised us to go on at once. They had been assured that the ten o'clock train would leave that day, but after that, nothing else. He promised to secure my trunks and lock them up in the hotel, but that *we* must go! We had a cup of coffee and went to Cook's, who said they could give us no money or take any trunks, or indeed do anything, as they should soon "close

their doors." So with shaking limbs, we hurried to the train, and again squeezed in and secured two seats and until the Belgian frontier, all went better; we had no food, but we were not on the floor! At the frontier a French soldier suddenly appeared, and ordered us all out, and we were told to walk over the frontier, carrying our hand luggage—a walk of half an hour. All the rest of the day, from that time until 6 p.m. we did the transferring—changing carriages four other times and always going into third class compartments. At Ostend we sat in the waiting-room until 11 p.m. when, with seven hundred other passengers, we got on the boat and had a most exciting crossing—searchlights thrown upon us from every direction, and the whole channel alive with gunboats. . . We reached London at seven a.m. and crawled into our comfortable rooms, thankful, indeed! It was an experience beyond describing. . . And we have been so torn in our feelings. . . We love Austria and the dear old Emperor, and from our Austrian friends we hear nothing—or from Germany. . . This black, awful silence from lands and cities so beautiful and calm and prosperous only forty-eight hours ago! It all seems like a terrible nightmare—a strange feeling, unlike anything I have ever yet experienced save in dreams! . . . I feel desperately blue and downhearted. . .

* * * * *

We were so fortunate as to be given one of the two Mather cabins, and we went by train to

Liverpool and spent two dreary days at the Adelphi Hotel, and sailed on the "Olympic" on August 23rd, at daylight. We were to have sailed on August 22nd, but owing to the movement of the British troops, we could not get off. We reached New York on Saturday evening, August 30th.

And thus ended our 17th trip abroad, (34 voyages).

* * * * *

When, oh! when, can we make our 35th voyage and cross that *three mile limit? ? ?*

September 5th, 1914.

37 Madison Avenue, New York.

From "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD,"

(Conclusion of Mrs. Benedict's Journal).

AND FROM LETTERS TO MRS. GEORGE POMEROY KEESE, MRS. SAVILLE, MISS KATHARINE LIVINGSTON MATHER, MISS MARY URSULA MILLER, MRS. GREGORY, MISS EMMA BECK, MRS. WEBER, MISS MAY HARRIS, MISS VICTORIA GITTINGS, AND MRS. JOPLING.

WHEN, oh, when can we make our 35th voyage *and cross that three mile limit? ? April 9th, 1921* is the answer to that question I asked in 1914, for until then we could never take that longed-for 35th voyage. But on *that* morning, Clare and I started at last with *joy*, sailing on the S.S. "Rotterdam" for Boulogne. Our emotions were deep, our feelings all "thrills" . . . The whole voyage was like a blessed, blissful dream, with every now and then a painful, harsh reminder. . . .

Oh, that start on that glorious day . . . with all those frantic little tugs "tugging" us out into the free channel! Were we alive? Were we awake? Could it be true? Could it be a dream? But when the tugs suddenly cast aloof, the quiver of the engine, as it drew its first "breath" of life, convinced us. I have always felt that first throb

of a starting engine to be inspiring, uplifting, solemn, but that day I felt (as I never dreamed I *could* feel again at my age), a joyous throb of thankfulness. . . We "throbbed" and "thrilled" and beat happy time to that gigantic engine's first quivers of life; our faces were wet with tears, but these happy tears fell over smiles. . . Although I had prohibited every single person from coming to the steamer, we were overwhelmingly made aware of their love and remembrance.

We never got over our joyful emotions of heart; we sat in our chairs, walked the decks, looked at the ever-changing ocean and the "never-twice-quite-alike" sky with dim eyes—but oh, the difference between dim eyes of *joy*, and those of sorrow!

Of course, the voyage was unlike any other we had ever made, even including very unusual ones to remote places such as Corsica, Greece, Corfu, Malta, Holy Land, etc. The passengers seemed to be an assortment from every country of the world. To look upon it was interesting and amusing—like a talking moving-picture show. But underneath, we kept on wondering—were we two "Alices Through the Looking Glass" or really the two Claras *en route* to Europe?

No sooner had those tugs pulled us out into the channel than the stewards began their splendid Dutch cleaning—oh, how they cleaned! And ever since, three times a day, every inch is gone

over; our cabin is scrubbed until I feel that *I* am the only dirty thing in it!

The Chief Steward had reserved for us the best of the six small tables for two in the ship's enormous dining-saloon, so at our nice little table, marked H.I. (guess what we have named it as it stands, and what, backwards?), an excellent steward seems as glad to wait upon us, as we are to have him. To have a small number of dishes, perfectly cooked and served, is such a joyful relief. The menu was in French, so I said to our table steward: "I do not like—on a Dutch boat—to see a French menu." And he answered; "Should we print it in Dutch, no one could read it." I was well answered! When I asked my cabin steward his name, he replied: "No one can pronounce my name: call me John." Another typical Dutch answer. One fact is evident—try as hard as they do to conceal it—U.S.A. citizens are not liked; their money only is liked. . . One sees through their studiedly polite manner by using a little bait and then watching the exchanged looks. (I was "mean" enough to have tried the "bait" and seen the look).

We have had a wonderful trip as regards weather, a few hours only of fog, and two days that we pronounced "slightly pitching" and that everybody else called "frightfully pitching." We looked—on these days—at the beautiful ocean, never twice alike, although called by the majority, "that

tiresome water." It seemed to take messages from us on its lovely white caps and then to roll back answers! We discovered a neglected boat deck, narrow and secluded, our chairs were placed there, and we sat alone looking out upon the ocean and up at the crescent moon.

But everything about an ocean voyage is now changed. . . . The boats are not shipshape, the whole idea is to make them as much as possible like hotels; the dear, picturesque, portholes gone, and plate glass windows try to deceive people. . . I rejoice that all my sailing days, I crossed on boats fitted for the sea. The restlessness, also, is unceasing; no one can take the shortest nap, there is such universal "doing something noisy." Games of all kinds are arranged each day to "amuse" the passengers; "Potato races for the children," "Egg and spoon races for ladies and children"; "Driving teams through obstacles for a lady and gentleman"; "Three legged race for gentlemen"; "International Tug of War"; etc., etc. . . Perhaps you will laugh (a little) at my sarcastic remark to the deck steward when he asked me why I had left the main deck. "*Children* are always taken at half-price; *we* are paying full price, and yet, so continually have the children used the main deck to jump ropes on, roll balls on, play tag on, and scream—that I have been unable either to rest or to take one moment's sleep." The steward thought this very funny until I added: "These little

children to whom you have been so devoted will handsomely 'tip' you when they leave the boat, and you will richly deserve it."

The real rest of a sea voyage is gone forever; every disturbance and disaster in the whole world is reported by wireless, and large announcements are posted up each day stating that "Passengers can communicate to-day with friends on steamers so and so," naming four or five steamers.

The war has changed so many, many things; ladies (?) now hire safety boxes in the Purser's office, and the manner with which they open these boxes and take out large jewel cases and lock away what jewellery they wore the night before, is very amusing to people like ourselves who are carrying all they own in small underpockets!... The drinking on the outgoing boats is another calamity... The men begin as they cross the three mile limit, and never cease until they are nearly insane. They don't know or care what they do, nor do the officers or stewards try to control them. The officials coolly answer all objections by; "they will soon disappear," which, of course, they do, but while they "appear," it is certainly terrible. There is a great deal of "red tape" to be gone through with as to what money you *can* or *cannot* use, etc. We spend half our time in doing mental sums. You "heavily lose" if you do one thing and you "heavily win" if you do another, and the man with whom you are dealing never moves a

muscle of his face, for he hopes to catch you. We brace up—the two of us—and do sums out of sight, and whenever in doubt, I touch Clare's foot; that is my signal; and several times, all this labour and by-play have won!

Clare has decided that she intends to spend her whole day in Paris with the Louvre pictures. *They* are our friends, they cannot cheat us or talk to us—save with their eyes!

We are approaching Land's End (oh, how well we know that remote spot!) and we begin to gather up a sort of "mixed blend" of all the many different kinds of intense emotions we have lived through since that wonderful morning of our start. When I put my tired old feet on the deck of the boat, I felt as in a dream—that whole start was an "inner whirlwind of emotion." I seemed to be on wings, and, in a way, the continual *emotion* has made the rest and peace which the old ocean voyage always gave us—impossible. It is not *rest*, but it is an overpowering sense of happiness and freedom. I can't explain it. I have lost all my power of concentration of thought or writing. But I don't seem to feel sorry. It is happiness grown rusty, perhaps?

The steamers no longer have any power regarding landings or boat trains; England gives orders by "wireless" as to what can, will and must be done. You can picture the despair. . . . when England's order came: "English officials

will come out at 3.30 a.m. for passport examinations, tender for shore at 6.30." This was Plymouth's welcome, and nothing was heard but groans! No sleep, of course, for any one on board.

France treated us a shade better in the end, but did not let us know until after dark the next night. Our orders were: "Passengers for Boulogne must be in the 'Social Hall' at 9 p.m. sharp for passport examinations; tender for shore at 6.30 a.m." Completely tired out—no sleep the night before—we entered this hot, crowded "Social Hall" at a quarter past nine; in pushed a red-faced official and yelled out: "All leave the room—clear this room!" To my astonishment, people pressed out . . . struggling and laughing. . . . As the crowd pushed out, we crawled in. I did not tell Clare what I was going to do; we just held on tight to each other, and twisted round furniture and overturned chairs toward the furthermost point from the door we had been ordered to go out by. Then I waited until I was "spied" (when the gang was nearly out) by the flushed young official who had yelled out the order. He started towards me and I met him face to face. "One moment, please," I said. "*Why* are we ordered out? *Why* are you so rude? Your country *wants* Americans; what have we done?" . . . This man looked me full in the face and I returned his look, and then, to my amazement, he called out: "Tie that rope to the piano leg and form a line

to the entrance door." When this was done, he bowed to me, saying: "Madame, you shall go first," and he led me round the piano, Clare following, and the shut-out people quickly falling into line after us. Seated at a table was the passport officer, our passports were merely glanced at—no questions asked—and the young man still walked by my side as we moved on towards the exit. "Kindly allow these ladies to pass," he said, and then I smiled and said "Thank you," and disappeared. "The last shall be first" for once fell to my share! But such emotions take one's strength, and we entered upon our second sleepless night. A hurried, cold breakfast, and a hurried getting on the tender, and then a "free French fight" or rather an "expensive French fight" over the luggage examination, and then a four hours' journey to Paris. Arrived there we found that every one of our well-laid plans had failed. The hotel where I was to be "made comfortable for a two days' rest," turned out to be an apartment house where no meals were served, one was obliged to walk three blocks even for breakfast; we declined it, and went in a perfectly crazy motor... to the very smart Rue Scribe American Express Office, placing all their letters before them. There was consternation—such regrets, such bowing and what did Madame wish them to do? "Secure a compartment for to-night for Basle; get all my luggage from the North Station to the East Station; refund me my money paid

in New York, and take me to some hotel where I can have something to eat and perhaps a little rest ! "

Then they took hold. Fortunately, one compartment in the Basle sleeping-car was free, and we were escorted to a hotel. But the bedroom was on a court, and the double bed had absolutely damp sheets, so we sat about, receiving and sending (at intervals) telephone messages from and to the Chief Interpreter of the American Express, who fortunately was a Scotchman and who worked the whole afternoon to get our trunks from the North Station across the city. Just here, Clare thinks a remark I made to the proprietor of the hotel where we " rested " for those few hours so funny—it made her laugh even in her despair. Both at the hotel where no food was served, and at the one where the poor food was served, every one was obliged to write full name, address, where you were going, how long you desired to remain, and your age. As I wrote my age, I said in my most " telling, fight " voice : " If I wrote the age I *feel* this day in Paris, I should write 95 ! " Consternation among the bowing-down clerks. In answer to the " How long do you desire to remain here ? " I wrote " Not *five minutes !* "

Our Scotchman met us with our trunks, and after having paid out more money than one would believe a seven-hour stay *could* cost, our train

started and we faced a third night without any real sleep. . . In this third and last sleepless night, we had a most unexpected triumph. . . At 4 a.m. we stepped out into the dimly-lighted, deserted French frontier station, and quietly waited until the trunks were pushed in and deposited on counters. Gleams of joy lit up the eyes of the " Brigands " as they almost saw and felt the " tips " they should receive. But when the Head Brigand came in, he discovered that our well-paid Scotchman had placed everything in bond ; so all that could be done was to look at my receipt and mark with chalk each trunk—not a strap touched !

And then came our reward. . . After we crossed the Swiss frontier and the soft dawn appeared, the *joy* to see the peace and order, the beautifully-kept pastures, the picturesque châlets and churches, the cows and chickens ! Oh, how beautiful it was—so exactly the same, only by contrast far more beautiful than we remembered it. . . After terrible shocks, blows, disappointments and physical fatigue hard to live through—our dream come true !

Arrived at Basle, there stood the attentive porter and omnibus from the "Three Kings,"* and up we went through those well-remembered, loved streets, and soon were in a charming parlour overlooking the dear, rushing Rhine, and in came a " just right " breakfast . . . Oh, the Swiss butter,

* *Vide* p. 456.

the coffee, the warmed rolls, the fresh eggs and the honey! Tears of joy fell into my cup—my eyes have been dim for years, but now I cannot help the happy tears from falling on my old cheeks in utter gratitude—I am here, and I am not disappointed!

And now that I have arrived in Switzerland, where we intend to make our temporary home until we can decide upon where our "New Harbour" is to be, I have dropped my "travelling" pen, and shall not take it up again.

So now I say good-bye to my journals!

Clara Woolson Benedict, 1921.

* * * * *

* Those who know the Hotel of the "Three Kings" at Basle will understand how grateful was the information given to us as we mounted the steps, that the table d'hôte was to be ready in half an hour. Refreshing enough at any time, such an announcement was doubly so to travellers just arrived from a journey from Paris without a stoppage; and in no bad spirit did we enter the *salle à manger* whose windows opening into balconies which absolutely over-hung the great and glorious Rhine, flowing strong and quick forever in the same unceasing current, make it about the pleasantest room of the kind that I know.. There are few things in the world as fine as a mighty river, and few rivers so fine as the Rhine, and few spots so favourable for its contemplation as the balcony at Basle. As you look at the deep colour of the water, you think of all the wonders which on its way it has seen. You remember your own exploits and pleasant walks in past times along the lovely valley of the Aar, and over the barren and stony waste of the Grimsel to the source of this beautiful feeder of the Rhine; or you think of Lake Constance and Schaffhausen, and of the beautiful valley of the Upper Rhine and of the lakes of Wallenstadt, Lucerne, Brienz and Thun—every one of which seems to the mind's eye to be represented and brought near by each wave that dashes madly along before your gaze. And then whither do they all so swiftly wend their way? Down by minsters and by castles, along broad plains, through narrow water, narrow chasms and again through great, dreary, not half-peopled flats, into the sea, there to mix themselves and all their recollections in the great, glorious, past tradition—despising depths of old Ocean.

From Street's "Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages."

Our rooms are perfect—at our right the Rhine bridge, at our left the Rhine ferry.... Then the entire change of diet, so few dishes and yet such variety and to see the pure wine and beer served is so pleasant after the terrible drinking that was indulged in the moment the "Rotterdam" reached the 3 mile limit—nothing was "limited" after that!

And just here in this charming hotel, we have remained for five beautiful weeks... seeing lovely things of all kinds, from the matchless Holbein pictures down to the fascinating markets. I ought never again to use the word "down" in connection with markets—after seven years of canned vegetables and soups, cold storage eggs and chickens and frozen meat, even the word *market* soars up to a height almost to be worshipped! Twice a week this picturesque market-place is filled with every kind of flowers, plants and good things to eat, and to-day—Sunday—there was a band concert. And again happy tears fell when I heard Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, it was "Hallelujah" for your Claras!

The stately old Minster, surrounded by its horse chestnut trees, contains that wonderful organ. From the terrace there is a view of the Black Forest, so we look into Germany and at those well-loved mountains. We have been to lovely concerts too—oh, everything, has been and is perfectly delightful!

Basle,
Hotel Three Kings,
May 14, 1921.

When we reached here we found letters from U.S.A.* People had done very unusual and beautiful things; for instance, several people in New York wrote letters when that 12 o'clock whistle blew on that—to us—exciting Saturday noon, April 9th; then a great many wrote as soon as the pilot-boat mail was received; and some posted letters when they hoped we were half-way across. So the great, distinguished Swiss bankers were quite impressed by our mail!

Our business matters are splendidly settled. Our dear beloved treasures that once drew happy breaths in Pomeroy Place, find themselves in really luxurious quarters.* Even the storage houses of

* The gigantic, stupendous task is accomplished. We did it beforehand with our brains; we planned every piece of furniture we should take and made lists and engaged weeks beforehand just the two choice men we needed and gave them the *hour* of our coming; therefore, as we *never* leave our house in disorder (one hobby of mine being never to leave anything in drawers or wardrobes) we in three days pointed out every piece of furniture that was to go. Therefore the furniture vans from Albany swept up to the door, three days after our arrival and trained packers wrapped our precious furniture carefully, and in three hours all was in. The men said good-night, and started back to Albany by moonlight; no one saw them, all the houses surrounding us being closed.

By the removal of our big pieces of furniture, we were enabled—in one day—to change our largest room, "Fenimore" which had been the treasure house of all my sister's things, into a "work room"—

Basle fill us with admiration ; so wonderfully built, so provided with everything in every line for safety, cleanliness and light. Each cabin is fireproof and each has a separate water apparatus, where from outside, each cabin could be cut off or prevented from harming the next cabin. No man who smokes is employed in the whole establishment. . . . These storage houses are opposite a pretty park, not surrounded by any dangerous buildings ; this is a delightful detail to us, who so love our treasures. . . and I am paying but sixteen dollars a month for all this perfection !

everything gone but the books which were in bookshelves around the entire room. This room has four windows and wide window seats two feet deep, which can be used as tables. Then the felt carpet (an extravagant thing we did because my sister had had felt on her Venice palace floor) we had covered with white sail cloth, and I bought five new kitchen tables. First came all the pictures to go, brought by the competent carpenter at Clare's direction—frankly I gave out in the selection of the pictures and books. I could not decide—and the sight of all the views of loved places that perhaps we could never see again, and the thought of destroying many—made the work impossible, so Clare took hold of this in the "work room" and boxes were built by the carpenter and all splendidly done, and off "lot No. 2" went to join the furniture in Albany. Then Clare began the books ; all to go, packed first, then those to be sent to a literary friend who lives South. Then we piled up on the other tables all the masses left, and these were carefully divided up (again by Clare) so as to give each box a great variety to please every taste. These boxes I sent off to an old charity of mine . . . poor lighthouse keepers, who spend their lives in remote-from-shore-light-ships. Then came the last "lot," and all these hard-worked kitchen tables were filled with our best glass and china and bric-a-brac, big barrels of hay and straw piled in the work room, and a man came from Albany and beautifully packed all, and off went the barrels.

While Clare had been working over the books and pictures, I had been packing trunks with bed and table linen, embroideries, silver, papers, small ornaments, etc.—and these trunks were then boxed. Therefore, I can sit here and tell you joyfully that the terrible task is all done—it's behind, not before us. Every possible event that might happen to make this necessary work impossible, remained in my mind—(not spoken to Clare—it would have been still more difficult to carry through if ever spoken aloud). Together, we could do it ; either of us alone, never !

From a Letter to Mrs. Weber (1920).

Basle is as we remembered it ten years ago—people unspoiled, children well-behaved; shops full of superior assortments of all descriptions; prices reasonable, everybody polite. Men of whom you ask questions in the street, touch their hats as they answer, and if there is any doubt of a "twisted-round or-up" street (every one of which, by the way, we long to investigate!) this man goes ahead to the particular part of the fascinating "twist" to show you, and then comes a smile and another "hat touch." And every woman of whom you ask a question, begins with a smile, full attention, and a "Please, Madam?" and you are told exactly how to go, and as we thank *her*, she thanks *us!*

We have discovered two very attractive tea houses—one is on the Rhine—windows looking out upon the rapidly-rolling river; the other is in the town, and is built something like a miniature circus—tier after tier of little "tea boxes"; this tea house has an excellent band; the conductor puts up a number—say 1402—on each table is a little book; you open it and look up No. 1402, and there see the name of the piece about to be played; so you are all ready to hear Beethoven or a selection from "Lohengrin," or "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Yesterday, the selections did not particularly appeal to us, but I said to Clare: "Let's wait to hear one more." So up came 92 "Morning, Noon and Night in

Vienna " (Suppé). You can picture how we felt! An uplifting choral for morning; a brilliant march for noon; and a Strauss-like waltz for night that made my old heart beat quickly, and my old feet *dance* down under the table! I felt it had been sent straight to us, and we two, all alone, clapped.

We have been also to the opera... We heard Ibsen's " Peer Gynt " with Grieg's music, so well-known to everybody. The whole was beautifully mounted; scene after scene opened out before our eyes to fit with the music we had heard so often and *tried* to grasp all that Grieg meant to describe. I felt as if I had now heard it for the first time, for Grieg fits his music even to the different climates represented in Peer Gynt's wanderings.

One of the concerts gave me immense pleasure. The oldest church in Basle is St. Martin's, a charming little church in which, occasionally, concerts are held; no applause allowed; no repetitions, and all classical music. When we went to buy tickets, the verger (who told us he was 85 years old) suggested that I should have reserved for me a carved seat that stood under that exquisite pulpit (date 1495); so there we sat during the concert, the pulpit acting like a delightful sounding board! The nice old man placed cushions for us to sit upon. The added reason why this concert so pleased me was because many of the Schubert and Schumann songs I knew

and used to sing when I was at Farmington at school... So I sat there and floated off on my "memory carpet" and in fancy, I almost *saw* the many boys' and (later), men's faces who had loved to hear me sing those very songs... One was such a favourite—Schubert's "The Curious One," beginning: "I ask no flower, I ask no star; they cannot any of them tell me what I long to know"—I used to fling all the little power I had in my small voice into the two lines:

"I only want to know *one* thing, just *one* little word—
Yes, is one little word, the other is No!"

I have often laughed at myself—in looking back—seeing how essentially this was a song the boy or man should have been singing to *me*, unless I selected a Leap Year, which I did not!

May 24th.

We have been walking through old parts of Basle. To take a walk through a street called "The Little Green Tree," or the "Grey Bird," or "Goat Street," or "Rose Lane," gives an added charm to the walk. And the old houses—so many of them—are named: "Solomon's House"; "The House of the Hat." We found, yesterday, a tall top hat cut in stone over the door. It is very fascinating.

To turn a moment to our "Three Kings," Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—we have been dipping into every book. . . about Basle that we could find and in one, Clare discovered what the mysterious sign of C.M.B. meant—a sign that was once placed on houses or buildings to render evil spirits harmless, (Caspar, then a cross, Melchior and a cross, then Balthasar and a cross). All these little things are interesting, if one can only stop to look and study until a clue is found.

Clare is to plan our "wanderings" in Switzerland, returning to our way of travel, which we always so much liked—a week of travel with hand luggage only, stopping for a night or two to see small places and small sights, and then to a larger place for a week. Distances are so short that the "little journeys" will be fascinating trips of an hour or so.

Hotel Belle Vue, Thun,
June 4th, 1921.

How we ever got up our courage to leave Basle I hardly know, and yet a whole summer of travel in Switzerland (The Playground of Europe) was before us, and *at last*, off we started. First we took a look at Baden, where I thought perhaps I might cure an obstinate little catarrh which the influenza had left me as a souvenir. But when I saw the number of limping, lame people, and people in rolling chairs, and others coughing and sneezing, I decided that I should only increase

my happily slight trouble; so we went on. Oh, how rich in beautiful scenery is Switzerland, and in all kinds of places to suit all kinds of people, and all kinds of purses! We selected Berne for our first "stay" of a week. From our windows we had a fine view of the picturesque red roofs of the old houses in the lovely green valley where winds the rushing river Aar, and then all along the horizon, the Bernese Alps—and we *did* see that "Alpine Glow" for which Berne is famous. After the sun really sinks out of sight, a parting glow throws a glorious pink upon those snow mountains. Berne had many attractions for us—some, in especial, our own, and others that our many books have led us to—Vernon Lee's* articles and Professor McCrackan's delightful "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland." Such old, weatherbeaten sightseers as we are do not, of course, always agree with what others think, but we are sure to learn something we did not know which adds to our pleasure. The arcades reminded us of other loved "arcaded" places, Pisa, Spezia, Bologna, Meran, and those saved ramparts turned into shady promenades with seats, enable the rich and poor alike to enjoy this superb view. It *must* elevate any character to see such beauty and to be cool and comfortable.

When we were in Berne, on our very first visit to Europe, Clare was far more interested

* Vernon Lee. The Tower of The Mirrors.
A charming collecton, charmingly written; to arrest the attention and admiration of any clever reader, and soul-absorbing to those who (like Vernon Lee) love Germany and Italy. Germany is "her heart's love," while Italy holds her "brain's affection." *From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.*

in feeding the bears than in any view or old building. She clutched her precious doll Rosebud, because, she told Connie, "Rosebud is afraid of the bears," and she fed the bears with reckless abundance. And on this visit she fed their children and grandchildren! The keeper told us that during the war they had not sufficient food to give them, and "they died," all but five—a mother and father, and three cubs. I did not allow him to give us particulars; I was so afraid he would say they ate them! I know that some connoisseurs pronounce bear steak to be delicious.

The clock in which every hour a procession of hours march out . . . after which Father Time turns over his hourglass and a cock crows—was Clare's favourite sight, next to bears, on the first visit, and I won't confess how many times we stood there!

We moved on to beautiful Thun. Oh, the joy of these short trips in clean cars! . . . Every train we have taken has been up to the "Dutch cleaning" standard; and polite conductors give a "Thank you" with salute, as they return your ticket. Each move we make is soothing to a high degree.

We have a charming little apartment here with a superb view. Next door is the Kursaal, and we go in there whenever we see on their programmes selections we like. This Kursaal is a

copy of small gambling places, such as those at Pau, Biarritz, etc. There are "pauses" between the musical selections, and the gambling on a "baby" scale lasts for about ten minutes; then it ceases, and on goes the music and the "gamblers" come out and listen; then the bell rings and in they dash and gamble! Clare urges *my* dashing in and "breaking the bank" at Thun as I did on that famous Monte Carlo visit of mine. I did *not* break that bank, but the Englishman who took me there from Mentone vowed that I *could*, if my one visit accomplished what it did. But I knew enough *never* to go again—all his urging and many other people's urgings never took me.

And now to something uplifting—the magnificent uncovering of the Alps' caps to us to-day—those white cloud caps are seldom taken off; the very fact that it is only occasionally that the range of snow-capped mountains is seen, keeps one hopefully waiting and watching, and when seen, one's spirit and heart soar also.

* * * * *

We are now starting off to have tea in a charming little Tea House overlooking this rushing river Aar, and then over the covered footbridge for a parting, good-bye look at the old castle and the views toward Berne, for to-morrow's journey takes us the other way. Last week—all unexpectedly—Clare sprang upon a fascinating plot for a ghost story, connected

with a Swiss castle, but "ghost stories* do not lie in her path."

* I think I will tell you a ghost story—which happened to us—and more particularly to me!—two days ago.

The weather was particularly fine and clear and we decided, if possible, to obtain a view of the incomparable Bernese mountains, Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, from the grounds of the château on the opposite side of the little river Aar. The castle and grounds are visible from the promenade on our side of the river, but one has to make quite a détour in order to reach the place on foot. Our first inquiry was made of the landlord of the historic old Inn where we stopped for afternoon tea. (This ancient structure was originally a convent, and was founded about the year nine hundred by Queen Bertha of Burgundy!) The landlord directed us how to reach the château, and advised us to apply to the gardener who had the keys, as the place was uninhabited. Arrived at the church we questioned a peasant woman, who was very reserved in her replies; merely pointing out the gardener's house, and saying that he could show us the church, and perhaps the park, but that the castle itself was entirely closed to the public. We next explored a very picturesque old farm building—with hen house, stables, large vegetable garden, etc. and a boy answered our request by a very peculiar look. We asked whether he would take us to the castle; he agreed to open the gate, but said no one could enter the castle itself, as it was boarded up, and entirely empty. When we reached the gate of the park, the boy opened it for us, and then turned to leave us, merely requesting us to close the gate again on our departure. He did not so much as cross the threshold of the entrance. I called out laughingly: "Don't lock us in here." The boy gave me another very odd look. "Oh, no, I won't," he muttered, and ran off quickly towards the large farmhouse. We now entered the deserted park, which must once have been magnificent. There were wonderful groups of ornamental trees, fountains, pavilions—and in many places we saw pansies and other garden flowers growing wild in the tall grass, descendants no doubt, of the garden flowers which had once grown in the various beds and borders. When we reached the castle, we found it entirely boarded up; that is, the ground floor, so that we were unable even to get a glimpse

of the interior. Mamma is always greatly interested in the interiors of houses, so she was quite disappointed. We strolled round to the lake front, where there was a kind of terrace, commanding—as did, indeed, every window—a perfectly superb view of the lake and the Alps. While Mamma was enjoying the really overwhelming prospect (think of it—the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger were fully visible, besides all the lesser peaks and ranges—which anywhere else, would have been considered incomparable), I turned toward the castle and began to examine the large coat of arms which occupied the place of honour in the centre of the façade. I described this to Mamma in a somewhat raised voice, as I am fond of heraldry, and I was anxious, if possible, to discover the name or nationality of the ancient lords of the castle. Just as I was trying to decipher the arms, I became aware that a young man was looking at me rather fixedly from a window at the left of the family escutcheon. During the instant in which I returned his gaze, I noticed that he was young—about 18 or 20,—and that he wore a dark suit ; he was evidently a gentleman—not a workman. Very much startled, I turned to Mamma and whispered that there was some one in the house after all and that we had better move on, as we might be disturbing him. Mamma, however, turned immediately toward the window, exclaiming : " He may let us into the castle " ! But no young man was to be seen. We then left the house and began to explore the romantic and deserted grounds. I can't tell you how beautiful they were even in their decay. We walked through the wood until we reached a picturesque pavilion on the lake, which had been originally furnished with glass windows. These were now broken and lay about in bits. We stood for a few minutes inside the pavilion, which bore the names—Marguerite and Warrenne—in gilt letters on one side. Just at this moment, the little lake steamer passed the place. The passengers seemed to gaze at us in wonder, as we stood there all alone in that deserted garden !

On our return to the château we walked all round it once more to see if we could discover any entrance or exit. But everything was entirely boarded up, and all the windows on the ground floor, had, besides, iron bars. We then slowly quitted the enchanted precincts—in the guide book it had said that the place had been called " Paradise," and it certainly deserved the name ! At the ferry-house, we met the peasant woman again, and I questioned her determinedly about the

castle and its history. She looked very unhappy, and said: "Oh, it used to be grand when the family lived there. Now it is in ruin." All the rest she said was not very intelligible; you know the people here speak a peculiar dialect which I do not fully understand. Nevertheless, I got the impression that she was not trying to be explicit. We now crossed the Aar in the ferry—*i.e.* a rowboat, manned by a picturesque peasant. I asked him about the castle, and by persistent questions succeeded in learning the name of the former owners. He told me likewise that all the beautiful old furniture had been removed and sold by the present owners—a society of architects; and that the castle was absolutely empty. He looked at us rather curiously when we exclaimed enthusiastically: "A castle like that, with that view, is worth its weight in gold."

When we reached our hotel, we happened to meet at the entrance a young lady who is in charge of the office, and whom we liked very much. We told her of our romantic expedition and begged her to tell us what she knew of the castle. Her face grew suddenly grave—almost frightened, and she said: "Ah, that was a great tragedy—it happened twelve years ago and I could never forget it; it made such a terrible impression on me at the time. The young heir—a boy of twenty—shot himself in the château, when he suddenly discovered that he was a bankrupt—that his mother and his sister had spent his fortune while he was under age, and that he had literally nothing. The mother had been living in great style, and the poor young man supposed he was about to come into his own when the blow struck him. I have always thought," she added shuddering, "that if he had not been entirely alone in the château, it would not have happened. He had no one to speak to—no one to consult. After this happened, the castle was deserted—no one ever lived there again. The Countess re-married and moved away. Poor, poor young boy."

We were, of course, very much struck by this story, which explained all that had puzzled us in the manner of the various people we had questioned. But it did not explain the presence of the lonely young man in the castle window. I decided not to mention what I had seen, as it might alarm the superstitious, but really, it makes a good ghost story, don't you think so? I knew nothing of the facts when I saw the figure. One might have fancied that the spirit of the unhappy

Hotel des Trois Couronnes,
Vevey.

June 26th.

We have been in imagination fitting these "three crowns" upon the heads of our "three kings" at Basle! This hotel is in its way as delightful as that famous Basle hotel.... These last twelve days on the road have been crammed full of emotions and sights and exercise (many climbs)... We carried out a plan we had made long ago to make the Hotel Byron at Villeneuve headquarters so as to see the Castle of Chillon, undisturbed by crowds of laughing, unappreciative sight-seers.

young Count had been raised by my persistent interest in his family arms on the façade; for any one who would kill himself at twenty years of age, in sight of one of the most magnificent views in the whole world, must have cared very much about the family honour and prestige. No doubt the treachery, or merely the frivolous extravagance of his mother cut him to the heart, and, in the agony of the moment, he had not the courage to live as a beggar...

It was really an interesting experience, I think. I have never thought much of such things, although I am supposed to possess rather an unusual psychic sense. This may, or may not be true, But one thing is certain—namely, that I have never dwelt on such subjects; whatever has happened to me, has always happened unexpectedly—just when I was particularly unconscious of any nervous excitement or strain... My Magic Doctor considers that certain organisms are powerfully affected by certain environments—where things have happened, for instance. He also looks upon such manifestations as possible confirmation of the life beyond the veil, the immortality of the soul. ...

Clare Benedict to Miss May Harris.

Can you conceive how two such devoted admirers of Byron felt when, by going early in the morning (before the cars and boats had poured into the castle their ignorant crowds), we had the whole prison almost to ourselves!

* * * * *

You will remember that the Austrian Empress was staying at Territet in 1898, and went to Geneva with her lady-in-waiting to do some shopping and was assassinated there. The Territet people were devoted to her and erected a monument to her. It is now surrounded by tall trees, which give a charming background to her slim, graceful figure. I feel sure that Byron would have written—oh, what a sonnet to this beautiful Elisabeth! She holds in her right hand a book with two places held by her fingers, and Byron could have told us what book it was, and what in the book she was reading, and *what she felt about what she read*. . . . He always *knew* what people felt.

* * * * *

We have seen all the sights of this charming place. We turned our full backs, however, upon the Church of St. Martin, where the remains of that wretched regicide Ludlow were buried. Yesterday we spent the day at Gruyères, called the most picturesque town in Switzerland.

This next "on the road" trip is not so full of big sights, but "'twill serve."

July 12th, 1921.

I cannot really decide which best pleases me—"on the road" with our hand luggage only, or stops of a week with trunks. And as we have always travelled in this satisfactory manner, to return to it, after those terrible years since 1914, is of itself a joy!

From Vevey, we went to Lausanne, and as we had already taken all the excursions of any interest to us, we did not linger there long. We *did* find the picturesque market steps, and went up to see the cathedral, but a "fussy" woman with keys told Clare in a mysterious whisper: "You cannot enter now." So we enjoyed the view, but we also wondered why so many people and motors and carriages were crowded about the cathedral. Suddenly the doors were opened, but as no people came out, I bravely stepped forward to discover what *could* be going on? And several brave women followed *me,* and although the "fussy" woman rushed after us to stop us, about eight of us got in and were rewarded by a very pretty sight. It was a wedding, and the bride did not look more than sixteen—her simple white dress covering her neck and arms and *legs*! Oh, if girls could only know how much prettier they looked so

clad, they would never follow the modes of to-day! The bride and groom (he also, was very young) looked so shy and modest and happy.

The only place we would insist upon seeing in Lausanne was the old Hotel d'Angleterre near the lake, in which Byron had written "The Prisoner of Chillon." Our second day at Lausanne was hot, and the distance from the hotel down to the lake was a mile and a half, but we fortified ourselves by taking a cup of tea in a little garden which commands a view of the monument to William Tell (we always go to see every monument to William Tell. I have never forgotten the first time I took Clare to the opera. When it came to that tragic scene and Clare saw the apple placed on the boy's head, and all made ready to shoot, she shut her eyes and put her fingers in both ears!) After a cup of tea, therefore, at William Tell's feet, we braced up and went in the heat to the Hotel d'Angleterre. We bought cards of the rather cross landlady and copied the inscription, and I had a laugh to myself at the cleverness of the lady who had given the memorial tablet; her husband being with her (so I say), she states: "The gift of a lover of Ouchy." It *should* have read "The gift of a lover of *Byron*."

From Lausanne we went to Fribourg, "the city of bridges." Almost everybody skips Fribourg and yet, as McCrackan says, "there never

was such a fantastically-built place," and Dumas said it looked like "the result of a wager" and also that it was the most "humpbacked" city he knew of. Those clever people of Fribourg built those first remarkable suspension bridges. We found it a very interesting place, its few sights and *sounds* (a concert in the old church of St. Nicholas on that splendid organ) all "worth while." In front of the Hotel de Ville stands an old lime tree, supported by stone pillars; the tradition is that it was planted there after the victory of Morat from a twig which the messenger who brought the good news wore in his hat! He fell dead on the spot and his fellow citizens honoured his memory in this beautiful manner. These traditions are certainly more elevating than the superior manner in which the majority of sight-seers smile and doubt.

The organ concerts are given at different hours each day; the day after our arrival the concert was announced for 2 p.m. We reached the church at a quarter before two, and paid the modest entrance fee, and went about looking at the monuments of interest and fine stained glass. No one else entered except one gentleman. When two o'clock struck, the woman who had taken our entrance money came to us, very much embarrassed, and said that the organist, rather than disappoint us, would give the concert, if we and the one gentleman would

each give a franc extra—which we three did. Then the woman disappeared, locked us in, and we had the whole of that beautiful interior to ourselves. Waves of sound swept over us—Bach, Schubert—oh, it was *so* blissful to be alone! Did the organist feel it as we did? That was a senseless thing to think, to be sure, but I have heard several very talented musicians say they felt a certain something in the atmosphere when the audience knew what and how they were playing.

Our evening journey to Solothurn was delightful—such picturesque Swiss villages, castles and churches, and all hands working in the wonderful pastures. . . . The little hotel at Solothurn was very "spick and span," and "white paintish." When I exclaimed over how clean and white all was, the landlady said "Oh, every spring we always re-paint." . . . I presume you have already guessed why we marked with blackest ink—"Solothurn—*must* visit some day." Years ago Holbein had fascinated us and in each of the picture galleries we know so well—particularly Basle—we grew to be more and more Holbein admirers. But this was one which we had made several vain attempts to see; the history of the Solothurn Madonna is so extraordinary, and every word we read about it made the desire to see it grow stronger. Ford Madox Hueffer*

* *Vide* p. 476.

in his monograph on Hans Holbein the Younger gives free descriptions and reasons and thoughts and suggestions which I think Holbein's pictures perhaps need.

Solothurn itself was charming, quaint old buildings, a fascinating market place, interesting clock tower, cathedral, etc. First of all we went to the Museum which holds the precious Holbein. What is "speaking" in the picture is the almost hidden head of the suppliant—evidently some wealthy person with something on his conscience who commissioned the altar-piece. As Holbein could only paint what he *saw*, he could never imagine, so the expression of despair on this suppliant's face one can never forget. Hueffer says: "There it is! You may look at it for an hour, for a morning, or for a day . . . and always with increasing satisfaction. It belongs, like all the best of Holbein's work, to a special class of pictures. It is not immediately very striking—either in lighting or in colour, either in dramatic gesture or astonishing painting." "And yet, after all," as I said to Clare: "*There it is*!"

During these last days of travel, the weather had been growing warmer and warmer, and Clare,

* Ford Madox Hueffer. Memories and Impressions.

The beginning of this book interested us, knowing as much as we do of the Pre-Raphaelites. But poor "Fordie" gained nothing from all his opportunities, as summed up by himself in the last chapter.

From Mrs, Benedict's Book Notes.

who is the "planner," changed our route and "rushed" us off to beautiful, high-up Axenstein, which commands that wonderful view of both the right and left arms of Lake Lucerne . . . We never tired of looking at that splendid view. There is a little pavilion with an inscription reading as follows: "Axenstein is the most beautiful spot visited in my journey through Switzerland."

Queen Victoria.

September 8th, 1868.

Oh, as long as Queen Victoria lived, how much better and nobler were the English! . . .

We had a disagreeable blow . . . on the 4th of July. We could not dismiss from our hearts the hope that on the 4th of July, he (President Harding) *would* sign peace. . . . Upon entering our hotel, after a long walk, our hotel manager rushed out and almost yelled: "Have you heard the good news?" I shook with a sudden thrill of joy. "Oh, peace?" I cried. Without paying the least attention to us, he said: "Jack Dempsey, the American, has won!" We tried to pass him to get into the hotel, but he went on in the most excited manner. I said: "I have no interest in that brutal fighting, nor can I approve of that lavish waste of money, when so many thousands of people are in want." Of course, as we were occupying some of his best rooms, I held

a small amount of power, and seeing that he had made a mistake, an elaborately decorated cake with a star-spangled-banner in icing was placed on our table that night, and I tried to accept it graciously!

Hotel Quellenhof, Ragaz.

July 30th.

Fortunately, we reached this cool, mountain resort before the worst heat, and there is a lovely gorge through which runs a cool stream of water, and as this is very near our hotel, we are able to walk there with pleasure.

We are surrounded by Dutch, Italians, Germans, French and a very few English—such a mixture is agreeable and amusing to watch—we have returned to our old way of naming people.... The hotel is well kept, prices reasonable, and servants attentive.... We make no plans, we need not make them—that, of itself, is a joy, that you need not look ahead and fight to secure a place somewhere—that worrying thought kept one from sleeping. Here, I wake up slowly, after a long night of natural rest, with first, a question: "Oh, *am* I here?" And oh, the comfort of knowing that I *am*!

When Clare discovered that several of the little pamphlets the Swiss have had printed for the aid of travellers, quoted the opinions of James

Fenimore Cooper, she felt that we ought to re-read Uncle Fenimore's "Excursions in Switzerland." As our own set is with our precious books in storage at Basle, Clare sent up to London for a second-hand copy. It was so interesting to read all that Uncle Fenimore thought of this very place where we are now... He pronounced this gorge to be "the most extraordinary place of its kind in the world."

Chur,

August 14th, 1921.

As I can never go to very high places, we have been skirting in and out, twisting round by seldom-used roads also, by taking unusual routes... we have avoided the August crowds, who only go where the "fashionables" go. We are following my Great-uncle Fenimore's horse's hoof tracks. He did all this part of Switzerland on horseback with a guide. His descriptions are so vivid that we have felt that we were looking at just what he saw. The weather, also, fitted in to our particular needs; for instance, it was very important that we should have perfect weather for our afternoon at Thusis, because of that famous "Via Mala" drive. When one is off "on the road" trip, each afternoon, and each morning is important, nothing can be postponed. At Thusis, Clare engaged a comfortable carriage and two strong horses, and although there were certain faint threats of a "brewing storm," yet we had the whole splendid drive through that

wonderful gorge; then, after dinner, the storm came, and as rain was badly needed, when we sat on our nice little balcony, looking up, up, up at those enormously high mountains, the downpour was delightful. The next morning all was refreshed and delicious for our next excursion, which was to a very interesting place, seldom visited—Disentis, that old Benedictine monastery, where, in 1830, my Great-uncle Fenimore Cooper, was taken in for two nights*. . . Clare planned that we should reach Disentis on our namesday. We had learned that the church was always open, and had decided to leave to the inspiration of the moment how we should obtain admittance to the Abbey. . . We began a search for some door that was unlocked, or one that had a bell or a knocker! We prowled all round that vast building, and at last Clare found an old man, and after quite a long conversation, he said sceptically: "Sometimes they *do* open that door if you ring," pointing up a winding staircase we had not dared to mount. But now we went up bravely, and pulled the bell. After a long delay, we heard footsteps coming along the corridor, and a startled "Brother" appeared. When he saw us, he stood and looked at us and we looked at him through the slats of the door. Clare began gently: "Could we see any part of the Abbey?" He made no answer, but turned very red; after a moment, he un-

* This is apparently a mistake. Cooper spent a night at the former Abbey of Pfäfers, not at that of Disentis, where he lodged, by his own account, at the Inn.

locked the door, and then asked Clare to repeat, placing his hand behind his ear . . . he could not hear her. But we were *inside* the locked door—one step gained! Clare repeated her request much louder, using the first of our "resources": "It is St. Clare's Day, and as we are two Clares, and have planned this difficult journey for this day, I think you *may* let us in."

He stood hesitating, and I said: "Now try resource No. 2," and she added: "When you hear that our family name is *Benedict*, I feel sure that a Benedictine Abbey will open its doors to us." And it did! This joint St. Clare and St. Benedict melted him; he really smiled and said: "I will show you the Abbot's cell, and the guest cells and the reading room." And, he leading us, on we followed, and it was all very fascinating. (In the different monasteries I have visited, I feel so terribly "festive" to have an arm held out to bar me out and to hear the words: "No woman can enter, you can only look"). It ended in his opening many doors and letting us "look," but he held his arm across to bar out the dangerous Claras! . . . We spent two interesting hours there, led about freely into a few of what used to be called "guest cells . . ." and we, with our active imaginations, fitted in Uncle Fenimore as nicely "tucked into" one of the best beds! It was a charming celebration of our namesday.

One of the wisest regulations of the Roman Catholic Church is (I have always thought) the sending from every country, at that young, impressionable age, the youths for a two or three years' stay in Rome. That life there, with the surroundings of St. Peter's and the Vatican and access to the Pope, is stamped indelibly upon them forever. The sudden flash of feeling that swept over this (not young) man's face, and the sound of his voice as he said: "Oh, *Rome*," were intense. He had been feebly interested to learn from Clare that we had been in the Holy Land and Montserrat, but when we spoke of *Rome*, then he *knew* what that was!

After this splendidly-accomplished trip, we came here to another charming Swiss town... We said we should "rest," but we could not resist seeing all the sights and looking at the wonderful mountains. I wish you could have seen the funny little "turn-out" Clare secured to take us up to the old part of Chur yesterday morning—the horse had a bell on his collar, and we sat in the queerest vehicle I have ever been in! the streets are so narrow and curved that the bell warns other such "turn-outs." It was of itself a delightful expedition, and oh, the joy of having two whole days in a place where no motors are allowed! At first I did not understand the cause of the peace and quiet—the sense of repose—until suddenly, I remembered that this canton admitted

no motors! But they can never hold out in their noble fight, because they must have "the people of the world"; they need their money, and alas! people of the world *will* have motors! So I rejoice to be here now, just as I rejoice that we got to Norway before an automobile was allowed, and to Jerusalem before that railway!

From charming Chur we went to see another beautiful lake—Wallensee, nine and a half miles long; one and a half miles wide, but 495 feet deep. The north bank consists of precipices . . . three thousand feet high, and above these rise barren peaks of seven, eight and nine thousand feet! Quantities of torrents add to the beauty of the scene. . . St. Gallen contains but one really great sight which is the Library. The Professor's wife was so delighted to come across a person who knew what some of the treasures were that she held on as firmly to Clare, as Clare held on to *her!* And I kept up my end *quite well* by using *with much manner* the little German I know. I make my German words mean as much as Humpty Dumpty did certain English words: "When I make a word do a lot of work like that, I always pay it extra." Alice didn't venture to ask him "*what he paid them with?*" Oh, what do people *do* who do not know the Alice books by heart?*

* Now, for three months I shall drop my pen, but I shall keep on with my voice, feet, and hand-pointing. I usually look like the Red Queen in "Alice" in her attitude of "Off with his head!"
From a Letter to Mrs. Weber.

Insel Hotel,

Constance,

August 26th, 1921.

It is not a dream, it is a delightful *fact.* We have been here for a whole blissful week, and yet, each day, we feel the same sudden thrill of joy, the same question of our hearts—"*Is* it true? Can it be true?" The last words we say at night and the last thoughts we think are just summed up into: "Oh, it *is* true at last." And then follows a deep, restful sleep, and afterwards the happy awakening to a blessed consciousness of where we are! We decided to make Constance our first entrance into Germany—the magic name of Constance, the great beauty of the lake, the dear Rhine within reach and the charm of this unique hotel, all seemed to give inspiration to this choice. We have had in this past year three great emotional experiences—the start on the "Rotterdam," that arrival in beautiful, unchanged Basle, and our first step into Germany.

We had heard so much about the behaviour of the present custom officials that we thought we were prepared for it, but their very conduct (in a way) comforted us, because in a flash we

saw that the socialists by placing ignorant, common men in such positions are rapidly defeating their purpose. These men infuriate every one. To illustrate: one of them grabbed up a book, and holding it out to Clare, said: "This is a new book . . we must have this paid for." Clare put her finger on the publisher's name, "Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig," she said in cold sarcasm, "If you can read, you can see it came from a German firm." And, very red, he dropped the book. . . Then another man kept asking Clare mysteriously: "Have you got coffee, tea, sugar or chocolate in your trunk?" Clare said: "Do you take me for a merchant of groceries?" He seized Clare's solitaire case, which, being new, she had carefully tied up, and saying "Ah, *tea?*" tore off the paper and found the cards! Clare states that my "wonderful acting," exhibiting positive disgust for these men and their questions, was worthy of Sarah Bernhardt's most powerful representations! So Clare's German and my acting carried us through that only unpleasantness, and our welcome here to this most fascinating hotel "in the whole of Europe, Asia and Africa," (as we children used to say), made us forget in a moment that nightmare.

Years ago, we stopped here for one night and one day, and I fell in love with this Island Hotel—the Dominican Monastery of long ago. . . But I found myself doubting whether the hotel

could be as beautiful as I remembered it? I found it still more so!

Our rooms overlook the Public Garden with its splendid curtain of thick trees; from our balcony we can see the life of all kinds on the lake—steamboats, sailboats, launches, and really hundreds of rowboats. We never tire of looking, and this superb August moon has made the beauty still more beautiful.

We—who are full of sympathy—see also much that the ordinary traveller does not notice. The men are sad-looking and silent, but very polite, and do all in their power to please... And as I watch these universal polite efforts to please everybody, my eyes fill with tears and I choke—while their eyes are dry and their voices calm and steady... They have looked it all fully in the face... The women are very smiling and cheerful and do all they can in pathetic little ways to cheer their husbands, fathers and sons. They all come out, even after a hard day of work at home, and go with their men to hear the band, and many a glimpse have we had in just these crowded garden concerts of the men looking a little less sad at the sound of some loved piece of music, and the wife's or daughter's face relaxing into a sort of comforting rest. Then the poor crippled men pushed in rolling chairs—several of them using the very clever velocipede

invention that they can run themselves—are those who exert themselves to cheer their mothers, wives, or sisters, who look so sorry and sad. This band plays one bracing, inspiriting military march, and the way in which these poor fellows applaud this is splendid. They do it evidently to please the women of the party, and succeed, but in the shadow afterwards, I have seen, oh, such sad expressions!

These evening concerts are my delight . . . The bewitching Strauss waltzes make my old feet feel young, and those loved songs I used to sing—"How can I leave thee—how can I bear to part? That thou hast all my heart, dearest, believe" make *my* old heart feel so sure that they *did* love me that my heart grows young! They arrange their programmes with all the care that the chef gives to the menus. The other night there was "An Evening of Waltzes." You may be sure that old Clara had a good seat! . . . I danced the whole evening . . . no one noticed my *feet*, and my body, covered with a nice, proper-length skirt, kept perfectly still. When we reached Strauss's "Wine, Women and Song," I had dim eyes, but my feet kept on dancing!

And now we come to the money! Although we had supposed we had mastered this exchange, our first days here made us feel we were millionaires. Long ago I occasionally wished I could be

a millionaire "just for a day," to really know how it would *feel.* Now I know! Clare and I felt almost as though we were able to walk upon the fleecy white clouds in the blue sky. Fortunately, I did give to a charity here which has greatly interested me (for the benefit of the old ladies of Constance who are bereft of any income since the war) before the next, quickly following sensation came of our being utter spendthrifts. For a small bottle of ink, you must give 7 marks and when a porter demanded 5 marks to carry a package for me, I almost screamed, until Clare hastened to tell me: "You are really only giving him about four cents!" These delightful concerts in the Public Garden cost us, boiled down to Clare's sum total, but two cents each! All those first days every pad on Clare's desk and mine was covered with figures that we had frantically been calculating....

The hotel is crowded with Dutch, Swiss and Swedes—a very few German-Americans and a few English; and these people are the kind who are highly elated to be able—because of the exchange—to be here at all!

Constance,

September 8th, 1921.

I love to write the name of Constance on my letter head. It always seems to bring me a

sense of protection and understanding sympathy and peace. Nothing could be more ideal than our present surroundings—the rooms, the views, the beautiful lake!

Last week, they gave an elaborate exhibition of illuminated boats of all kinds and all sizes, offering prizes. From our balcony we had a magnificent view; the lake was as full of brilliant lights as was the sky above of stars. Then another day there was a picturesque regatta, I counted 65 sailboats.

A seat I have found in our monastery garden gives a fine view of the Rhine bridge, and I like to watch the steamers lower their funnels to go under the bridge and then up they go again!

I shall drag in ("Why drag in Velazquez?" as Whistler said) the fact that our gentlemen, who came here for meetings, were overcome with the "perfection" of the wine on the nights we entertained at dinner. My speech on the subject of wine has always "floored" all headwaiters. I say: "You must select the very best" (and I always stated, of course, whether the wine was to be sherry, claret, champagne, etc.). "*I* do not know, but the gentlemen who are to drink it *will* know." I put such a manner into that "*will* know" as always brought wine praised by the gentlemen! But these guests of ours at the Insel Hotel have been connoisseurs of wine and have gone without it

during the war, and are, of course, unable to pay for it now. One gentleman, when Clare lifted the bottle of mineral water to fill *her* glass and held the bottle towards him, placed his hand over the top of his glass saying: "It would be a *crime* to put one drop of water into such wine as this!"

Baden-Baden,
Hotel Messmer,
October 17th, 1921.

And now take a little journey with us—the journey from Constance to Baden-Baden is considered the most beautiful in the Black Forest—for we did at last leave Constance reluctantly.... Clare's eager eyes saw an announcement that a "Ring" was to be given here—think of it! To hear again "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung!"... We did have, as you know, those lovely garden concerts at Constance, but two such music lovers as we are felt starved for classical concerts and Wagner. We had heard no sound of Wagner since the last heavenly notes at Bayreuth that fatal July, 1914. Get out some night Clare's "Divine Spark,"* and read it again; that expresses all we feel as we hear those Wagner themes—they mean so much to us—themselves—each note, and all the "much" of every kind of thing they bring back! We did

* *Vide* p. 491.

* THE DIVINE SPARK†

22ND MAY, 1813.

22ND MAY, 1913.

Upon that hill of the gentle Franconian country, where for nearly forty years a red building has stood—at first, baldly, like a huge mushroom of sudden growth, then more discreetly gaining shade from the surrounding green—upon that hill, on a soft July evening, a pilgrim from a distant land might well pause to dream a dream.

Behind him, toward the forest, rises the silent theatre, even in the dimness seeming to hold itself very proudly, for what other theatre of its age can match this one in glorious memories? No vulgar lines have ever troubled its fine ears, no common music has ever awakened unworthy echoes; dedicated to high ideals, it has been carefully guarded from profanation, only the grandest harmonies have sounded within its walls. The most finished playing, the noblest singing, repeatedly, great acting, have stirred its soul—for it has a soul, the gaunt, red building; who can look at it by moonlight and doubt the fact? If it could speak, it would fairly bristle with reminiscence. Liszt sat there, King Ludwig here, and near the door a light-haired art student since grown famous, for the theatre welcomes the humble with the great; within its shelter every one is equal, the highest and the lowest sit side by side.

Ah, the dear dead people who have listened or sung or played or wielded the baton—the mere names would be a roll-call of renown! So murmurs the theatre, sighing, one imagines, and yet its face is full of glad content. Those who have gone, it seems to say, achieved their wish here, and their achievements comforted and inspired others; moreover, art is its own best reward. Do not regret, therefore; rejoice, rather, and take courage. To new deeds!

† Clare felt that no one else had ever heard a first "Parsifal" so young as to carry a doll—as she did—and that after all the joy Bayreuth and Wagner had given her all these years, it made her happy to speak a few words on this 100th birthday.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

Eagerly one listens; is it a real voice, or only the whispering of the wind? One stands spellbound, half oppressed by recollections and yet half exhilarated by the continuance of things—there is still a gracious Brünnhild to arouse generous emotions, there is still a blessed Parsifal to console, there is still a hidden orchestra to sing to one of Heaven, there is still the true devotion which makes of each detail a sacred trust.

No, beloved building, we are not ungrateful, only, sometimes in remembering we grow sad, but the sadness does not hurt, on the contrary it strengthens, it makes us but appreciate the more.

Turning away at last with quickened pulses, and traversing the space so many great men have traversed, we gain the little central plateau above the flower beds, where so many others in all these years have stood and gazed.

Bayreuth is faintly visible in the distance, the haze of a warm day prettily obscuring the nearer fields, and standing thus, with the theatre behind and the town in front of one, another vision overtakes and overwhelms.

It is the vision of Richard Wagner, the arch-enchanter, who might almost, as it were, have conjured up the present scene after the manner of his own enchanter Klingsor, except that this scene is beneficence itself. This Richard Wagner, who by his genius created not only a magic world of glowing masterpieces, but a new understanding, a new reading, of the ancient folio of art—what was this power that he possessed? Was it not a greater Power working through him? How else explain the astounding influence which he exerted on those about him—an influence which, after the lapse of thirty years is apparently as strong as ever? Moreover, in every case that one has heard of, the influence has ennobled by producing complete forgetfulness of self, the master's true followers having always been distinguished by one marked, common quality—disinterested devotion. It is this that separates them from the false disciples.

It has belonged also, together with a rare single mindedness, to that group of followers, who without fully understanding the message, yet came under its potent spell—those fine, unmusical souls, who, during Wagner's lifetime and afterwards, asked nothing better than to spend their strength and substance in serving him and his ideas.

think a little of going either to Dresden, Leipzig, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe or Munich, but the journeys were for certain reasons impossible for us, so we gave it up, and by the "giving up," they all rushed to our aid! By "they," I mean some of our favourite Bayreuth singers. As this exquisite little opera house has only chorus and orchestra, all the solo singers came as guests from Carlsruhe, Mannheim, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Leipzig, and even from Dresden and Berlin . . . so we say they came to give us this special "Ring." I can think of no words strong enough to tell you what it all was. I just knew deep down in my old heart that this had been sent to us for bearing without complaint all we *did* bear.

And so, being next door, we merely stepped into this lovely garden, and then into this gem of a little theatre. There is a front row of seats . . .

The divine spark! How it kindles other sparks in all directions—sparks of love and courage and patient toil—not to speak of the many fires of high attainment! Looking down that hill, one fancies one sees them coming—the vast, illustrious company of Wagner's friends; they seem to mount the gentle slope, two and two, in a long procession, each face alight with generous enthusiasm and love. Hail to you, comrades, old and young, dead and alive, great and insignificant—to have called forth such a noble band of followers would, to some of us, have equalled the greater crown.

We glance behind us—the theatre is black and silent, the road is shadowy, the starlight very faint—reluctantly we move away; this quiet hour has somehow healed all wounds.

Thank God for music, for Richard Wagner; thank Him besides for having kindled so many sparks of love and faithfulness at the divine spark of one man's genius, for is not human genius a gift of God? (C. R. B.)

called "Club Seats." I suppose they were built for the Royalties and club members. They are the most splendid library arm-chairs, soft, deep, spacious and oh, the bliss to have no one ahead of you* and not to be obliged to get up, clinging to opera bags, programmes, etc! To-night there is another joy for Clare—Mozart's "Magic Flute." I frankly confess that Mozart† is not a great favourite of mine—perhaps I don't know enough—but Clare is wild with joy over this choice performance, and I think it is a very good balance—she is receiving, oh, such letters about "XII," ‡ but music she loves, and music will hold her in her club arm-chair; Mozart will hold on tight to her wings!

* When one copies Wagner's idea of a covered orchestra, why not do so entirely? Wagner had a large sounding board, and his stage was low, therefore the music was thrown on the stage mingled with the voices, and was returned to the audience—a beautiful whole. One reason why the voices always sounded more beautiful at Bayreuth than anywhere else was that the singers were not obliged to sing over and against the full orchestra. I always thought that the half copy of Wagner's idea was senseless.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

† Mrs. Cowden Clark, author of those charming books, "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," stated somewhere that the Life of Mozart by Edward Holmes was the most delightful biography ever written. We at once secured it, and it *is* delightful.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

‡ Clare is made happy by finding that in "XII" each reader has his favourite. Several have selected "Jock's Little Door" because that story so vividly describes the real misery and discomfort which those delicate-natured and bodied persons (who had once known a comfortable home) suffer and feel. "Mother" has made many put it first. The very name appeals to all those who have had the joy of having a mother they loved. Those who have lost their mother love it, and those who still have the happiness to have a living mother, love it; and those who regret they did not do something or did do something, or did not do all they could when their mother was with them, like to feel and believe and hope that she, now, forgives them everything.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Baden-Baden,

October 25th.

Clare and I don't depend upon wine or care much about it. I think you would laugh if you could see us here at the garden concerts. We order one glass of beer, and she takes a sip and then I take—from the other side of the glass—my sip, and so, turn and turn about, we finish one small glass! We began doing this, really, in memory of that first visit to Baden-Baden with Connie, when Clare was a little girl with her doll Rosebud. . . we remained here a whole lovely summer, because Connie was absorbed in writing a serial for Harper's. But we coaxed her to step into this "just-across-the-street" park every evening at 8, where she could hear the fine band, and walk up and down on the nice paths and look at the interesting people; it did her a world of good. I would let Clare stay up until nine, and then I suggested our taking a glass of beer . . . and the summer was full of happiness for us all. . . . The frescoes in the arcade of the Trinkhalle illustrate the legends of the Black Forest. Clare, with Aunt Connie to explain each legend, spent hours here, that happy summer, and Clare still loves those legends, and I am reading them all over again now.*

* My sister was devoted to the baby Clare, and used to say to me, as Clare grew up, "It is such a comfort, talking with Clare; she always asks the right questions, showing that her mind works in the right direction; and," she would add with a laugh, "yours, Clara, never did!" *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

Now let me tell you of Clare's strategy to obtain entrance into the charming little old-fashioned house where Tourguenieff lived for 8 years and where he wrote "Smoke." All Clare's inquiries failed—no one was allowed in the house ; very few people seemed to know anything about Tourguenieff. Then Clare discovered a small sign in the lower window stating that the "Sisters E. made and altered dresses." Now Clare knows nothing in German (or English) about dressmakers' terms—a gusset, a gore, a "cut-on-the-bias"—are all Greek to her... But nothing daunted her determination to enter Tourguenieff's house. I said I would gladly go, but that I should be unable to aid her. So we went. Clare rang the bell and a nice young girl opened the door. Clare asked could she see one of the sisters? Then the door was opened wider and we stepped in. The little girl opened a side door and asked us to enter, and we passed through a charming little room and into the large corner parlour, where the little maid left us alone for five minutes while she searched for one of the sisters. We knew that in this room Tourguenieff must have written "Smoke." Our imaginations fitted him in by the very window where we thought his desk must have stood. When the timid, shy little dressmaker appeared, I wish you *could* have heard the wild questions Clare asked—so wild as to cause Clare and the little dressmaker to be in a thick smoke of misunderstanding! It was all terribly

funny—the centre table piled high with picture plates of these awful fashions adding to the scene. When the little woman said she did not think that she would be able to suit us, *I* plunged in (to cover our retreat), and pointing to an old tiled stove in the room, told her how I admired it. The little sister brightened up and said she liked a tiled stove best also. "This kind *never* smoke," she added. This sent Clare and myself out, choking—as though we both had swallowed smoke!

Freiburg im Breisgau.

November 8th, 1921.

We selected this place for All Saints', and All Souls' (All Souls' Day having grown to be for us equal to All Saints' Day—almost). Oh, that cemetery—or Court of Peace—the far more beautiful German name!

I have this to tell you of the Baden-Baden end. . . . To our great joy, Hector Berlioz' "Beatrice and Benedict," for which we had bought two of those splendid armchairs, was given on that last night before our departure from Baden. The old theatre was opened in 1862 by Berlioz, with a performance of this "Beatrice and Benedict." So we heard that opera and started off the next morning for Mannheim. . . As the day was beautiful, and that route also beautiful, our journey was delightful—to see miles and miles of splendidly

cultivated land—every possible inch—and every man, woman and child working—such carts full of potatoes, such cabbages, carrots, etc., such endless perfection of preparing the ground for the next crops! Every scrap, stick and twig that could be used for burning, carefully saved in heaps, ready to be carted to some far-away home. All this so appealed to me—such patient hard work, which began at daylight and was not to end until dark—that it really seemed to me more beautiful than the lovely scenery! . . . We accomplished our passport business at Mannheim. Clare thinks you might enjoy two passport stories; in both cases, *I* am the heroine, so Clare ought really to be the one to tell these stories!

The Swiss Consul at Mannheim resembled in appearance a mixture of Ruskin, Santa Claus and Walt Whitman—shaggy white hair, but a round, fat and rosy face. We have adopted new and strict methods—so experienced are we now with consuls, passport officials and police officers. I assume a cold, stiff expression, and the position of a statue. Clare begins in her polite German, *very* gently. When she begins, she is rather pale—as the questions are hurled out by the man who happens to be holding her passport in his hand; some of the questions I understand—they are like this—"What day *exactly* did you enter Germany?" "Why did you come into Germany at all?" "Why did you select *Constance?*"

"How long shall you remain here?" Where are you going from here?" "Who told you to come to Mannheim for the visa?" But before this flood of questions is finished, Clare's face becomes a deep red, her voice goes steadily on, however, in a gentle way and in the end she generally wins, commands (I might say) attention, and slight mortification at their failure, if their questions have been asked with intention... So at Mannheim this consul, in the end, politely closed the passport, and handing it to Clare, said: "There is nothing I need do for your passports; you can both go on with no further trouble." Then (entirely unexpectedly to Clare), *I* slowly rose and approached Ruskin-Santa Claus-Walt Whitman, and said in a clear, vibrant tone: "Do you understand English?" He answered: "Yes, Madam"; and I said: "*Very* soon now you will be freed from this disagreeable business, because all of us who are obliged to have passports *will be in an insane asylum!*"

As I spoke, all typing ceased, there were five girls in the room, some typing, some writing, and when I finished, Ruskin–Santa Claus–Walt Whitman burst into a laugh beyond any laugh I have ever heard. He roared, he shook, he took out his handkerchief to wipe the tears of laughter from his fat cheeks; and two of the girls joined him. Clare found his laugh so contagious that she joined Ruskin, and after a moment, *I* joined this spontaneous laughter; and then girls sprang for-

ward and opened the door, and out we went through rows of smiling faces!

The second story has to do with this police office here, which we were obliged to visit "before we had been in Freiburg one day." The "powers that be," have taken one of the most beautiful of the old buildings in Freiburg—their hours, ten to twelve only. But we were up early so as to be ahead of the waiting crowds. At the very end of a long, narrow hall-way, before the last door by the window stood three tired-looking men. We took our places, reckoning ourselves to be No. 4. After standing about 15 minutes, in came men and women too quickly to count, and all crowded up in no line, no order, as near that one police door as possible. What should we do? Or rather what should *I* do? Clare is fearless with her pen, but for a hand to hand fight, I spring in! So we also pushed into that jam of people. Clare made out that they were Japanese, Chinese, Scandinavians, one broken-down old Englishwoman, several who spoke tongues entirely unknown to us, and many Dutch and Swiss. But before poor tired No. 3's time came (No. 3 was a German-Swiss who told Clare he had been standing an hour), there pushed by everybody an energetic, strong Frenchwoman (at least she was speaking French); she wore a large hat with feathers and wings standing out "every which way," injuring eyes as she plunged! And that woman opened the sacredly (?) closed police door

and walked in smiling, and began talking to the police officer and he began answering her, and the door was shut—with her inside. I sprang forward, and being thin, I got through a narrow, slit-like crack of a passage, and opened the door and pointing to the Frenchwoman, I called out: "*She* is No. 40, and *I* am No. 4!" (Fortunately I know numbers in German).* The police officer instantly grasped what I meant. He rose and asked the Frenchwoman to withdraw and await her turn, and when she was safely out, I followed her and closed the door, and stood next to poor No. 3, where Clare soon joined me. I received much applause from the waiting line, and people began counting as to what number they stood for. No. 3 was very friendly; he seemed to be a rather nervous Swiss, and whispered to Clare that he had been afraid that "some one would get his place." But Clare and I protected him, and he soon went in, and upon his passing us on his way out, he wished us "good luck," and the police officer himself begged us to sit down, and said: "I shall detain you ladies but a few minutes." Then he looked at our passports, stamped them and very politely bowed us out. And again, as the increased crowd of people made way, many of them bowed!

And now, travel back again to this lovely place... We have of course been to the magnificent

* My knowledge of German is confined to "beer," low numbers up to fifty, "Heaven" and the "devil."

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Minster over and over again; the singing, both on All Saints' and All Souls', was beautiful; and the blessing by the Archbishop, who in his gorgeous vestments, was met at the entrance by the full staff of the cathedral—the acolytes in their pure white robes—was so solemn... This Archbishop is a very tall, fine-looking man and the manner with which he raised as high as he could his right arm and hand and blessed to the right and to the left, the whole way up that wide aisle—from the entrance to the altar—was majestic. There is a Holbein in one of the choir chapels—The Nativity and Adoration. The man standing, shading his eyes is supposed to be a portrait of Holbein. By the way, Clare was able to get me a copy of M. Zetter-Collin's book... It is a remarkable story of how the Solothurn picture was discovered, and the theory of the identity of the donor entirely fits in to the reason why the face it is so hidden. But if I begin on pictures, I shall never be able to finish this letter to-night.

We have so much to interest us here; besides all else, there is a new opera-house (built during the war), in which we have heard some very finely-given operas—"Mignon," "Aida," "Taming of the Shrew," etc... But the weather is turning cooler, and all our winter clothing is at Basle, so, the middle of the month, we go to Basle—an hour's journey only.

Hotel Three Kings.
In Beautiful Basle.
Overlooking the Beautiful Rhine.
November 15th, 1921.

We had that last musical "treat" the very night before we left Freiburg—a really fine performance of our beloved "Meistersinger." Then the next day we started off for Basle. Our train was "100 minutes' late," so the guard stated. I have never before heard an hour and forty minutes counted as 100 minutes; it made it seem a far longer period. . . Clare went back into Freiburg for another farewell, and I settled myself in that crowded waiting-room, and at once became interested in all I saw, the different expressions on all kinds of faces when that "100 minutes late" greeting met them! At last the train came panting in, and at 7.30 p.m., we pulled into the Baden Station of Basle, where are both the Swiss and German customhouses. Standing in long lines, everyone clinging to the precious passports, we waited our turn . . . It is getting to be more and more of a farce. Not one of these men even glances at your face, so what good do the photographs do? While these men are talking and arguing with each other, they carelessly stamp your passport and in you go. They ask but one question: "How much money are you taking in?" After hearing about twenty people ahead of us

name exactly the same sum, Clare decided, if that was the correct answer to make, she had better say the same—which she did! Then came the "fiendish" customhouse. People are buying up absolutely everything they can get in Germany (like locusts), I never saw such a sight—dress-suit cases and bags jammed full with entirely new articles. Soon our trunks and ourselves were rolling along the familiar, picturesque streets of Basle. Oh, such brilliant lighting after Germany!

November 23rd.

To-day is a "thick fog day," and I have backed out from going with Clare on her morning walk, and so she has gone to do errands and get our mail, and I am doing all kinds of odds and ends (mostly undone ends!) which are so distracting... But our corner parlour is a splendid packing room—4 big windows and an open fire... So if I do all my part of it, and Clare all hers, *then* we can let ourselves (bodies rested, hearts free and minds clear!) enjoy to the brim all the beauty and charm of Basle, the wonderful Holbeins, the cathedral and its splendid organ. If you won't tell it—for people would think us crazy—before I unpacked my suit-case, we *did* go "just to look" at those Holbeins, and we *did* go to hear that wonderful organ! We also went on Saturday afternoon to what they call a "Children's Matinée." They have arranged those

dear stories of "Snow White," "Cinderella," "Red Riding Hood"—partly music, partly dialogue, and the most perfect acting and dancing—old-fashioned minuets, etc. . . The children all knew the stories, and their joy was lovely to see and all so innocent—so unlike the insidious dangers connected with moving pictures. I have never been able to decide . . . which did more harm, the scenes themselves, or the behaviour of the boys and girls in the audience? . . . They are also frightful for the eyes.

Thanksgiving Day, 1921.

We sat eating our delicious dinner in a remote corner of our dining-room, a pot of carnations as our decoration. The dinner had no Turkey, no cranberry, no pie of any kind—but no thanks that were given in any country, could have been more profound than ours were to-night. . . Instead of toasts we mentioned all the many things we had to give thanks for. . . You would have been both amused and touched, I feel sure, by some of our "prayers of thanks" . . . Then we came up to our pretty parlour and open wood fire,* and part of the evening I read aloud to Clare "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." Afterwards, we played a rubber of Backgammon.

* This is the last of what I call "slush" letters, because of their hashed-up contents, poor ink, and poor writing; added to all else I got a splinter in the first finger of my right hand, in my haste to put a piece of wood on my lovely fire, so even holding my pen failed me.

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1921).

Clare is a perfectly indifferent player, going "slap-dash," recklessly, into danger, leaving four "blots" open and yet always winning, for *always*, just at the critical moment, her dice give her the one and only number that she needs! For the last half of the evening I read the "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). We shall go, after a time, further South—not because we are tired of Basle . . . indeed, we should like one whole winter here, but I am anxious to see if my sister's grave is in order. . .

It is such a peaceful life. . . . I never expected to be like this again.* How could I at my age—ever expect to feel as I do? I give thanks—night and morning—for this blessing. . . .

December 17th.

I'll begin this letter about the "Three Kings." I have long intended to take back the mistake I made in April in telling you that "We Three Kings of Orient" were these Kings. . . . *These* Kings were Emperor Conrad II., his son, Henry III., and Rudolf, the last King of Burgundy! They held a conference here in 1026; this hotel is one of the very oldest in Europe.

* We registered a vow when we left U.S.A. never to talk again about the War—nothing does any good now, the world will *never* be the same again, and for each one to do all he can to make every one he meets a bit happier if possible, is the best rule of life now.

From a Letter to Mrs. Gregory.

This last week has been full of all kinds of funny complications . . . we had engaged a dressmaker who spoke English to patch up our dresses and I was obliged to "pin up" and explain all the "fussy" little changes necessary—such planning and pinning did this require—to live a whole week with my mouth filled (often) with pins and to be obliged to get the pins out before I went to the dentist, was indeed difficult! Then I found that Elizabeth is a French Swiss, and her one glory is that her mother was a Frenchwoman. . . . Elizabeth wears a large breastpin made of the braided hair of her mother, and in the midst of quick talk on my part . . . about "how you can take in just there"—I, illustrating what I mean by cutting slips of white paper and pinning on—Elizabeth would say something about her past happiness that compelled me to take out the pins from my mouth and try to say some sympathetic words.

Then the Swiss dentist calls all appointments "Rendez-vous"—which is entirely associated in my mind with far-in-the-past, youthful days of mine, when a "Rendez-vous" meant a meeting with an ardent admirer! So, to call a visit about an "eye tooth," or a "wisdom tooth," or a "molar," a "Rendez-vous," made me distracted! . . . But I must say that he has by far the most attractive dentist rooms I have ever seen, and I hold the "world record" regarding them!

Ever since I was sixteen I have been to a dentist every six months, and when you know how I have travelled, you can faintly grasp how many dentists' rooms I have seen! When I first saw his receiving room—so utterly unlike any room of the kind I had ever seen—I felt there must be some mistake.... Clare asked the girl was this correct? She said yes, and that Dr. N— would be at liberty in a moment.... and after she had gone, we gazed in astonishment at the few beautiful pictures, but mainly at the superb books that were on the centre table! There was one on Giorgione, another on Dante; there was that splendid "Turner" (30 coloured plates), Wordsworth's Selected Poems—I cannot begin to tell you all—what a sight of joy it was—*so* unexpected, so delightful, that we broke forth to this strange dentist at once. He was much pleased and said that during his whole dental education he had vowed that if he ever had an office he would never have those "deadly" magazines and coloured newspapers, usually of a year ago. And he added: "I carry it to an extreme; I go in sometimes three times a week and put fresh books on the table, and take out all the others."

I ought to tell you of two more things of a pleasant nature that we have also "fitted into" these past ten days... The wonderful Holbein Gallery is only a two minutes' walk from this hotel, and, as the picture gallery itself is not heated,

we have been dashing in and only remaining half an hour with all our wraps on. But the library is warmed, and to sit there and hold in your hand, one by one, those marvellous woodcuts, is a great moment. They watch you—the men in charge—as they do in some of the British Museum rooms, and no wonder! Then these Christmas shop windows fascinate us—unlike anything I have ever seen. The whole of Basle seems to have given itself up to making the children happy. Every kind of window (not just the toy and sweet shops alone), has something to please the children. One place that sells handkerchiefs and small fancy articles has an enormous Santa Claus with arms extended towards the street—he holds—every part of him—things that could be bought. The shoe shops have little gnomes and dwarfs climbing out of shoes and slippers, and doing all kinds of things, No two shops are alike and we stand and look and exclaim.*

Added to all else that we have been doing, Clare has been sending Christmas food boxes. This year, these smaller but choice boxes are named: "Our Christmas Treat," "For Grandmother, (who needs only a little of each)," etc. Every box has

* Basle never fails us, even shopping (that we never liked), is here made attractive. If you want hooks, eyes, buttons, braid, etc. there are attractive little shops where only such things are sold.

From a Letter.

different contents. We thought it so strange that the Prunes Premier were *Brand Santa Clara!* *

December 9th, 1921.

If you could know of *all* we have accomplished to-day, you would say we "stepped lively." And now that we have finished sending our U.S.A. Christmas mail (about 50), we must take hold of the greetings for this side.

Grand Hotel Palace, Locarno,

Lake Maggiore,

January, 1922.

I must tell you of a very wonderful musical "treat" that we secured in Basle that last Sunday. The Bach Chorus gave Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in the Minster. I had rather objected to our going on the eve of a long journey, but oh, how glad I was afterwards that Clare had bought those seats, for I would not have missed it for anything! It seems that "Elijah" is a great favourite in Basle, where it had not been given since 1910.

* Written on the back of a postcard picture of St. Clare of Assisi.

On the other side of this is our dear Clara (St. Clara), who came to us in the time of our great need and brought cheer and material comfort to us poor old friends. We shall never forget her and think of her always, especially on the namesday (August 12th), with hearts full of gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Milnor Coit to Mrs. Benedict (1919).

It was such a sight to see more than 3,300 people sit breathlessly still for two hours . . . in such absorbed happiness; it was a joy to share it with them. The chorus and solo singers were perfect, and that splendid organ! Strange to say, I received a most unexpected pleasure, which placed me at once upon my "musical memory carpet," and I was off into the very far-away past—for suddenly, while listening, there came a solo *I* used to sing at Farmington when I was a girl of 15 . . . I had forgotten it was in "Elijah" . . . "I waited for the Lord. . . He inclined unto me. He heard my complaint. Oh, blessed are they who *wait* and trust in the Lord!" I have been hearing it and singing it ever since.* It was such a lovely last "touch" to Basle. . .

* I had such especial opportunities, musically, as a little girl, and then, step by step older and higher, all through my life. Mother was our first teacher. Every night before we children were put to bed, Mother used to take Charlie on her lap, and Connie and I "vaulted" up—each on an arm of Mother's old rocking chair, and Mother sang to us—teaching us all the English and Scotch ballads—such a really superior selection. So we knew them all, and never forgot them. Then Sunday, we learned to know every hymn. Think what an education it was! At the Rockwell Street School, music was always taught, so I learned a little more; then, at the Seminary, a little more, and when I went away to boarding-school at Farmington, Miss Porter had a German music teacher, and he made us learn to know and love all that fine German music—oratorios and songs. That teacher used to give school concerts also, and taught us to have no fear in singing solo parts. So I agree with you when you say you think of the past. I do also; it is one of my greatest pleasures, and Clare loves to hear all these stories of the past.

From a Letter to Miss Miller.

How much I owe to Mr. Klauser. When I was at Farmington, he made us (the girls who had voices) learn and sing good music; we thought this so "poky" of him at the time. I was only 15 years old, and knew, of course, nothing; but when I hear the lovely boys' voices singing these anthems—how it adds to my enjoyment that I know every word and every note. "He shall come down like rain"—and "I waited for the Lord," etc.—etc.

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

I'll turn now to the celebration of our joint birthday... Very often in the beautiful past we planned to leave Vienna on our birthday; no one in Vienna knew it, we never told them... And to leave Vienna in the cold and snow of a winter morning... an hour before daylight, and get out the same night in the soft warm air of Venice and step into the fascinating gondola and go silently through the canals, was perfect joy to us. So Clare suggested that we should this year adopt that birthday custom of ours and leave Basle on an early "through" train for Locarno, crossing the St. Gotthard Pass, and it was, oh, so delightful! No 1st class passengers were travelling, merely a long train of 3rd and 4th class Italians hurrying to Italy for Christmas. We had a small compartment to ourselves and an attentive guard and the day was superb. Clare even planned to give me gifts she had hidden in her suit-case (her remembrances were worthy of being told as a little story and printed!) and I planned a surprise for her, in ordering ahead an upright piano to be placed in our parlour here!

We found Locarno as beautiful as we left it so long ago—such a lake as this, such mountains as these and such a climate, the war could not spoil. Years ago we spent a brilliant six weeks here—oh, the changes! When we were here before, the English filled this large hotel; they had built a little chapel and there was a very

interesting clergyman; now, the chapel is boarded up, and not an English guest... No English are travelling, the Italians cannot travel--"no money," the Germans, naturally, can do nothing but work, and the French never travel. A few Dutch, a few Swedes and Swiss, but oh, so few! As we did not come for people, it did not matter in our case. Every night, after a delicious little dinner, served in the handsome dining-room, I sit back in my easy-chair, and Clare plays all the things I like—no, not all, for she only brought a selected list of sheet music: Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Grieg, Gluck, Bach, and of course, Wagner. Then we turn to our fine books.

I wish you could have seen our Christmas tables. We came up into our parlour—after dinner—locked the door, turned on the light, put more wood on the fire, and began at a quarter past eight to open our packages and letters. It was a quarter past eleven when we opened the last package. As we are always alone on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, so this was natural to us... I received two books about my picture friend—"The Laughing Cavalier."* Sir Claude

* I wonder if you know how I make friends of pictures? My advantage is that I can select the most beautiful, young, fascinating man, even now. One of my particular favourites is the "Laughing Cavalier," and at this age, I can flirt with him—he can't help it nor does he ever fail me—it's splendid pleasure!

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

Basle.

Now it's bedtime, but before I go, I want to tell you of a very strange "episode" (that's not the word I want, but I can't, at this late hour, think of a better) of *two* gentlemen, one living, and one long since dead (if he ever lived?) both of whom I have adopted as being my "admirers," both of whom I admire. I will explain to you what I mean by telling you the details of the dead admirer whom for years I have been flirting with—Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier."

You probably will not remember, although I tried hard to make you choose him as your favourite of the 23 portraits of gentlemen on my wall at Pomeroy Place! This Cavalier has given me much pleasure all these years and also Clare—to hear me talk to and ask questions of this speaking portrait. For example: "What, you back again?" he used to cry out when I reached my portrait gallery upon arrival in Cooperstown. "Well, I *am* glad to see you! Do stay longer this time. I have much to tell you about some of those ladies opposite who have been trying to flirt with all of us on this side!" When I entered the room where he is at the Wallace Collection, I would say: "I was homesick to see you, so here I am!" And he would always look right in my old face and ignore the "most festive" English girl next to me. This flirtation has been going on for a long time—imagine therefore, my utter amazement as I entered . . . our bedroom here in Basle last April, to find opposite the bed I had selected should be mine, a large copy of Hals' "Laughing Cavalier!" I gave a cry. "Oh," he said, with that irresistible smile of his, "did you think that by avoiding London and boxing me all up tight and storing me, that I should let you drop me? *Never!* How long will you stay? How well and happy you look!"

So during our whole stay last spring, I kept on with this delightful kind of flirtation. When I returned here just now, he wanted to know every place I had visited, but seemed much disappointed, when in answer to his eager: "*Of course* you went into Holland?" I answered "No," and to all my good reasons for *not* going to Holland this first summer, he only repeated: "Oh, I am *so* sorry—I wanted you to go to my country!"

Yesterday, I said to Clare (in my bedroom): "As we have failed to secure a maid, I shall thus save much money and engage again these very same splendid corner rooms for the spring visit, particularly as we now know that they are occupied every June by the Queen Mother of Spain. As my Spanish friends have always said my figure and bearing were like hers, so 'we two' know the solid advantages and great beauty of just this view from just these windows." As I finished my remark, my flirting, devoted "Laughing Cavalier" broke out with another Ruskin-Santa Claus-Walt Whitman laugh, and his eyes looked directly into mine and he said: "If you will promise to return to me in April or May, then I will try to live through my long winter." You can form no idea of the pleasure "picture friends" give one—they always say what you want them to say!

And now, I will fit in here, how you, away off at "Gwinn," stirred up the "Laughing Cavalier!" I happened to read your letter (in which you told me what your "subject" was) in our bedroom, and suddenly I became aware that my "flirting friend's" smile (that changes its meaning twenty times a day) . . . seemed to be a "broad" smile. "Oh!" he shouted, "why did not that niece of yours ask *me* to tell her about William the Silent?" Then with a still more meaning laugh, he added: "He would not be silent to *me!*" And before I could stop him, he went on: "Now if your niece had sent over here for points, she could have produced such a paper as would have made every member of that "club" *green* with envy! I would have given her facts about William the Silent that *no one else* could have given her. And you two ladies, as you went last night to hear Beethoven's Egmont music, and as you read the day before Goethe's Egmont, could have given her a few "telling" points, especially about the matchless Clärchen—or shall we say *Clare?*" And he gave Clare a positive wink!

But joking aside, was it not a very strange coincidence that the day your letter came, telling about your subject (William the Silent, Egmont and Horn), we had been—the night before—to that fascinating old St. Martin's Church and had heard the beautiful Egmont music and Clärchen's famous songs?

From Letters to Miss Mather.

Phillips had a very fine article upon the re-hanging of that room at the Wallace Collection where the "Laughing Cavalier" * lives, in which my friend is called "the unforgettable," and indeed, he cannot be forgotten. . . . We begin to feel excited over our first visit to one of our favourite picture galleries—the Brera. How we shall feel as we see those beautiful pictures again !†

January 17th, 1922.

Locarno is "celebrating" (if you can use such a word?) a real blizzard—no such storm ever before experienced in this southernmost point of Switzerland on the very border of Italy! Our window exhibitions have been perfectly magnificent—the mountains covered with snow and the superb trees looking like giant Christmas trees. ‡

* As I walked into the nice bedroom, the "Laughing Cavalier" welcomed me almost like a lover—very exciting this, to so old a lady! "Well, you *have* been missed," he seemed to say, "I rejoice to see you again. I made Madame B. 'freshen' up this room for you. Do you notice the new paper and the curtains?" "Yes," I answered, "but it is *you* I notice the most." Then there crept over the speaking face a change (that's his great charm—his expression alters while you look), and he said: "You have been looking at some of your other friends, have you not? Did you not look often at Giralomo Casio—that poet? And which artist is your favourite, Frans Hals, or Boltraffio?" And I was silenced. *Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather.*

† *My* Boltraffio (the portrait of Casio, the poet) looked up into my eyes. Clare and I always try to make out the verse showing through his artistic hand. *From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.*

‡ *Vide* p. 517.

January 26th.

The enclosed letter was all ready to post . . . when something interrupted me from doing anything, and I opened my trunk and threw the sheets in, and there they have been ever since. The " something " was that Clare came down that very night with that dreadful influenza. You can—no, you never could even *imagine* what I felt—what despair. Clare sick in bed in this deserted Locarno, and outside, a real " blizzard " raging. I took hold with all the power my shaking nerves allowed; I had my bed moved into the parlour, so that I could see into Clare's room and also hear her. . . Then I sent for the best doctor in Locarno who spoke English. Fortunately, living next door, was a gentle Italian-Swiss and he came in twice a day, and said I could send for him at any hour. . . With this support, I was able to do all for Clare. Two days only

What we have been dreading for a week has come in just now—a telegram from Munich that Milnor (Dr. James Milnor Coit) died to-day, and although it is a happy release for him, it leaves a strange void for us. I say " strange," because for nearly two years, I have given out to him all the powers of my pen and thoughts—to help him for dear Josie's sake. In a way I grew to feel she knew all I did, and blessed me every day—through her, I reached him. I have written 2, 3 and 4 letters a week. . . He has been wretched and has written me over and over again—" I wish I could lie down by her side." And to-morrow afternoon they will place him there. All his plans were made to go again this winter to Meran. He begged the doctor so hard to be allowed to remain until he could attend to his large charity gifts and trees, etc., to the poor children of Munich, that the doctor allowed him to remain. . . I can only—knowing him—feel thankful for him; so active a man could not give up his charity work—that seemed to have kept him alive since Josie died—but there is such a void. . .

From a Letter to Miss Mather, 1922.

was she miserable; the 3rd day the doctor said it was a very light case . . . and yesterday she sat up and the doctor has—in a way—pronounced her to be already convalescent.

As I sit here in our lovely parlour, with a nice wood fire burning, and look at Clare seated all "comfy" in an armchair, reading the Italian paper, I wonder "Was it a terrible dream?" I seemed to be living a whole year in those days. . . .

I can tell you now some of the funny things that happened. I always give good tips, and oh, how my tips returned to me! . . . These servants have done everything for me, but when you hear that the four—chambermaid, boots, porter and waiter—only speak German, French and Italian, you can see how hampered I was. Desperation drove me to use all these languages—jumbled together—linked together by my graphic acting. One day at "Cheerful Corner"* when I was "slashingly" describing some actress in Cleveland, and ended up with: "Why, Mother, even *I* could have done it better!" Mother, going on quietly with her mending, said: "Your father and I knew it long ago—that you could act—but we hoped *you* would not find it out until too late."

* What a true name was given to that house of ours—"Cheerful Corner!" How happy we were all together, and oh, how many, many people of all kinds we made happy, and in such simple, inexpensive ways!

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Then the other day before the doctor's visit, Clare said: "I shall ask him whether I cannot read a little to-day." And I warned her: "You can ask him, but do not tell him what you are reading just now; if you tell him the Odyssey of Homer, he will think the influenza has gone to your brain!" I overheard the doctor and Clare, who have become quite good friends, chatting, and I heard her ask could she read and he answered "Yes." "What shall you read?" And I heard Clare say, "The Odyssey of Homer." And as he passed me in the parlour, he looked very grave and said: "Let her read a *very* short time only." She punished herself!

Now it's time to make Clare her cup of tea—Clare up and dressed and walking about the room—oh, how comforting it is! How thankful I am!*

Rome,

Hotel Bristol,

Piazza Barberini.

February 19th, 1922.

We are settled at this Hotel Bristol—my first choice of the hotels in Rome. The

* I knew you would grasp my absolute despair—very few would—I took entire care of Clare; evidently her calling me "Mrs. Luttrell" caused you to think she had a nurse. You naturally had forgotten that the name "Luttrell" had been adopted years ago, as a joke, when I was ill once in London, and Clare called my nurse (herself) "Miss Luttrell"—much to Henry James's amusement. Ever since, we have used the name.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

rooms I did *not* like... Then I used the weapons I held... my years and years of "managing managers" gave me great powers and I dealt them out as skilfully as a fine cook would in making a cake—a pinch of flattery, one cup of "danger powder," one drop of tears, one quarter of a pound of sarcasm—*mix well,* and so on. And in the end, I won, and I am writing you now, seated in a charming red parlour on the corner, which gives us a splendid window overlooking the Piazza Barberini, a clear space before us with Bernini's Fontana del Tritone... At the lower end of the wide Piazza, the Via del Tritone runs straight down (so to speak) towards the setting sun. This gives us in our parlour those glorious sunsets—every shade of red and pink—until the last moment. This wonderful "city" view is worth a separate 100 Lire per day! If Rome is not clear in your mind—every one always goes to see Beatrice Cenci—*she* is on our immediate left; and every one also goes to see the burial vaults of the 4000 departed Capuchins—*they* are at our direct right, and at the corner is the marble fountain erected by Urban VIII. (1623-1644). He was a Barberini—and we always take long looks at those three carved Bees—the Barberini coat of arms!

You know all about our Milan stay—its snow-storm, and cold; its "made-over" Brera, now reduced to 7 rooms, where formerly were 37.

The splendid treasures are placed close together . . . which is distracting—those delightful Carpaccios just above those beautiful Bellinis; Tintoretto's "double-starred" picture close against Mantegna's on the right and Luini's on the left! We know and love each one of these gems, but felt as confused as they looked.

On our last Sunday in Milan, we heard High Mass in that majestic cathedral in celebration of the crowning here in Rome of the new Pope. The sight of the superb interior of soaring "up-up-up" arches, the hundreds of candles—but *only* candles—was a joy! It was Septuagesima Sunday, and we felt it was a lovely collect. "O, Lord, we beseech Thee favourably to hear the prayers of Thy people." When, upon returning home, I discovered that the second lesson for the morning service was that beautiful Matthew 6th, I was delighted.

Those last days at Milan were filled with "fluctuations" regarding our journey to Rome. We decided to sleep at Bologna. Arriving at the Hotel Brun, we found all changed . . . it was so depressing! But as there were no guests, we did have a warm room, a dinner and breakfast, and got to our station to see the platform by the line upon which the train to Rome would rush in—black with people, all ready to spring on and in; it looked hopeless—we not being of the "springing on and in" kind. How-

ever, Clare got hold of an official, and he said there was one first class compartment marked "No smoking." She therefore gave our porter an "advance" tip and directions to place two or three of our small pieces in this one compartment, he to wait there until we could get in. I write all these details to explain how it happened, during our exciting journey to Rome, that I knew just how every man looked who plunged so mysteriously in and out of our one non-smoking compartment, as our train swept through those 22 tunnels.

These various men—there were four of them—no two together—each entered with cigar in hand or in mouth, and I looked severely at each and placed my hand emphatically on the notice in Italian of "No Smoking," and, to my astonishment, each one immediately took out his cigar. But *why* each man seemed nervous? It took such very different forms, and I could see what they never dreamed I saw! . . . Mother used to say: "Clara has four eyes; two look at you, and the other two are in the back of her head!" As I had stopped the smoking, although I was deeply puzzled at the utter difference shown by these four men, I only *wondered.* The only other person in this compartment was a young, very much "made up" Italian girl. I did not know what kind of a girl she was; she had her bottle of wine, her novel and her "cold lunch," but we

preferred even a "doubtful" young girl to an out-and-out Italian "bounder." When luncheon was ready, we left our small pieces in our seats, and went forward to the dining-car, where was served us a very good hot luncheon, which, had we known what was happening, we could never have enjoyed! For what had happened was this—an immense robbery had occurred in one of the largest banks in Rome, and the man suspected had escaped (it was thought) by the train south. Now when the Conclave at the Vatican broke up, the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, having a large sum of money with him given to him by the Pope, took one of the best police officers to see him safely over the border. All this had been done, and the head police officer was on the train *en route* back to Rome. He, having evidently *six or eight* extra eyes, . . . suddenly noticed in the ordinary travellers certain kinds of actions that I had noticed. But as he had discovered (so he thought) that the real thief had passed the money over to others, he—this headman—must "go slow" and not arrest or accuse passengers. But could he find out *how the men looked* who had sat in compartments where ladies were alone, where all such deep thieves always hid, particularly when passing through many tunnels—no guard ever going through the cars.

When we returned from our luncheon, we found that this young Italian girl was being cross-

questioned by two men, as to what men had been in the compartment, and just how each looked. She was a girl who saw nothing but *herself*, so these men could really learn nothing. Then she spoke to me—she knew a little English—and I, gathering from what she repeated that these two men had been robbed of an ordinary travelling bag—their own bag—described the first man who had been in the compartment, and she repeated what I said. At this, these two men, who, we decided in the end were detectives, dashed off and out at the next small station, where telegraphing went on frantically. In this interval I had an opportunity to whisper to Clare that we must not let any one know about any other man or what he did, or what I saw. When, therefore, these men tried to ask more questions regarding the *last* man in particular who had sat in our compartment, (who, I decided, was the man who then had the money), I only repeated about the *first* man. All the rest of the journey (which was very prolonged, for the train was two hours late) was a severe nervous strain. These two police agents never left our compartment, one was always on guard, and from what we overheard, it looked as if we were to be held as witnesses. . . . We did not show alarm, and talked a little to the Italian girl, saying, carelessly, things she might, if she wished, repeat. She was also very clever and "deep," for Clare overheard her say to the men: "*She*" indicating Clare, "understands Italian." Among other

things this girl told us was the number of "kinds of thieves" on these trains. "There are now in Italy terrible, *big* thieves, who break into banks and palaces; then there are men in the luggage vans who go through your trunks; then," she said, "there are men (and women) who take a bag or box from any compartment when the passengers are at lunch. To-day," she added, with a smile, "*I* was here, so your things were safe, and really to-day, we were all safe... Trunks and small pieces are always safe when a big matter like the bank robbery is on."

We planned our arrival with calm indifference outwardly, but I frankly confess that when we bowed good-night—pleasantly and with smiles—to the Italian girl and those two "following" men, and quickly and deftly slipped away *at once* into the safety of the crowd, I felt that we had had a narrow escape!

You would be amused at the newspaper accounts: "Two English ladies were in the compartment with the thieves." "One of the foreign ladies had a melancholy and 'fatal' expression"—that meant my "No Smoking" look! It is funny reading, but it was a terribly exciting experience. To think that we sat alone in that compartment for three quarters of an hour with one of the worst thieves in all Italy—only 27 years old! He behaved as if he had been a

marble statue; he never moved even an eyelash, never changed his expression; his eyes were fixed straight ahead into space. And I know also what he did and how he escaped...

I have left to the end of this letter to tell you of what we ventured to Rome to see—Connie's grave. We went out very early in the morning; no one was there at that hour. We took white flowers and the lovely yellow flowers of all kinds that Connie liked best... we walked up the path to the grave and found it very beautiful, although not in the order we had always kept it, but still covered with growing violets and ivy...

Although much is missing in Rome, yet I find myself echoing Byron's

"O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee."

Only one of our special "poor ones" here is alive. He is a one-legged man; he knew us at once, and ran with his crutch to welcome us... He told us that all the rest had died—the lame man who had the little trained dog and the poor match boy who had *never* walked... So now this "runner of crutches" is our only friend left in this line...

Rome.

February 24th, 1922.

We have not yet forgotten all the different kinds of emotions we went through as our train went through those 22 tunnels. Rushing into utter darkness and dashing out into blazing sunshine seemed to *add* to the position. I know the face and figure of that terribly clever young "robber"; I should know him at once were I ever to meet him, even if at a smart dinner party. (I remember that one of Richard Harding Davis's short stories hinged on an episode like this). Were I a younger woman, there might be such a dénouement!

The picture gallery we love best in Rome* is the Borghese . . . one reason perhaps . . . is because one is able easily to reach it; the Vatican Gallery is too far away to allow of frequent visits; I do not—frankly—feel so intimate with the Vatican pictures. But after the changes at the Brera, we trembled as to what had been done to the Borghese. To our joy we found all our beloved pictures in splendid positions; slight changes had been made, but our favourite "Circe" (Dosso Dossi) . . . is now hung in a better light, and also

* We read in Rome Lady Eastlake's Memoirs, and fell upon the fact that it was her husband who found by accident at Bellagio that splendid "Tailor" of the National Gallery and bought it for a small sum. He has always been one of my three favourite pictures in the National Gallery "with his ruff and his shears and his beautiful hands!"

From a Letter to Miss Mather (1922).

Connie's favourite, "St. Stephen" (Francia), that lovely, kneeling figure in red, and the "Lady with the Handkerchief" that *we* always say is a Giorgione. . . I have also the daring to state that I far prefer Raphael's "one-starred" "Entombment" in this gallery to the "double-starred" "Marriage of the Virgin" at the Brera!

If you go very early to the Doria Gallery you have the small room of the Velazquez Pope, Innocent X., to yourself. Two deep chairs are also yours, and we sat there the other day a half hour alone. "The blue-grey eyes set in that ugly visage gaze at us—there lies the power. . . It is the gaze of a man determined to read the thoughts of all who approach him—to impress their personality forever on his mind, conscious as he is of the infallibility of his decisions! . . . Look at the blue-grey eyes and see if you do not feel that he is reading your every thought—your every secret!" This is what I always *do* feel.

This a.m. we made our first visit to the Vatican statues . . . and oh, how delightful to see all our well-remembered friends just where they always stood! I used to be very intimate with my favourite statue, Meleager, and very much to amuse my Mentone artist friend because I used to slip around Meleager, and put my hand into his marble clasp, as his left hand rests upon his back. To accomplish this daring "love advance" unseen by the crowd of people, was

difficult, but I always *did* accomplish it, much to the delight of Mr. Thomas. This spirit of friendship and admiration must have been always "seething" in me. I knew Rome and Meleager long before I knew the "Laughing Cavalier."

March 9th.

Yesterday, the day being superb, we started in a nice one-horse carriage and reached the Vatican at a quarter before ten. Swiss Guards stood at the outer entrance. Three of these fine-looking men in their picturesque costumes faced us, bowed politely, and took off their hats when answering the question: "Can we obtain admission to the Vatican Garden this morning?" As these three men removed their "stunning" hats, it was really embarrassing. They very politely gave us passage, and pointed up those beautiful marble stairs—up which, for centuries past, such "great ones" of this earth have walked! At the top, more guards received us, more hats went off, and we were directed to one of those grand enclosed courts, containing all kinds of fascinating windows, carvings and architectural beauty, enough almost to make one stumble. On we went, through all these courts and wide corridors always being met by one, two or three of these splendid guards to direct us. At last we were shown into a small room (but even here a Madonna looked down upon us from above the door) and here I filled in my name

where the old gentleman in charge—he being dressed entirely in black—told me. Then he wrote quite a document and with a low bow gave me this precious paper.* And again, outside, more Swiss guards led us from court to court, out towards the section of the Vatican where is the public entrance to the garden. Clare has translated a part of our "pass" as follows:

> "This is to permit Mrs. Stone Benedict and her companion (2 ladies) to visit the Garden of the Vatican during the hours of the forenoon only, when the Holy Father does not repair thither.
>
> The Master of the Household of His Holiness."

The charm of this walk is that—after all this great care and attention *before* you receive the permission—when you *do* enter the garden, the one ordinary guard unlocks the high iron gate and you enter *alone*. And during your fascinating walk, no one speaks to you or watches you—no guards, only a few old gardeners are working here and there. . . You have all this charm of scene and association with a great past to yourselves. The birds sing, the water in the numberless fountains softly splashes; no vulgar motor horns, no voices. Clare spoke to one of the

* In our opinion, the Vatican and King Alfonso are the only chivalrous Powers left in Europe, unless possibly one should include Queen Wilhelmina. *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

old gardeners, and he gave her much information, for he had been "under the kind care" of four Popes—Leo, the two Popes Pius, and Benedict. He pointed out the lovely fountain and seats that Pope Benedict* had placed there and his favourite walks. Then suddenly he said to Clare: "Yesterday, at just three o'clock, Pope Pius XI. walked on *this* path, just where you are stepping now." It was like a message to us—a throbbing up through the soft green moss to our foot-prints!

And now to tell you about two of the five very interesting churches we visited yesterday —Santa Pudenziana, which is upon the site of the house where St. Paul may have lived during his first stay in Rome, A.D. 41. It was the property of Pudens, whom St. Paul mentions in his Second Epistle to Timothy. The mosaics are full of interest . . . they are among the finest in Rome. . . Each church has its treasures. . . But I am only going to give details of one more, and that is Santa Prassede. This also has fine mosaics and a beautiful little chapel of St. Zeno of the 9th century. But the priest who unlocked the chapel was not in a pleasant mood. I could not but wonder if lady admirers of Robert Browning's had not infuriated him (this priest) by asking him to point out to them the "Bishop's

* Pope Benedict's position of being Pope during such a war, and his determination to be what it was (in my opinion) his duty to be—truly neutral, I think at the end increased, just because it must be (in a way) concealed. His sense of justice made him *very* unhappy.

From a Letter to Mrs. Saville.

Tomb" that Browning wrote about in "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church." But as I passed this peevish priest, I carelessly pointed to the only beautiful marble monument in the church, and said with a smile: "A *Bishop?*" You should have heard the concentrated fury of his voice as he repeated: "A *Bishop? No* Bishop is buried here. That is a French Cardinal." And off he almost ran . . . Last night I made Clare get out her little Browning and I read to her—from the first line—"Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!" to the last line, "As still he envied me, so fair she was!" Although I found myself thinking more of the line—

> "And leave me in my church—the church for peace! . . ."

It is an immense gain to all countries that the Pope speaks so many languages; he himself will speak, so we learned, and will use no interpreter. An interpreter is so dangerous; the dropping out of a word, or the adding of one, may alter the entire meaning of a message. . .

It is very pleasant to see again the German students in their vivid red gowns (which add such picturesqueness to every scene) walking back and forth to and from their studies. One morning I counted 48, hurrying through the Barberini Square to attend an early lecture. We rejoice also that the picturesque wine carts are still seen everywhere, delivering wine. They still look gay and smart,

mules strong, carts bright, drivers whistling, as if they one and all were delivering Est ! Est ! ! Est ! ! ! But the Italians have changed ; they seem so hopeless, so discouraged. . . The poor, haggard little King is in a terrible position ; he can form no cabinet of any kind. . .

Sunday.

It is a lovely day, and we took white flowers out to the cemetery—our last visit. . . . No one is ever there Sunday morning, only the birds singing and the church bells—from every direction—ringing. As we left the cemetery, flooded with brilliant sunshine, and those lofty cypresses standing like guardian sentinels, I could only echo in my heart Shelley's : " It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place " . . .

Our journey will be a hard one . . . so many robberies are going on. . . . " Insure your trunks well, have all corded, and go through to Venice by the same train as the trunks—but even *this* does not mean safety." It sounded like the American girl, who, in describing how very particular her mother was about drinking-water, said : " Mamma boils all the water we use, and then puts the boiled water through a filter, and then we drink Apollinaris " ! ! . . . Clare has thought of a novel idea to frighten the luggage thieves ; if it succeeds, I'll tell you.

Grand Hotel, Venice.

March 17th, 1922.

I wrote you about our preparations for our difficult journey to Venice. All went well, until just before the time of the lunch call when into our compartment came a tall, fine-looking man, whose valet placed handsome small luggage in the rack, and handing the gentleman a travelling shawl and case, backed out with a low bow. Clare and I were in despair because the arrangement we had made that the attendant would lock our compartment if there were no other passengers was cruelly ended! What could we do? By that time—11.30—having had nothing but a poor roll and cold coffee at quarter before seven, we both felt faint. I fixed my eyes upon this gentleman—could not my "all-seeing, second-sight-eyes" read his character? The more I looked, the more I liked his face. He looked a little like Count C.—had the same attractive combination of grey hair with fresh colour and fine, penetrating eyes. So I begged Clare to ask this stranger in Italian was he intending to go into the dining-car? Sheer hunger drove Clare at last to ask this question in a trembling voice Before she had got the words out, he turned towards her with a charming smile and answered: "No, I am not going." Then I dashed in—waving my hands

towards our suit-cases, etc., I clasped my hands together in a begging attitude. He seemed to grasp what I meant, and eagerly asked Clare in Italian did *we* wish to go, if so, he would guard our things. We had an excellent luncheon, finishing with a cup of black coffee, and thus braced, returned to our compartment. And our stranger friend welcomed us with a smile and a "doffed" hat. He explained that standing was difficult, as he had been ill for 100 days with a low fever, and was only just recovering. He left the train at Florence. I must not forget to add that when he told us that he would guard our things, he turned back his coat and bent towards Clare, and she leaned forward and looked at something. I thought it must be a watch. When we reached the dining car, Clare said he had said: "Enjoy your luncheon; all will be quite safe; let me show you who I am. Look at my General's badge." And that was what he let her see to reassure her! The rest of our journey was peace and quiet. Thoughts of our visits to each place of interest between Florence and Venice kept us busy with delightful memories... I had written in my Baedeker at Ferrara, Ariosto's words: "It is easier to make verses than houses, and the fine palaces in the poems cost me no money," And so our memories of places, pictures and frescoes made us forget what time it was, and before we knew it, we reached Venice (at about midnight).... Oh, that first gondola ride was beyond describing!

The lovely stillness after the ceaseless "toot-toot" of the Roman motors. At that hour the gondoliers are not even obliged to give their musical "*premi*" (to the left) or "*stali*" (to the right). Arrived at our hotel, we found our rooms all ready, warmed and delightful, and we crawled into bed, so thankful to be here. But we were up early—each "peeking" out to see the Grand Canal and Santa Maria della Salute, opposite. We dressed—looking out between each hook and button. Then came the opening of the trunks. Nothing had been touched, and we really believe that perhaps Clare's "idea" was the reason! Clare bought 16 different post-card views of Pope Pius XI. and pinned one to the top cover of each tray. She hoped that any robber would hesitate to offend the new Pope. I have a great desire to write this to Pope Pius XI.!

Then we hastened out to take a first walk Of course we hurried first of all through the narrow *calles* (recognizing precious buildings, bridges and churches as we almost ran), until we reached the "heart of Venice"—St. Mark's beautiful square. All was safe—all was as we left it . . . we even imagined that the pigeons welcomed us. We kept on to beloved San Marco, followed by our train of pigeons. I felt sure the Four Horses reared, so glad were they to see us back. One of the horses seemed to give me a neigh!

"Four steeds divine
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame" *

(Don't expect me to tell you surely who wrote the above lines; I believe, of course, it was Byron).

I quickly turned and saw that that superb Lion of St. Mark on his bracket, with his blue enamel background dotted with gold stars, had discovered us and was roaring a welcome! And as we stood there, facing that Clock Tower (Connie, by the way, was offered a little apartment by the side of this Tower, and thought seriously at one time of living there), suddenly those two bronze figures called the Moors, who for four centuries have struck the hours and half hours with their hammers on the colossal bell, struck eleven splendid strokes—for *us* we felt!

The three big "thrills" about *places* have been Basle, Constance, and now Venice.

In the afternoon we went out again to "the heart of Venice," for Clare had seen in the Italian paper that the band was to play, and I had seen that the nice Tea Room still existed where we used to go, much to the disapproval of many who always went to Florian's because that café "had never been closed, night or day, for

* Rogers.

300 years." So we had our tea, and then we walked up and down in the sun, watching the people who had gathered to hear the band. It looked so crowded that I begged Clare to ask why, and we were told this was the first concert of the season. So I said: "This concert is given in our honour!" Imagine our "thrill" when, as we stood facing the conductor, we saw him put up the name of that first piece.

Oro del Reno—Wagner.

And there we stood "thrilling" as we heard—splendidly played by a large military band—"The Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla"... Could anything more inspiring have been given to us? I felt at once that all those dreadful articles in the U.S.A. papers were false—one being that the marble bust of Wagner in the Public Gardens had been broken in pieces and thrown into the canal. So on our second walk, we went to the Public Gardens, and there stood the bust just as we had left it, the trees and grass around it in perfect order; the marble, pure and white. In my gratitude I went to a greenhouse near by and bought two pots of growing pansies—"pansies for thoughts"—and I had the nerve to walk deliberately back to the monument with these plants, climb over the low railing and place the plants at Wagner's feet. People looked at me with interest. I think they thought I was Frau Wagner!

We have kept joyfully on since those "first joys," doing two sights each day . . . one in the morning, and one in the afternoon; in Venice we can go easily everywhere. The beloved Picture Gallery we took as a "first joy" also, but here we found changes, as we had found at Milan. . . For instance, Titian's Assumption, which had always held the most important place at the Accademia, has now been returned to the Frari Church and placed over the High Altar there for which it was painted. Then the two large pictures by Tintoretto which were kept in the splendid old library (and which we had only seen once, so much red tape was necessary), they have now hung in the Accademia. These changes happen to please me, because I never cared for the Assumption and the Tintorettos I greatly admire.

Venice—her buildings, pictures, canals, bridges, sky, water, gondolas—remains as before—gloriously beautiful; the changes are in the people themselves and the travelling public. The people seem past reviving—they are indifferent and listless. A desolate despair seems to pervade them all. The gondoliers dress like ordinary workmen; this is a great and very foolish mistake on their part; it was the attractive and graceful gondoliers that gave such pleasure and fitted into each scene. Now, "slouchy"-looking men really keep people from wanting to go out in a gondola. And the travelling public is not at all like the travelling public of before the war. We depend upon

the sights, never on people, so to us it has made no difference. . . There are some people here in this hotel who are swimming on the top wave of "society" . . . They never floated on the top in New York, and would sink, should we but whisper. It has been like a play to overhear and see them.

March 22nd, 1922.

Yesterday, St. Benedict's Day, Clare suggested that we should take one of those fascinating walks described by Hugh Douglas in "Venice on Foot." This book gave us joy before, and now, even more, as we stroll over these bridges, and through these mysterious "slits" of streets. . . Then the walks take us to such beautiful churches, and we enter and, seated before a splendid Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini, Cima, or Carpaccio, we read and look, and look and read.

I had said to Clare: "Because I have faced the difficulty and jumped the 'hurdle,' I shall have some reward sent to me at St. Benedict's Church." But when, in an almost "baby" campo I saw the small church, and *one* red decoration only, I saw no sign of a reward! However, we put some pennies into the hands of the few beggars who always gather around the doors of churches which are celebrating their "names day," and entered the church. There were candles at one or two altars, and perhaps six kneeling figures,

old women wrapped in the inevitable black woollen shawls and a few children. But in front of the High Altar, there was the figure of a monk, kneeling. . . As we stood looking, this monk joined us, and, to our astonishment, spoke to us in English. He explained that he had come because it was St. Benedict's Day, and we said that was what had brought us, as our name was Benedict. This completely melted the Benedictine, and he talked to us in a very interesting and intelligent manner. As we parted, he said solemnly, pointing towards the picture of St. Benedict, "We three are under the protection of that *big* saint—he was a *great* man!" So I *did* have a splendid "reward!"

We have fallen again under the same spell that Venice always casts upon us. We had decided just to look at all those well-remembered churches, pictures, canals, bridges, and treasures of all kinds, but before we knew it, we were buying duplicate copies of Ruskin, Lucas, Hare, Horatio Brown, etc., etc., and in we plunged; Clare, working out each evening what we would do the next day, I reading aloud to Clare from each book all the details of the treasures we had visited that day and particularly of all that we were planning to see the next day! We are "born sight-seers"—splendidly trained by Connie years ago—and this knowledge has come back over us with a rush of joy.*

* We have been called by some of our friends "painfully thorough," and we are thorough, but I drop out the "painfully." *From a Letter.*

But the Italians are doing as much as they possibly can to destroy Venice. The terrible "trams" as they proudly call the ugly steamboats, dash back and forth through this beautiful Grand Canal, "tooting," a shrill "toot" as they go, and stopping at still uglier-looking wooden "stations" . . . churning up the water until the graceful gondolas tremble like butterflies, and rock and pitch. . . And this beating and lashing of the water all day against the foundations of the glorious palaces, and the steady increase of all kinds of motor boats belonging to the navy and the army and to officials, ruin the Grand Canal for gondolas. . . I cling to the gondola which, I fear, will be—must be—crushed out by these ever increasing motor launches. But we turn our backs deliberately upon these dangers and disturbances and just enjoy the many heavenly moments and hours. . . To-day, we have been feasting on Carpaccio. We did manage to reach the far-away, deserted little church of S. Alvise, where are those eight school pictures—and this afternoon we went to the Correr Museum, and stood in front of what Ruskin calls "the best picture in the world"—Two Venetian Ladies. . . There are two lovely dogs in this picture. . . We could not decide which dog we liked best—I think the dog that is holding tight in his mouth the end of a little whip which one of these ladies holds. . . His expression is: "How long shall I be able to hold this whip so that my lady cannot train me?" And he has placed

one of his paws on a piece of paper which is evidently an open letter this lady had dropped, and Carpaccio painted his name, or rather, a "C" on this letter—such a delightful touch!

We had—between times—what almost seemed like "roaring farces"; overhearing in our dining-room at luncheon and dinner the conversation of the "travelling public."

A Father and Mother (called "Ma" and "Pa")—sometimes a "Granny," perhaps a married daughter with children of ten or twelve; sometimes a younger daughter, unmarried, who knows a very little more than the others. The whole family look upon this "little" as being something unusual, and are very proud to exhibit it (so to speak) to other parties sitting in close proximity, who have no member of their party who knows anything... These people are excited and happy to be in such a dining-room; they do not pretend. They exhibit what they have bought and tell what they have paid for it. Yesterday, "Pa" had bought a postcard of the statue of Colleoni... "The man told me that this was the most famous equestrian statue in the world," said "Pa"; and the card went from hand to hand around the table. When it reached the married daughter, she called out: "But who is the man—what's his name?" "Oh," said "Pa," in a ringing voice "it's Coriolanus, don't you

know—*Coriolanus!*" he repeated, as he glanced proudly towards the listeners at the next table.

There is another class of profiteers—equally funny—but they take a different tone. They evidently have much more money; they have a courier whose name is "John." He comes in and takes their orders, etc., so we hear much. The mother of this party "rules." "John," she says in a sharp, decided voice, "I wish to begin *my* sightseeing in Venice by visiting the *glass* factory." John then stated that the glass factory was only shown between one and three, so that they must be ready at two sharp. "We can all be ready, at *one thirty*, sharp," said Mother, turning to the party. She then began to plan for the next day, evidently their stay was limited to three days. Father, however, had sufficient courage to say in a feeble voice: "But when are we going to see St. Mark's?" John replied: "You can 'do' St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace together to-morrow morning." To this Mother said: "So they belong together? Well, then we will see them together to-morrow morning," she stated, looking steadily at the family; then taking them into her confidence, she added: "As for *me*, I only care to take a *cursory* look at the churches."

We could write a whole book called "What We Overheard in Venice in 1922."

Palm Sunday, 1922.

A year ago to-day, April 9th, which, last year, came on a Saturday, we left America. It has been a year of such wonderful compensations and deep pleasures, and we have such profound reason for thankfulness that we started out early to be present at the first Mass in St. Mark's. We had no plan as to where in that marvellously beautiful building we would stand, we just walked quickly in to find the whole vast church black with people—babies in arms and children—the old and the young—the very rich and the very poor. I am a good leader, so thin as to be able to slip almost through a crack! So I led and Clare followed. After about half an hour of careful, slow slipping through cracks, we reached a splendid standing place in St. Peter's Chapel, which is at the left of the High Altar and which has wide glass doors through which one can see into the choir... It was such an overwhelmingly impressive sight, every action uplifting.* During the blessing of the palms, lovely singing

* Clare sent to London and obtained for me a "Missal for Sunday Use" with Latin words on one page, and English on the other. Aided by this missal, we now hear all the same familiar words our Church uses. Before this, I only grasped as a whole the services in Rome, Milan, Venice, etc. They scatter in their missal little prayers called "secret," which are beautiful for those who like myself cannot keep their thoughts steady. I never could attend that Good Friday 3 hours service. My mind wandered everywhere it ought not to—just because I was trying to think only one thing.

From a Letter to Miss May Harris.

continued—no organ; at the end of the service, a long procession of priests and acolytes was formed, each held a splendid branch of palms, and all solemnly left the altar and walked slowly through the black throng of kneeling people down the left aisle and out into the grand vestibule. As they started, the people slowly turned, as one person, and marched towards the entrance, we going slowly with them down the aisle and out the side door. When I reached the vestibule, I don't know what made me turn towards the central door—(was it chance, or intuition?) rather than with the others, some of whom went into the square, and some to the right. And slowly, inch by inch we moved, I wondering what *would* become of us when a passage must be made for the procession? When we had nearly reached the central doors . . . all stopped . . . as if by the touch of a magic wand, and we found ourselves standing in the first row, directly behind the white-robed boys. The clergy turned toward the far-away altar, and the choir boys ranged themselves right and left, four deep, leaving just room enough in the middle for the procession. And then came that beautiful, antiphonal singing, the choir at the altar beginning and the boys by us answering. I shall hear that "Holy, Holy, Holy" for months, ringing in my ears. But the Italians are not so heart and soul in their religion as are the Roman Catholics of other nations.

In the afternoon we took a gondola trip up one side of the Grand Canal and down the other, going slowly, so as to see each entrancing palace. We had a very old gondolier and after a short time he said to Clare in Italian with a smile: "One sees that you know Venice!" And we do. I believe that during this beautiful month, we have crossed each one of the 378 bridges! And we have lived in company with Ruskin, Hare, Byron, Lucas, and Lonsdale and Laura Ragg (who wrote a charming book called "Things Seen in Venice").

I think I will describe to you our visit to that distant island of S. Lazzaro, where is situated the monastery of the Armenian Mechitarists,—those scholarly monks who collect old MSS., translate and print lucubrations, and instruct the young in religion and theology. But *our* reason for going was a different one, we went because this island afforded Lord Byron a refuge when "after too deep a draught of worldly beguilement, he decided to become a serious recluse, and for a brief while, he buried himself here, studied Armenian, and made a few translations, enough at any rate to provide himself with a cloistral interlude on which he might ever after reflect with pride, and the restful backward look of the born scholiast, to whom the fates had been unkind."

This is an excursion that few take and we had the whole place to our two selves. One

black-bearded Father in a black cassock took us about. We surmised that this particular Father disapproved of Byron,* and wished to "block" us from indulging ourselves in anything so dangerous; but as we knew every single thing there was to see associated with Byron, I kept steadily at it... I demanded to see the inkstand Byron used, then his pen, then his knife, then his signatures (there were two, one in Armenian), then his desk. It was a long time before I won the battle over this Armenian Father! When he at last reluctantly turned up a small corner of the felt that covered Byron's writing-table, I myself, turned back a wider space, and there were some faded ink spots! And with my glove off, I pressed my hand over and over again on those spots. The Father turned his back upon me, and that gave me a still longer time to pass my hand over those famous ink spots! There was only one thing the Father refused to show us, and Clare thinks my "table actions" caused his refusal. He kept on repeating: "I cannot, because the chair has gone to be repaired." I had gathered from his expression that he understood English, so in a distinct voice I said: "I am not in the very

* ANASTASIUS BY HOPE.

Read because Lord Byron so much admired it—and why?

In finishing the third volume I see why Lord Byron so admired the book. Its wonderful flow of words and ideas charmed him, and the intense remorse that poor Anastasius felt over his Euphrosyne, Lord Byron had felt over *his* Euphrosyne—which one? ?—a book full of all kinds of misery and wickedness. Don't read it, C.W.B. says, as she finishes it.

From Mrs. Benedict's Book Notes.

least surprised; so many thousands of ladies desired to sit in that chair that it would *require* restoration." As I repeated this sentence, we were walking through the cloisters and garden *en route* to our waiting gondola; but here he dealt me a last blow. I had planned to secure leaves from those old Judas trees and Cedars of Lebanon that Byron loved; but this angry Father thwarted me, and I was obliged to leave without leaves; but it was a lovely afternoon.

Our heavenly Venice month is rapidly approaching an end... We are planning to meet *one* gentleman in Verona—*not* "*Two* Gentlemen," although the one friend has presented me with a beautiful little copy of Shakespeare's play to "read in Verona."

Hotel Three Kings,
Basle.*
April 23rd, 1922.

To finish about Verona. We call the Tomb of Juliet—that mediaeval sarcophagus on the site of an old Franciscan monastery—most

* Besides all we have been enjoying in Basle we have been absorbed in reading the wonderfully enlightening Byron Letters. To us who have read, I do believe everything that was ever written about or to him, and all his letters, and visited every place he ever lived in, his grave, etc.—these letters throw such flashlights of explanations and possible reasons for things that before were not to be understood. You say you can picture us reading the 500 new letters of our *hero*. We do not call Byron a hero—save in his death. Born with a foot which was an agony to him all his life, and having an impossible woman as his mother, and a wife who was partially insane (a partially insane person is so much more dangerous!), Byron, at his death, so we think, *was* a hero. *From a Letter to Miss Mather.*

picturesque, in face of the fact that the guide books pronounce it to be "prosaic and unattractive." . . . What is very interesting (we think) are the hundreds of cards and written names piled in the open sarcophagus by the lovers—the Romeos and Juliets—of the whole world.

The French Huguenot Elizabeth, who aided us in the autumn, has grown much more peculiar; she now dresses like a young girl—white muslin, and white straw hat, and she talks in a "white muslin" and "white straw hat" voice. I keep steadily on about "tucks," and "new sleeve linings" and "snappers" and "hooks and eyes." She, however, only looks at Clare and while I am pinning up, etc. Elizabeth talks about the lilies of the valley in her garden and quotes long speeches made to her by her French clergyman. I think that Elizabeth hopes he is in love with her. . . She also usually reports: "I was not able to do as much as I expected." We next heard of a Russian who was very anxious to obtain work, a very "superior person" who spoke English. Appointments were made, and I had the bed piled up high with things for her to take—all kinds of necessary but bothering things a lady's maid could do.

The Russian failed to appear after several appointments. Then one day appeared a person who spoke every language *but* English, so she fell to Clare, and through French, German and Italian, Clare explained to her each item as I produced

it from the bed. . . polyglot was as nothing to this conversation; for this "superior person" linked the three languages which Clare knew to a fine background of Russian. The *sound* to me was like a mass of "swear" words, but the *sight* of this "superior person's" entire comprehension of the work to be done compensated me, and as in the end, she accomplished all this pile of mending perfectly, I came out of this better than Clare did; for in the Russian's "potpourri" of talk, it seems that she gave Clare a full account of her year with the Russian Reds. It impressed and depressed Clare, and she has tried repeatedly to tell me about it, but I persistently turn my deaf ear towards her!

But the Russian and the French Huguenot could not accomplish all—our summer walking costumes of 1914 absolutely *refused* to hold together, so there began a search for a ladies' tailor. . . We were not backward in asking for addresses of our "swell" bankers, of a Royalty! (There's a mystery for you!) "Oh, *can* you give us the address of any tailor who speaks English?" was our daily question, right and left. At last, a name of a ladies' tailor was given us. He lived on one of our favourite streets—the "Street of the Little Breeze," in the house where Erasmus died; we had over and over again looked at the tablet and longed to get into the house—and now we could enter! We did enter and were met by a very polite man,

but when Clare reached (in German) her announcement that we had been told he spoke English, he turned a deep red and in a cutting voice said : "English ?—*Never !* Thirty years ago I lived in England ; I was obliged then to speak English. Never, never, never ! " And he waved his right hand with a gesture of disgust towards the direction where he thought England was. . . However, we had seen the interior of a part of the Erasmus house, and thus nerved, on we went in search of several other addresses that had been given us—all in vain. . . The last place on our list was the largest department store in Basle called " The Wild Man," and there is a figure in front of the building that looks like Adam drunk—his clothing is only of fig leaves. Ages ago, an inn named " The Wild Man " stood here, with some still more ancient history about a wild man of the forest. We had always noticed this "drunken Adam" as we passed. Clare, by this time was exhausted, so I revived her by declaring, as we entered this smart shop : " If the ' Wild Man ' fails me, there will be a Wild Woman let loose who will cause the Wild Man to disappear ! " This made Clare laugh, and she entered, able to face what was before her, and that was—the very most gentle youth, blond and smiling, and speaking perfect English ! He politely led us into a charming private room where stood a gentle, smiling girl, also speaking excellent English, and we are the happy owners of respectable summer travelling costumes !

But enough about dresses and sewing women—let me lift you up now, as we have been lifted by the music and my joy over the box!

The grippe deprived me entirely of the hearing of my right ear. I have not complained of the really terrible affliction this has been and still is. I felt I had been so blest all these years that I would bear it as well as possible. But when music comes in, I have been very unhappy. So Clare and I went over to this opera house and discovered one proscenium box with only four seats, and Clare bought it to try and see if I could hear—and I *did*. Special performances have been given by the Berlin Opera artists with their fine conductor—three wonderful evenings and Clare bought the box for all three. The much talked-of "Mona Lisa" was powerful, but it would require wonderful actors and singers—as these were. The baritone Scheidl is called the best on the stage. I could hear "Mona Lisa" once—never twice; it is too painful. But Cornelius's charming "Barber of Bagdad," that we were always enthusiastic over in Vienna and Munich, we liked as much, if not more, than before. As a last treat, we had a Wagner concert. I cannot tell you how I *did* enjoy that box, and as I heard those lovely notes swell up from that sunken orchestra, oh, how young I felt!...

May 26th.

It is very warm to-day, and I declined to leave our ideal parlour overlooking the rushing Rhine. Alsace is threatening to do something to the Rhine (for business reasons), and if it is done, good-bye to the swift current of this part of the river. Basle people are wretched over this; there was a great show here on Saturday—every kind of craft and float in a procession with music and decorations swept by—a protest against such cruel action towards a neutral country.

Whit Sunday.

The fountains and gardens and markets, all in their "summer clothes" of flowers, delight us—such enchanting arrangements of flowers everywhere. I think I have told you how fascinating we have found the names of the streets. There is one little street that Clare is apt to take across from the best street of shops to the other, and during these shopping days we find ourselves often on this favourite "short cut" of Clare's. Now I detest this "short cut," for all the motor trucks also dash through it, so I always scold when I find myself on this street. The other day, high up on an old building, I saw what looked like a name. I asked Clare to read it and tell me what it meant. Imagine my surprise to see her convulsed with laughter. I

then scolded still more. When she could speak, she explained that the street was called "Quarrel Street"!

We "step over" Tuesday into the Black Forest. Clare reads me her plans. I see that I am to stop in charming places and have short journeys. I presume if this part of Germany is as lovely to us as were Constance, Baden-Baden and Freiburg last summer, my letters will be just a repetition of adjectives.

Darmstadt,
Hotel Traube,
June 20th.

How finely we did "step over" into that magical Black Forest! First to Badenweiler, which is called "a slice of Italy on German soil." The Cur Park owes its unique charm to the foresight of the former director, who planted every variety of tree and exotic shrub—more than a hundred different kinds. You can guess how we felt when we saw ancient relatives of our beloved Pomeroy Place Norway Spruce! We had splendid weather during our six days there, and we lived in this park. We would select a hidden seat under one of the ancient relative's low spreading arms, and I would read aloud to Clare, and between times we would exchange whispered words of affection with the tree!

Badenweiler was known to the Romans in the second century after Christ; the Roman baths are the finest and best-preserved north of the Alps... If only Badenweiler had had an *iron* spring, I think we should have settled down there for a six weeks' "Cure," but as the water is "reducing" and I do not weigh 100, I certainly could run no risk of losing even a tenth of an ounce! We almost felt that just *looking* at the water might rob me of a half pound or so!

We moved on, therefore, to Freiburg. We had heard... that a Richard Strauss Festival was to be given there early in July, so our first act upon arrival was to assault the box office to see if a stage box could be secured. Fortunately, we found a very polite man in charge of the tickets. The difficulty in these opera houses is that all the boxes belong to the regular subscribers, and they are not obliged to decide whether they will use them until the day before the sale opens. This very polite man, when he heard about my poor old deaf ear,* tried very hard over the telephone to persuade these subscribers to decide then and there if they wished their boxes. His tone was so supplicating—he speaking of the two "English ladies who desired those particular places because one lady did not hear very well"—that I really

* When some one would take his trumpet and "try to amuse poor deaf Mr. Woolson," Father's version of the "amusement" was (as soon as we were all gathered in the dear back sitting-room at "Cheerful Corner"), "How do you *live* if you hear such senseless, silly things as I heard to-night?"

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

felt, as he so sympathetically said this, that no *son* could have done more! These people did not decide, but this young man *did!* He said that we could feel sure we could get into the Strauss performances . . . he would see to it. So trusting in "my son's" powers, we had the nerve to engage the room at the hotel from July 1st to July 12th.

We are settled for a short stay in this Hotel of the Grapes. I have not discovered yet why the hotel was called "Grapes," probably because in this district some particular grape made the best wine.

The other day we paid a visit to the charming fountain for animals placed at the entrance of the old cemetery by a devoted member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The trees and the bird fountains were full of birds, singing and drinking and bathing; and men and boys were filling their pails and giving their horses a drink, and dogs ran up and also had a drink. . . It is the prettiest animal fountain I have ever seen, with heads of two horses, a cow, one goat and a sheep. Our ardent admiration attracted quite a little crowd of children and old people. Clare told one old woman how I joined the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in whatever country I was. This old woman timidly asked were we from England? No soul in Darmstadt will ever forget that English Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's daughter, who married

the Grand Duke of Hesse, and died so tragic a death of diphtheria while taking care of the little child who had the dread disease. There are monuments to her, and streets and hospitals are named for her. When Clare told the old woman we were Americans—"Oh," she sighed, "America, they tell me, is the 'promised land,'" and she added with almost a sob of envy, "*there* every one has *everything*." Clare said to her: "If one is rich, one can have everything, not otherwise." But the old woman only shook her head mournfully.

We are re-reading here that very interesting book published in 1885, "Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse" . . . it contains the . . . letters written to her mother, Queen Victoria, from Darmstadt* . . . What tragedies have been compressed into that line, beginning with Alice of England and ending with her beautiful Alix! We visited the mausoleum yesterday—that long, slim, marble figure, holding

* We stopped at Darmstadt to see if "the original Holbein Madonna" was more beautiful than the "claimed-to-be" original in Dresden. But both are too beautiful to quarrel over. *I* call both original! We also went to the mausoleum of the Princess Alice—such a lovely monument—the figure of the Princess reclining so naturally and gracefully, as though asleep in bed, and held closely to her side, the figure of the little girl who died of diphtheria—it was her devotion to this sick child that caused her death. In the same mausoleum is buried the little prince who fell out of the palace window. The old man who took us about said: "After it was too late, they put up guards at the windows."

Princess Alice was a very frail girl, and never really well after the shock of her father's death. . . She adored him and at that very young age, Queen Victoria's grief fell full upon her, and then came the agony of her precious "Fritty's" falling from the window when he was in her care. She never recovered from it.

From Earlier Letters to Miss Mather.

her little child in her arms! The present Grand Duke was only ten years old when she died. His people still speak of him affectionately as "our Grand Duke." We pass and re-pass the Grand Ducal Palace where Ernst Ludwig lives. . . . This Palace is his own private property, also the Holbein Madonna with its "double star" is his. I seem to fancy him as deriving uplifting support and comfort from this picture.

Darmstadt has two opera houses, one, several hundred years old, is called "The Little Opera House." The large opera house is a very fine building. A stage box has been engaged by Clare at both houses for the last four performances. . . The conductor is one of our Bayreuth conductors and the performances are excellent. You can form no real idea of how I have enjoyed and do enjoy these delightful evenings—the comfort of the *box*—the joy of both hearing and seeing the orchestra.

But I cannot yet quite grasp the perfectly intoxicatingly low prices (for Americans)—to have a whole luxurious box, four places, for only about 60 cents each seat! Yet the unbelievable amount we pay out in *marks* looks like a fortune. . . We count out 800 of these large new paper notes. I never get over the feeling that we are paying 800 dollars for each performance. I don't know how you stand regarding arithmetic—do say, if you *can*, that you would also feel "topsy-turvy" in such a financial position! Clare rises up so

superior as she counts out these notes, and when she whispers—as she sees my expression—what a small sum it is, I often don't—I *cannot* believe her!

Then another delightful "extravagance" (as I call it) was our discovering at the station *one* victoria, owned by a poor, tired-out old man, who has a nice white horse! There are four very "proud looking" motors and fat chauffeurs at the station, and every one takes the motors *but* the Benedicts. And this old man's joy and astonishment add much to our pleasure. We never take sugar in tea or coffee, so we present the small "dole" given us in Germany to this old man and he feeds it to the eager horse. Then Clare adds a piece of chocolate for the driver and he so blesses us, as Clare hands him out his fare (which is nothing to us) that we feel very happy.

A letter has just come in from that attentive adopted "son" of mine who has charge of the Freiburg box office. He has been able to procure for us the best box for three of the performances, and the next best for the other three! Is not that splendid?

Zähringer Hof,
Freiburg.
July 8th.

We arrived here late on Saturday, but we remembered from our former visit that the High Mass was at ten o'clock. So off we started at

9.30. . . Oh, how beautiful the music was—such lovely voices singing: "Hosanna in the Highest." And the sight of all those hundreds of kneeling old men and women, and young men and women, and children of every age—not ashamed to show their belief . . . not one person but was absolutely devoted to what he or she came there for. Then at eleven sharp, out they all poured, happy and content. They had all begun the day with this short but uplifting service,* after which many of this crowd went just where we had planned to go—to the garden near by—where the bands are giving concerts every Sunday after Mass. We discovered that they were to play selections from "Meistersinger." But my sharp old eyes had also discovered that next to the last piece was to be one of my favourite waltzes. Oh, how many hundreds of times (and perhaps hundreds of miles) in the happy past have I danced to that magic Viennese waltz of "Village Swallows!" But I realized at once that we could not remain to hear it because we were too far away to reach home for the luncheon we had ordered. I was ashamed to feel so unhappy . . . I really felt like crying, and although Clare urged my remaining, I decided to go. *En route* home we were to pass the picturesque old Rathhaus, and as we approached it, we saw crowds of people. "What for?" Clare asked

* Nothing in the world would ever make me swerve from our Church, but how much comfort can be had if one accepts all the rare and beautiful services of the Roman Catholic Church!

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

some one, and she was told that every Sunday from 12 to 12.30, those old chimes were rung. As we stood there waiting, I said to Clare: "I wish they would play something I know." Imagine my feelings when those old, out-of-tune, cracked bells began that ardent love-song I used so often to sing: "How can I leave thee, how can I bear to part, that thou hast *all* my heart, dearest, believe." I felt that the chimes had tried to compensate me for the lost "Village Swallows." But with all this fine Richard Strauss music ahead of us, I ought not to linger over love songs or dance music!

* * * * *

Two of our Strauss evenings have gone already—in the flash of a moment, it seems. The Alpine Symphony we had never heard before; the different movements, Night, Sunrise, Ascent, Entrance into the Forest, were very fascinating; Strauss himself conducted both the Symphony and that strange Joseph Legend, acted with scenery, etc. and not one note sung. The orchestra describes all—only Richard Strauss's peculiar art could do this. It is interesting, parts beautiful, but painful.

* * * * *

I am now writing on another Sunday and we have heard both "Salomes" and that enchanting "Rosencavalier." At least in music, Germany is not impoverished; she can still command perfect performances and any number of great artists. The singers last night were splendid.

There is such an unusual statue here to the monk Berthold Schwarz, who is supposed to have invented gunpowder, and thus changed the whole world's warfare. His face looks distressed, as if he *felt* the horrors his discovery had caused.

Insel Hotel, Constance*.

July 25th, 1922.

We went from Freiburg to Donaueschingen, where our beloved "beautiful blue Danube" is supposed to have its source—the very charming fountain bears the inscription "The source of the Danube, 2225 feet above the sea level, 1763 miles from the sea." The palace and magnificent park are owned by Prince Fürstenberg. Naturally, his celebrated stables show many empty stalls, but all is kept immaculately clean, and a few polite stable boys were rubbing up the smart harnesses that adorn the entrance of each occupied stall. There were about 25 stalls on each side, each with the name of the horse. Oh, how I admired the cleverness of Prince Fürstenberg's names for his two favourite horses, his "span," which he always drives himself—over the head of one beautiful horse standing in his stall was "Auto," and over the head

* We are again in beautiful Constance in this Insel Hotel—the old Dominican Monastery of long ago. As I sit here again in the old monks' garden, after the very much of happiness we have had packed into the past year, I pronounce this to be the most fascinating hotel in the whole world! I was greatly pleased when Bishop Leonard of Ohio exclaimed—on hearing where we were—"It is the most beautiful spot on earth!" *From a Letter to Mrs. Saville* (1922).

of its mate in the next stall was "Mobile." Much to the delight of the stable boy, we stood there laughing for five long minutes. Even I, who so dislike automobiles, would like the Prince's kind!

Constance.

August 13th.

Now to share with you some very pleasant experiences. I'll begin by telling you about a funny but very nice St. Clare Day gift. As you know, Clare has never ceased sending boxes of foodstuffs, large and small. This she did through a very fine forwarding firm in New York, which has a large branch office in Hamburg. It has been for us such a joyful pleasure to receive the letters with graphic descriptions of the arrival of the boxes. As we used to read these descriptions, we felt almost as excited as they did, as they lifted out each precious package. To bring this down to myself. I have several times said—half-ashamed—to Clare: "One thing I *do* miss that U.S.A. gave me so lavishly—and that is a good cereal for breakfast." Now Clare had seen in the Hamburg announcement a very interesting new list of assortments, "Old Reliables," "Always a Comfort," "Mother's Comfort for the Kiddies." This last contained 10 pounds of rolled oats, 9 pounds of yellow cornmeal, 3 pounds of hominy, and 3 pounds of farina, and Clare sent an order for this box to be despatched to me. So about five days before St. Clare's Day,

a postman appeared with a paper addressed to me, stating that if I called at the Custom House, I could obtain a box, and out came the paper from Hamburg telling me what was in it. You can imagine my surprise and pleasure. So off we went to go through this elaborate opening of which we had—oh, so often !—read descriptions. . . All was done just as described. .. A solemn-looking official took my paper, and opening an enormous closet with shelves, upon which were piled all sorts of packages, after a little searching, lifted out a large burlap-covered box, and placed it upon a high counter and then gravely handed me a huge pair of shears, saying that he was not allowed to touch it—we must open it ourselves . . . It was so wonderfully sewed up that it took our united efforts to cut the rope. . . When we had at last reached the contents, this solemn man approached again and lifted out carefully each package, looking at our list. He then asked: "Do you find all here as per your notification ?" We answered "Yes." He asked next: "Who is this for ?" I said "For myself." He then said: "If it is for you and not for sale, you can take it. . ." All was put back somehow into the box; then off went Clare to the station near by, where she secured a poor old man who had a cart. Over he came, put in the box, and off the procession started up the fashionable promenade and into this fine hotel, where the old man took the box in his arms, and with us, up came our treasures

to our room! We have, fortunately, a large closet which we do not use, and in there went my St. Clare Day "treat." Clare's next step was to go down into the dining-room, carrying my package of hominy, and call for the chef who attends to the breakfasts. In he came, a fine-looking man in "spick and span" white. Clare gave him a tip and the hominy, and oh, the delicious breakfasts I have had ever since! The chef puts it, beautifully prepared, into a very small soup tureen, and it appears each morning with our crisp rolls and coffee. I call this gift box—instead of "Mother's Comfort for the Kiddies,"—"*Daughter's* Comfort for *Mother*"!

Now I am going to tell you of two of our excursions... The first was to the Island of Mainau, owned by the Grand Duchess Dowager of Baden and now accessible to the public.... She is "allowed" by the powers that be, to live in her beautiful castle and to keep *one* walk to herself.... I am in doubt if you know just who the Grand Duchess is, and how many Royalties do love and have loved her? Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, only daughter of Emperor William I., sister of the Emperor Frederick, aunt of the Emperor William II., mother of the Queen of Sweden and of the present Grand Duke of Baden, grandmother of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

We celebrated St. Clare's Day itself by going to Lindau, and stepping for the first time since

1914, on Bavarian soil. This beautiful lake belongs to five different states—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Switzerland, and Austria. We have not dared yet to step into beloved Austria—it's too entwined about our very heart-strings—so many dear friends gone, so many hopelessly ill, and all (we know) wretched. . . .*

* I do not think you know how very near to us had grown Tina, who came into our life so long, long ago—away back when Clare was so little, and I in such dreadful grief.

Mother and Connie were to go to Cooperstown for a short change, and everybody was trying to do something to (perhaps) help me and certainly to help the baby. So I consented to go up to the Euclid Avenue house of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and stay there for a little change; then it was planned to advertise for a young girl to come every day and play with Clare on that fine, wide piazza at the side of the house and in the garden. I consented to this plan, but all day long, as girl after girl appeared in answer to our advertisement, no one pleased me, and I had just said to anxious Mother and Connie: "Oh, I would so much rather take all the care of Plum!"—when the bell rang and there appeared a nice, sad-looking German woman, and by her side a shy, slim little girl. This woman told me that she could only give me a reference from her Pastor, but she thought her little girl could do what I wanted, as she took care of her young brothers and sisters. I decided at once that I would try this timid little "Tina." Connie saw the Pastor, who gave an excellent record of the family, and this little Tina entered into our life. When Mother died, and Connie's state forced me to make the attempt of going to Europe, came the hard necessity of parting with Tina, for I could not afford the expense, and Connie and I could easily take care of Clare. It was a hard parting for Tina and ourselves, but almost at once she stepped into a very fine position, with a rich old couple living in Philadelphia. They almost adopted Tina . . . and they left certain wishes in their will for her. And she then became travelling companion to the granddaughters and went back and forth as the need was asked. . . . We never lost touch with her; Clare always wrote her, and Tina wrote a fine letter . . . and the link between us grew closer and closer. She not wishing (after all the young people of her rich benefactors had married) to live idle, took up settlement work in Cleveland and she and her sister devoted their lives to it. This last autumn they came over to visit some German relations in Pomerania . . and the two hard-worked, tired girls had a splendid winter. . . . Then it was decided that they had better go back. . . . Tina wrote that she could come for a good-bye visit, and we had one day and one night together; then we put her on her train to Bremen and stood waving her off. . . . Therefore, you can grasp the awful shock it was when—out of an envelope of forwarded letters from Basle—fell a line . . . telling us that Tina had died suddenly at Bremen. . . . It was a terrible blow to poor Clare, the bond between them of so strong and unusual a fabric, snapped!

This St. Clare's Day trip began by our taking a fine boat that leaves here at 9.30. It being a gorgeous day and Saturday, the crowds on the boat were past describing, but we secured two of the best places to see both sides of this enchanting lake. Knowing that we had only until 3.30 at Lindau, and that there was much that we wanted to see, we decided: "If there is any carriage, make for it!" As all this crowd of tourists (the greater part carried on their backs their large knapsacks containing food for all day), left the boat at Lindau, plans ahead as to how two slim ladies *could* get ashore over a narrow plank were necessary! We were, of course, separated at once, but in the distance we had seen one carriage, and off we ran; for a wonder, Clare reached the carriage first; it—a low victoria—was of the dark Bavarian blue with a narrow white

(I think—underneath—that Clare had always felt that were I to be ill, Tina would stand by her at once).... To see Clare struck by such a blow is hard. I try to do all kinds of "little things" for her—its such a lovely place to do "little things" in. Clare has been persuaded to renew her chocolate-giving to the poor children—that gives a little outside interest; then I have four books I am reading to her, and I have also persuaded her to play a game of Backgammon before we go to bed; then we take two walks each day, and Clare must study German guides of Constance to plan these walks and to tell me the sights *en route*. This she does because I like it, and she thinks the walks bring us good sleep, and so we go on. We have so much to feel thankful for—we have each other, first of all.

* * * * *

What a wonderful obituary notice the (Cleveland) Town Topics gave S.—To me such tributes are seldom correct; naturally, after death, a writer of an obituary praises and exaggerates, which to those who *know*, really detracts from the (often many) good qualities of the deceased. That and the little newspaper slip about our Tina fell out of your letter together—oh, such a contrast! So it is always in life, Tina, alone and poor, working all her life, always doing for others, never ceasing, never forgetting, always uncomplaining, never noticed, just bravely going on!

From Letters to Miss Mather.

line, and the old driver was dressed in a smart dark blue suit. Clare gasped out: "Can we hire this cab?" He politely touched his cap, and said: "Oh, this is a private carriage," and upon reaching the hotel near by, the porter told us that the victoria we had almost got into, belonged to Her Royal Highness, Princess Therese of Bavaria,* sister of the late King! She arrived by another boat and soon drove off, and we, not finding a carriage, did our two and a half hours in Lindau on our four feet! The Bavarian Lion at the entrance of the harbour looks across at our beloved Austria, and C.W.B. and C.R.B. joined him in looking!

Hotel Marquardt.
Stuttgart,
September 5th, 1922.

Our last beautiful sight at Constance—a yacht race—needs no description, but our last beautiful walk, you must take with us. It began

* Princess Therese of Bavaria was a great character in her way. She was the most intrepid of explorers and her voyages carried her far beyond what is known as the Polar Circle in the North, extending down through all the northern portion of the Western Hemisphere from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, sometimes living among Indian tribes for whole months at a time. She was a member of almost every learned society in Europe, but was not particularly appreciated as a guest by the various royal and imperial houses of the Old World. For she had a disconcerting way of arriving unexpectedly on the scene with all sorts of queer treasures in the shape of mummies, skulls, reptiles and livestock of an exotic character. I remember on one occasion the consternation which she caused on landing in Lisbon from South America with a couple of able-bodied pumas among her suite and requesting her kinsman, the late King Carlos, to put them up, along with her live snakes and monkeys with herself and all her mountains of baggage, at the royal Palace of the Necessidades during her stay.

at the charming Luther Square, under the fine old trees, where we found the "Love of God Street," and we walked on this until we reached a narrow avenue bordered on each side with Lombardy poplars. At the end of this stately path, there is an immense boulder which was placed here in 1862 on the probable spot where Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned. The boulder is covered with thick ivy and the monument is enclosed by an iron fence. The whole surrounding district is called "Paradise," because for centuries it has been the home of the vegetable gardens; it extends westward to the Swiss border, and northward to the Rhine. It was a most beautiful sight—more beautiful by far to my eyes than any flower garden or Dutch tulip fields, or the prairie flowers of our West—but then, I am a very practical lady! We had seen *en route* to the Huss Memorial, right and left of the "Street of the Love of God," every now and then a crucifix, and we wondered why? Clare found one accessible and she read its inscription—

"Let all who pass
Pause and Consider
Whose suffering was as great as His?"

After putting our whole minds upon this, we decided it must mean, or might mean that even Huss's sufferings were not so great?

Our departure from Constance was satisfactory, although sad. In that crowded hotel,

full of all kinds of strange travellers . . . we had secured some devoted friends—the poor, old tired-out " Lift " man, the headwaiter, and an old porter, who for 27 years has served the Insel Hotel—besides all the many children made happy by Clare's chocolate and all the old people made happy by my tea and sugar packages. Then there was a man who had lost both his legs in the war, and who is wheeled every day to the station and sits there selling papers, cigars and matches. As Clare walked twice a day to the station to buy papers, she was a generous customer—and all these poor people mourned our departure—should they never see us again, they asked? It was a comforting good-bye.

At Sigmaringen we had a lovely walk all about the enchanting little town before dark, having a fine view of the rock rising up abruptly above the Danube upon which the picturesque castle is built. It has a wonderful collection; the distinction being that it contains perfect examples only—usually such collections are full of much that is of no importance. We were charmed, and our two hours went by like two moments. Then we went on by the train that had dropped us off the day before and, after a short journey, we reached our stopping place No. 2, which was Hechingen. We spent our morning in seeing the town and the splendid Vischer monument in the church and then; after an early luncheon, off we started on our drive up,

up, up, to Schloss Hohenzollern. . . It was entrancing those zigzags were also delightfully easy for our horses. . . We took a late afternoon train on to Tübingen, our last stop. Our travelling companions . . . were tourists carrying their knapsacks on their backs. We much prefer this class; they are simple and natural and happy. Just before we reached Tübingen, a sudden rain, almost a cloudburst, struck us, and our getting off was something terrible! The train was a very long one and we were in the last car. All these crowds of tourists offered help; boys jumped off in the "downpour" and windows were opened and excited voices of girls called out in German: "Oh, your beautiful coat is *dragging*," but I, not knowing what they said, ran recklessly on, as Clare says only I *can* run. My "beautiful coat" was a Quaker cape lined with purple. After it was over, all this was funny; at the time, it was desperate.

Now for a few of the reasons why Tübingen was and is particularly interesting to us. Reason No. 1; Queen Charlotte of Würtemberg (who now lives near by in her castle of Bebenhausen) was one of our most faithful Bayreuth pilgrims, and it was with her mother and sisters that Clare's dearest Austrian friend, Baroness Adele von Riefel, lived as lady-in-waiting for so many years. . . Reason No. 2, the "Student's Relief" in its plucky fight against disaster had attracted Clare,

and she had recently sent them a box containing 48 cans of condensed milk. I could write sheets about our visit to this intensely interesting building, we being shown all over it by the young man in charge. . . The boys work all day on whatever "job" they can get, and the men who have volunteered to teach them a trade by night, work all day at *their* business. Then these men and boys hurry to this building, where the rooms are kept warm, and they work all the evening to "learn a trade"—to make shoes, to print a book, etc. We were fascinated and intensely touched. Then the "Student's Relief Kitchen" serves soup twice a day and very cheap meals. . . . The attractive youth who showed us over the house, begged us to write our names in his book. After seeing the name, I noticed a far-away look of question in his beautiful dark eyes, and before we left, he timidly asked Clare: "Do you write?" which question startled Clare. "Yes, a little, in English." He still looked puzzled, and said: "I know your name—I have heard it; oh, *where* was it?" His questions were almost like cries! I suddenly said: "Perhaps you associate it with the milk that my daughter recently sent you?" And when Clare translated that to him, he almost knelt in the mud, for by this time we were in our little carriage. "Oh, that splendid milk that is helping so many, many of our invalid boys!" And he clung to Clare's hand, and showered blessings on her and walked along

in the mud, until I *ordered* him to go back under cover—he was in the pouring rain. As long as we saw him, he was still waving his hands... Reason No. 3: Those wonderful monuments with recumbent stone figures of Würtemberg princes in the church of St. George, date 1470-1529.

Again we took a late train—this time to Stuttgart... Saturday is always a bad time to be travelling; it seemed to me that the train was a mile long, and again it was raining, and no money could procure any one to carry our bags and suit-cases. So we each loaded up and got in a long line, so tightly wedged in as almost to be turned into jelly. The "powers that be" order narrow lines between iron railings, and I seeing—before we began this long march—that no hand could be spared to hold the tickets, and no place could be found to put down a bag... took the tickets in my *teeth* and off we started. When we reached the nice, dry, lighted place where the ticket man was, you should have seen the man's expression as he saw my old face, my packages and then my *teeth!* At first he looked frightened, and then his expression melted into a real smile—I had made a Socialist smile!

A good night's sleep revived us and we went first to the cathedral and heard some good organ music... and then hurried to the Lutheran Church and heard those well-remembered chorals in which

the whole congregation joined, taking me back in a long leap to that old Zoar Church where we used to sing the very same chorals! Afterwards, we hurried over to the opera-house, which has, I think, the most beautiful situation of any opera-house that I have ever seen. Several musical treats were to fall to our share, "Lohengrin," "Salome" and "Meistersinger" for the first week. Clare got splendid front row seats for all three.

Bright and early on Monday, we started with our precious old passports, our photographs and our American money to make our applications. Arrived at the American Consulate to see a dense crowd of people. It looked perfectly impossible, but my long life has taught me several "inventions." One of them I immediately put into action. I carelessly (?) moved through the crowd until I reached several closed doors in passage-ways, and, as though by chance, I struck one with my umbrella. People jumped and looked and I pretended the rap on the door was accidental. I tried this at several doors, and at last some one heard and knew it was a knock and opened the door on a crack. Now Clare's part—should a door be opened—was to say: "To which door must we go for applications for new passports"? When the door was pointed out, Clare squeezed in a request for *one* chair "as my Mother cannot stand so long." This brought out—after several looks at "my Mother," one

chair, and there I sat solemnly until an official passed and I was noticed. If I *do* say it, I think we were the only two ladies there! So, after half an hour, a head official said to us: "The crowd is great—if you ladies will make an appointment for to-morrow, you need not wait now." So we made an appointment and departed. Every single detail of that appointment I really ought to write, but I will try to condense it. To begin with, the vice-consul typed all applications and a young boy helped him—he had another type machine. "To shorten matters" as they explained, the vice-consul began with me and the boy with Clare. I heard what the boy asked—such questions as—"Have *you* been to all the places *she*"—pointing at me with his thumb, "has been to?" and: "Are you married?" When Clare said "No," he looked so sympathetic and surprised that it made us both laugh... Now when the vice-consul asked me over *five* times the day of the month I was born, I then used my umbrella and rapped openly and ordered: "Silence a moment." Both typing machines ceased and I said: "Now you can *hear* the day of the month I was born. I am unable to tell you the day of the week.. but I can tell *you*," looking steadily at the boy, "*that my daughter was born on my birthday. That* stumbling-block is now removed and to 'shorten matters,' I wish to suggest that *you*," turning to the boy, "take your typewriter into your room, and ask my

daughter her questions, so that I shall hear the noise of *one* machine only." Astonishment reigned for a moment in this office, and then my suggestion was followed and all went on more swiftly.

During the whole of my stay in what I now call the "Torture Chamber" of the passport office, I sat under a large picture of W.W. His left eye was upon me with a sinister gleam. I called it "an overt look."

Baden-Baden,
Hotel Messmer,
September 28th, 1922.

All kinds of musical joys have been ours during our first two weeks here. One concert given by a favourite baritone was most entertaining, the house packed with his lady admirers old and young. He had the power to stand quietly by the Steinway Grand and sing every one of those 16 love poems of Heine to which Robert Schumann composed the music. . . (Clare had the whole collection of Schumann's songs and used often, in the past, to play my favourites and hers.) The very programme was fascinating; making the ladies quite wild, particularly those who did not know the words. To show you. No. 1, "In the beautiful month of May"—all could grasp the meaning of; but in No. 2, "From my tears do blossom." Oh, thought the ladies, "What did blossom?" And

No. 5 was "I will dip my soul in"—Again each woman was eager to know what he was going to dip his soul in? And so I had a double enjoyment; I heard the songs—many that I knew so well—and I watched the faces of this singer's lady friends!

Poor Germany—the "riff-raff" of every country has poured in like a curse of locusts—eating up everything—perfectly wild with delight over the low prices (for them). These people gamble and dance to the odious jazz music. We keep entirely away and take lovely walks and read our books and listen to uplifting music. Besides all the other attractions, there is also a Marionette Theatre, really wonderfully well-done. This entertainment is at early hours, so that all the delighted children can go. But the "grown-ups" like the "show" as well as the children. Our hotel is directly at the gate of the park, so even in violent storms we can step in one minute across the narrow street.

Baden-Baden.

October 21st, 1922.

Germany is faced with five great wants*—coal, sugar, grain, milk and paper. You must

* One should always remember, when hearing reports about Germany, that much depends upon the mind of the reporter—can they see anything save through their own spectacles? No two people see things quite the same—and hence the conflicting reports about conditions in Germany.
From a Letter.

now buy one sheet and one envelope; boxes of paper no longer exist here. This sheet cost two marks, the envelope, five marks! I have grown accustomed to this . . . but when I ask the price of lining satin and am told the price for one yard is 4,500 marks, I almost scream! . . . We start out on our walks twice a day, each with a basket or bag, such as women carry to market—in each bag we pack sandwiches, tea and sugar, and sometimes fruit, and we give them to poor men and women, and we carry chocolates to make the children happy—nor do we forget the dogs, horses, and donkeys. . . . I fill my deep under-pocket with sugar for the animals, and we often stop at shops and buy apples to feed to the tired horses, pulling a heavy load somewhere. And at all the places where they are struggling to keep up the operas or concerts, we always take the most expensive seats, as very few can afford to pay the high price they ask for these choice seats. . . The woman who sells the opera tickets told us privately: "You ladies have so splendidly supported the opera, and also your sitting there encouraged others to follow your example." . . . The nice Germans I admire more and more—they do not complain; they just work on. But the terrible war profiteers I abhor. They loll back in their motors, fat and common, and *laugh* if they nearly run over a poor lady who is lame or a girl with a baby carriage!

Basle, Hotel Three Kings.
On the beautiful rushing Rhine.
November 3rd, 1922.

Our arrival here . . . was like a real home-coming—all smiles, and our rooms arranged just as I like—every largest and smallest thing. A lovely wood fire burning; Clare's desk with low light on one side, mine on the other, and the beloved Rhine before our eyes, it's hurrying water seemed to greet us as though excited to see us, and hastening on to tell everybody "The Benedicts have come back to us!" Then the headwaiter saved for us the table in the corner we like best, and that first dinner—you would be hungry just to read the menu! Carnations decorated our table and our parlour . . . and Clare and I looked about at everything and felt so thankful, and went to bed between the finest sheets and slept—as only the thankful *can* sleep!

Basle.
November 23rd.

Basle is as delightful as ever—perhaps more so. Two of the famous old houses (left by will to the town), have been turned—one, into a charming picture gallery, the other into a splendid library open to students. We are eager to get at the art books! So when we come here in the spring, we shall enter into the joys of what is before us!

November 30th.

We are packing and getting ready to go to Lugano—these snowstorms make us ready to leave Basle, although, even in the snow, we have been fascinated to see the splendid method they use to aid the slipping horses. Each section of this large, flourishing city has men who start out with carts full of sand to scatter over each street. This kind care is a delight to me.

The beloved Rhine rushes radiantly on and our wood fire snaps joyfully.* The last thing at night, I always put out the light in our pretty parlour and look out on the rushing river; the tall lights on the fine bridge shine out from below and the stars shine down from above.

December 7th.

Auguste arrived in Basle at 7 p.m. Clare and I went to meet her. It was a strange meeting; we have been through so much . . . of happiness and bitter disappointment, and she has struggled through the frightful war and its awful sufferings of mind and body and heart. But she remains upright—just as she parted from us, only her mass of golden hair is now snow white. She says we are just the same—our ways and ideas of life. She took hold just as she left off. . . .

* I love a fire; one of the hardest things to me about the New York life is the steam—and no open fires!

From a Letter to Miss Beck.

Lugano.

December 12th, 1922.

With us all has gone on finely; the journey over the St. Gotthard Pass was on a superb day . . . the sky really blue, and as we approached the top of the Pass, a fall of snow gave us splendid views of miles—up, up, up—of giant Christmas trees! So much snow had fallen the night before that deep sleighs and men with shovels had been digging out our line. Auguste was enthusiastic about it all after her 20 years in Coburg without one day away from home. . . The electric cars are an immense improvement—no smoke, no deadly coal fumes.

Our view here is perfectly grand by sunlight and by moonlight. We have turned my room into a sort of parlour; I have a separate entrance hall, which is large enough for Auguste to have a table and the afternoon tea "kit" I always carry—and she makes us a cup of tea every day. The house is full enough to make it look cheerful and bright, but no crowd. . . The people are of all sorts and kinds and from every country . . . some terrific war profiteers. Oh, how they eat!—a great many of them will—must—soon die.

The beauty of the snow mountains and the lake is past describing. . . the strange shape of the lake—the exquisite curves—lends itself to giving sudden changes of scene . . . a new view bursts upon us as we turn a corner—more snow-capped mountains appear while others disappear. From my very bed every morning—I see all these gorgeous tints of pinks and reds in the sky, as the sun comes up from behind a mountain! All the peculiar beauties of boats, colouring and gardens are Italian.

Our hotel is next door to the old monastic Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which has that famous "Passion," by Luini, painted on the pediment of the wall which divides the choir from the nave—several hundreds of figures. This is one of the largest uninterrupted frescoes ever painted by any artist. There is also a lovely Madonna (perhaps the most beautiful that Luini ever painted), Mary between John the Baptist and the Child Jesus, who is about to seat himself on a lamb's back. The little church is always open, and we slip in often and I read to Clare descriptions full of interesting details, and already Clare is planning that we should again make the journey to Saronno to see the entrancing Luini frescoes—the Luini "fever" has us in its clutches!

*The Day after Christmas.**

We each had our own Christmas table, and in the centre, each had a tiny Christmas tree round which were piled all our gifts. We really enjoy each smallest thing—we always devote the whole of Christmas Eve to this pleasure . . . and it was a happy evening and everybody seemed near to us. . . I ought not to neglect to tell you of the truly splendid Christmas tree the hotel gave the guests on Christmas night. A delicious dinner was served at seven o'clock, then as we came from dinner into the large lounge, there was a superb, immensely tall Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, and lighted with hundreds (it seemed to me), of candles. And boys stood with long poles and extinguishers in case of need, so no one felt nervous. (I am always on the lookout for fire). Then all the electric light was turned out and the waiters served coffee, delicious little cakes, candy and wines of all kinds, and cigars and cigarettes. And as we all sat in the easy-chairs and sofas, the hidden band played "Still Night, Holy Night." But I feel about Christmas as you do—I am always glad when it is *over*—too much emotion both of happiness and unhappiness is pressed into our hearts. . .

* My mother used to say that the day after Christmas was very different from Christmas, but I think this can only be said regarding very young children, who eat candy and rich plum pudding, and wake up to get their fat stockings before daylight and never rest a moment. But when people celebrate Christmas as sensible people do (you and I for instance), then I think people are drawn very close together.
From a Letter to Miss Beck.

Hotel Cavour, Milan.

We left Lugano on a fine day, and our journey was enchanting . . . even though it faced us with the frontier . . . but when we handed out our fine, new passports . . . there was not one moment's delay, and in four minutes we passed out . . . Auguste . . . (who was always a splendid hand at custom-houses) . . . managed with the men to get the trunks in good places, and then she stood holding the keys ready, with a polite: "Shall I open *all* the trunks"? to be answered "please open that, and that," pointing to two only, which were opened and then carefully locked by Auguste, and back we all went to our nice car again.

Milan is one of our favourite stopping-places in Italy; its superb cathedral, its beautiful pictures, its art treasures of all kinds. This is our 14th visit. We not only went right at the sight-seeing, but Clare, pretending to be "showing Auguste sights," paid two visits to each of our favourites! Oh, the pictures! We have, during the last seven years been "eye-hungry" for the pictures as we were "ear-hungry" for the music The "picture fever," as I call it, took hold of us as soon as we saw the Luini frescoes at Lugano. During this first week, although it has been terrible weather—thick fog and rain—we take one of these nice old covered carriages (which to my joy are to

be had everywhere, in spite of the fact that Milan has more automobiles than any city in Italy) and off we go and spend hours in looking at the different pictures. I declare that the pictures remember us!

I always take a little bag with about 20 lumps of sugar and a purse full of small coins—and we give the sugar to any tired old horse we see; and to any beggars or wretched-looking people, particularly if they are old, I give a little money. The other day, as we left the particular picture gallery where we had spent an hour and a half, we stood talking to the poor cold attendant. And as I gave him his tip, I pointed to our cab and its driver, all wrapped up under his broad umbrella, and I showed this man my packages of sugar for the *horse*. "Oh," he said in a trembling voice, "I should like it as much—if not more—than the horse!" I gave him at once some of my lumps, and he began joyfully to eat them!

Florence, Grand Hotel.

January 27th, 1922.

We spent two ideal days at loved Pisa; to our joy, the Palace occupied by Byron has been taken over by the State Archives. And up the stairs Byron had so often ascended and descended we went, and were shown into a charming library, one of Byron's wide entrance halls, where a young, handsome and very polite gentle-

man greeted us. He turned our thanks into *his* thanks, because he had been very anxious to know for certain which were the rooms Byron occupied; the Countess who had lived there so long had died, and no one in Pisa, he said, seemed to know positively about the rooms . . . and so we could tell him exactly which rooms Byron had occupied.

Then we came to Florence . . . from our windows we can look directly up at Bellosguardo. . . The changes in Florence are great, but the churches, frescoes, picture galleries—cannot change. In Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence," he ends up always with a funny bit such as—"I feel a restlessness—you all want to go home to lunch, so you can go!" What would Ruskin have said about the bracelet watches! Every man and woman who wears one gets into the habit of looking at it every two or three minutes. I have adopted a speech that is not liked: "How many minutes have you counted to give *me?*"

Before our very first visit to Florence—my sister and I and Clare, with her precious doll, Rosebud—we wrote ahead to a certain fashionable *pension* here to secure rooms. At that time, the *pensions* were far better than the hotels, and therefore were always filled with the best English and Americans. In those days when I was living on my guardianship allowance, and Connie also with a small income (which she after a time so brilliantly increased by

the prices given for her stories), we travelled with great care ; and by engaging rooms ahead and going from one reasonable place to another, we were saved all kinds of extra expenses. As I write this, I think of all the pleasures and the charming experiences we obtained in that very *pension*. It was there we first met Henry James and he began showing my sister the sights—he having for years and years known everything worth seeing in Florence, and just how to see it. And we met so many interesting people and made so many new friends. That old *pension* was a part of a very old palace, and with another palace joined to it, is now a very "festive," and, I imagine, very gay hotel. I suggested to Clare the other day that we should stop in and see if any of the attractions of the old *pension* had been retained. But the porter argued with me that I had made a mistake: "There may have been a *pension* here sometime in the last *century*, but never since." I felt about a thousand years old, but by digging on as I always do, I discovered that the pretty little inside open terrace upstairs, where Clare almost lived with her dolly, is now called the "Hanging Garden." The porter presented me with a copy of the inscription on a tablet which has been placed in the entrance hall. Think of Lord Byron *and* Napoleon having both been entertained there!

The day was so superb that we felt guilty not to go out, so we selected a driver and a closed

carriage* (to avoid the dust of the motors) and went up to Bellosguardo.† It seemed a little like going to Connie. But Florence holds too many ghosts to be a satisfactory place for me. I see Connie, Mr. Boott, Duveneck, Lady Hobart, Henry James, Dr. Baldwin—at every turn. . .

Quinquagesima Sunday. 1923.

It's a pouring, rainy day and I feel so sorry because, being Carnival Sunday, every custodian of every gallery is free, and an Italian always celebrates out of doors. Have you already noticed as I have that the very calendars join the nations in this frantic 1923 by uniting Ash Wednesday with St. Valentine's Day, and Easter Sunday with All Fool's Day ?

These Florence sights were the very first real pictures, frescoes or art treasures we ever saw . . . They seem more beautiful and satisfying than ever, and each of these mornings and afternoons we have been enchanted, sad as much has been.

* We like the old " Four Wheelers," and we make the poor old drivers and horses happy . . . and nothing makes *me* so happy as to see smiling faces and hats off, as some shabby old coachman bows to me ! *From a Letter.*

† I felt that my sister had better get away at once from Florence—the people—Americans, English, Italians, etc.—were really exhausting her with their constant interruptions. Think of the position—my sister writing a serial for Harper's, and yet every Sunday (she received on Sunday afternoon) they came early and remained late, drank quarts of tea and ate platefuls of cake. They all so admired her, and she always made herself so agreeable, and she did enjoy it—the bringing up to see her of every distinguished stranger that came to Florence. *From a Letter to Miss May Harris.*

The poor old custodians, when robbed of the "sight" they had had charge of for 30 years, say, as did the old man at the Academy. "Oh, I *lived* on those Fra Angelicos for too many years. . . . I miss them so!" I must confess that in a way I do approve of having placed them all in the San Marco Monastery, the place where Fra Angelico lived and prayed and painted.

Yesterday, being a brilliant day, we went to Santa Croce, one of my favourite cloisters, and I have always been devoted to the Pazzi Chapel. I like to study the "riddle" of the Evangelists—they say that "no other works of art have caused more discussion than these Evangelists." The Riccardi Chapel was such a favourite place with Connie and Henry James. And every time I see it, I fall more and more in love with it What would Connie and Henry James have felt if they could see it now, as the careful custodian throws rays of electric light (shaded) upon these gloriously-coloured, magnificently-clad figures of ladies and gentlemen! Gozzoli is said to have painted all by candle light, and no sun, no damp, has ever dimmed them; they shine out in all their sumptousness. When a good custodian gets people who know what they go to see, he clings to them and "thaws" out. The man at the Riccardi was rejoiced also that Clare could speak Italian to him. And what do you think I did? This custodian pointed out to me Lorenzo

de Medici's corner seat in the chapel and I went and sat there, looking at those beautiful Paradise frescoes.

Venice, Grand Hotel.
February 21st, 1923.

In the same charming room from which I wrote you a year ago, again I sit writing to you. Shall I begin here at once, or jump you back to Florence, for a few pages to tell you of our Ash Wednesday afternoon at Fiesole, our farewell excursion ?

We have only been here since the late evening of February 15th, and yet we have had all kinds of "thrills," which I shall at once share with you ; but not in any order. My own personal joy and thankfulness to be here are so profoundly uplifting and satisfying that this fact (which begins and ends my days) comes first. I think you will love to know this "fact." The blessedness of this "still" place of such glorious beauties after the unceasing roar of the motors and motor trucks in Florence and the delightful pure air, after swallowing pounds of dangerous dust in Florence—are really beyond describing. . . I can hear what Clare says when we walk, and she can hear me—for three weeks, we yelled out every word.

As on former visits to this angelic place we have exhausted nearly all the books on Venice, so the day after our arrival, Clare ran out and

bought volume 5 of "The Works of Lord Byron" in the Tauchnitz Edition, which volume begins with "Marino Faliero" . . . and we began—I reading aloud to Clare—and in two days finished it. Oh, what clear wonderful force does Byron put into each "telling" line—and his preface! . . . Clare is clever enough to declare that I know just how to read a play—just when to pause, just when to rush on in haste to the "far ahead" period. . . . I only know how I feel as I read what Byron wrote. The Byron volume had, of course, to be cut. Now our paper cutter is an ivory one with a lucky pig on the handle. I felt this would never do, so I dashed out—the joy here in Venice that one *can* dash out and in five minutes be in that superb square of St. Mark's and there find all one wants! I selected a very dainty, richly ornamented gondola paper-cutter which I used to cut every one of the 132 pages.

Ever since I was so blessed as to lead this life of wandering, it has been my habit to copy in the guidebook I am using any little "bits" I have heard or read about places, people, pictures, etc. And on a blank page of my Baedeker for Venice I had written two quotations; the first—

> "The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
> And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
> Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
> Which glitter round it in their pictured
> trappings—"

Then under this, I had placed a quotation from a great traveller, who knows his Venice, and also his Byron, which was, in alluding to these lines:

> "How true! For years it has been my habit, last of all, to go into the Sala del Maggior Consiglio and take another look at that *one* black tablet. Is it Faliero or Byron who causes this?"

Clare and I have always gone back for a "last look" at that one black tablet, but we have known quite well who took us there!

February 22nd, 1923.

So far I wrote yesterday. To-day is Washington's Birthday, and let me tell you of such a very unexpected musical treat that fell to our share. Wagner died here in Venice 40 years ago—(it seems impossible!) February 13th. The Italian paper announced that on Sunday the 18th, the Municipal Band of Venice would give a concert in commemoration of the death of the master. Sunday was a gorgeous day, and St. Mark's Square was filled with bright sunshine; we went at two and secured good places near the band to hear the concert. "Tannhäuser," the Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," "Parsifal Prelude," and ending with that glorious "Meister-

singer Prelude!" Oh, how the open air "acoustics" of splendid buildings reverberated each beloved note! It was a great day for us....

February 26th.

Nothing can spoil Venice. We are just letting ourselves enjoy its blessed stillness. And oh! these churches, these pictures, these palaces—we know and love each one and we feel sure that they know *us* and are glad to have us here again!

* * * * *

Clara Woolson Benedict died in Venice on March 2nd, 1923, after an illness of but three days.

IN MEMORIAM.

CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT.

In passing from this life into the life eternal, my beloved mother, as if by a miracle, seemed to have arranged each detail of what was to follow with her own peculiar energy and foresight. As each difficulty arose, a solution immediately presented itself, so that each difficulty was turned into a triumph.

Her end, after two blissful weeks in her adored Venice, was as perfect as God could have made it—no pain, no illness, no agony of parting; her dear and great heart merely ceased to beat—that heart which had beat so steadfastly for those she loved, and above all, for me . . .

During these last Venetian weeks she had been almost ecstatically happy, revisiting her cherished sights, luxuriating in the quiet and the peace, revelling in the beauty of the scene.

She seemed almost passionately anxious to see as much as possible—all that she had ever been fond of. I could not quite understand her evident haste. She searched her papers for interesting bits—notes on Venice that she had made at different times. She read to me from Hare, Horatio Brown, and Ruskin, likewise the whole play of Marino Faliero, with all her old power of dramatic expression. Then we hunted up various things mentioned by these authors, visiting, of course, the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, in order to gaze as usual at the black tablet where Faliero's portrait should have been. . . .

We walked on the Zattere and in the Piazzetta, we saluted the bronze horses and our dear Moors on the clock tower, we attended an impressive service at St. Mark's, we heard a Wagner Memorial Concert in the Piazza. We spent a rapturous morning at the Academy, greeting our beloved pictures in their new and splendid setting; each room called forth her brightest enthusiasm—when she reached the Carpaccio Hall

she was almost speechless with delight. The pictures in this gallery had been such friends to us; what joy it was to see them again, fresh and glowing, after these years of deprivation!

We visited several churches, notably that of S. Vitale, where she had a fine view of Carpaccio's spirited equestrian portrait of the saint, a great favourite of hers.

One day she asked me to take her to the Paradise Arch, which we had passed many a time on our fascinating Venetian walks, but, oddly enough, I could not seem to find it. so I gave it up for the moment. She looked disappointed, though she immediately turned to something else.

Her mental activity was unceasing; when she was not sight-seeing, she was writing letters or making charming plans for the future. She even thought of attractive Christmas gifts for distant friends, gathering cards for them, and carefully jotting down her ideas.

The last time she went out, we walked first to S. Zaccaria to see the lovely Bellini, and then to S. Giovanni in Bragora, where she gazed with pleasure at her favourite Resurrection by Vivarini; returning by the Riva degli Schiavoni, we passed slowly in front of the Doges' Palace and then across the Piazza, she exclaiming as usual over the beauty of everything.

She was like a young girl in her ardent enthusiasm; in truth, this mood had been hers almost continuously since our arrival in Europe two years before. "I want a little aftermath," she had said to me repeatedly, and her aftermath had been as beautiful as she could have wished. Together, we had visited dear place after dear place, no cloud had darkened our sky, we had been perfectly happy—she and I...

Then came the swift end, after three days in bed, but without apparent illness, for until the last afternoon there had been no alarm. She read her mail, discussed plans, made jokes with me; even when the fever came on and she was no longer herself, her marvellous energy still asserted itself. She insisted on getting up and washing her hands and face, whereupon, demanding her cloak, she proposed that we should go out. It was the final attempt to cheat disease and death, to live for me—her vitality had always been so remarkable. After this she knew nothing more, she just fell asleep without so much as a sigh...

From this moment, I became conscious of a distinct "leading," a guiding hand to which I could cling. My mind, though stunned, worked, nevertheless, in flashes; at these moments I saw clearly what I must do, and I did it without a question. Moreover, I received sudden, unsought-for aid from strangers. Auguste, my sole companion, rose to the situation like a heroine; all the *little* things were mercifully managed to spare me pain and everything was as *she* would have wished...

When the time came to take her to the island, she went in a gondola, guarded by the faithful Swiss porter whom she had known for many years. We followed—the route led past her favourite haunts—first the Piazzetta with its two famous columns (about which she had recently read me an interesting chapter by Mr. Horatio Brown), past the Ducal Palace, under the Ponte della Paglia, over which we had strolled happily only six days before, under the Bridge of Sighs, and on to S. Maria Formosa—I gave a cry—there, on the left, was the Paradise Arch! It seemed to me like a direct message. The passage from Hare which she had quoted, flashed into my mind: "It is a lovely fragment, and leads into a street called Via del Paradiso, so curiously narrow that one is inevitably reminded of '*Strait is the gate and narrow is the the way which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it.*'"

But she has found it, if love, devotion, charity, large-mindedness, mean anything. She ministered to the weak and helpless wherever she found them, she never forgot a friend, she was faithful unto death to those whom she loved, and to me, her second self, she was life itself.

The gondola glided onward past Colleoni's monument, then by the Scuola di S. Marco to the Fondamenta Nuova. How many times we had walked to these places! She used to say gaily that we were probably the only two foreign ladies who had crossed every bridge in Venice repeatedly.

As we started towards the island of S. Michele, the Casa degli Spiriti stood out on the left. Singularly enough, the last book that she had read to me, the night before she was taken ill, had been a Venetian story in which that house was constantly mentioned. I can hear her voice now as she pronounced the name—I shall always hear it, until I rejoin her again...

As we proceeded, the magical mountains became dimly visible—dream mountains—for it all seemed like a dream—a progress to an island of the blessed, not to the island of death, but rather to that of a fuller life, where all sorrows and heartaches would cease and where the souls of those who had loved on earth would be reunited for evermore.

While she stayed on the island, I tried to quiet my mind in different ways. At St. Mark's, her last church, I had a candle lighted before her favourite shrine near the door. It would burn three days, the old man told me. I did not know then when she would be laid to rest, but in fact the candle burned until the very time when the final rites were performed at Rome.

As I stepped out from the dark church into the brilliant square, the bells of the campanile were ringing joyously, the Moors were striking the hour with stately grace, the pigeons were flying about everywhere, the sun gleamed on the façade of the basilica, lighting up the bronze horses that she had loved so dearly. It seemed to me as if all these dumb things were trying to give me comfort; and remembering how she had stood there with me but a few days since, enjoying everything and so intensely alive in every line of her slender form, I felt suddenly that she would wish me to take comfort, and I gazed at the familiar, incomparable scene, letting it speak to me of a living past...

When we brought her back from St. Michael's Island, we took her to the exquisite Desdemona Palace, which she had always admired extremely; she had even thought of making it our home, our "New Harbour," about which we had dreamed many dreams. Years before my aunt had had the same wish, and now, by a strange chance, the ground floor of the little house which they had both desired, was put at my disposal by the proprietor for this one evening. Therefore she came to her favourite palace after all, and from its private water door she left for her last journey on the Grand Canal.

At Rome, when she was laid in my aunt's grave, which she had tended so lovingly and where we had stood together year after year, I did not feel utterly desolate, for it seemed to me that both she and my aunt were pouring their high courage into me. They had both breathed their last in their beloved Venice, and now they both rested together in this

most perfect of all resting places, under the ancient wall, near the Pyramid of Cestius, with the violets in full bloom and the birds singing their loveliest songs. . .

Nevertheless, I cannot believe that she is resting; I believe rather that she is working, helping, cheering, just as she always did on earth; her spirit was so elastic, so full of hope, she threw herself with such ardour into every act of kindness, however small; and yet, withal, her mind was inexorably just, she detested hypocrisy and ingratitude; moreover she possessed the rare gift of reading people's souls.

In spite of her own great sorrows, or, perhaps, because of them, she shed brightness wherever she went; to the very end her enthusiasm never flagged.

Clara—bright, illustrious;
Benedict—a benediction.
May perpetual light shine on her. . .

Yes, hope returneth ever.
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf buds clad,
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some fair spring!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

APPENDIX I.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To Miss Katharine Livingston Mather (1921-23).

The greatest "thrill" we ever had about pictures was the remark of a famous art critic whom we knew very well. He said: "You and your daughter trust far more to your eyes than to the pedigree of a picture." This was so unexpected that it went straight to our heads. But the next day, at a loan collection in London, we made a terrible mistake. But we never told this critic of it!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I have a very insistent memory; I cannot, I could not, forget. I am glad—thankful to have this memory; I am glad to remember the past... It brings awful pangs—sudden tears; but even with that, I am glad I remember.

* * * * *

To the Same.

In U.S.A. the clerks (very often to cover their faults) tell you *why* they did this and that, "because they thought this and that might be better," etc. For years and years I have met this, and I evolved an answer... I first ask politely "Did I telegraph you to 'think' for me, or to tell me what you 'thought' would be best"? "Oh, no, Madam!" "Then," I say, with as polite a smile as I can give, "the next time, please follow my directions, and if they should be wrong, *I* would be the only sufferer."

* * * * *

To the Same.

She flatters with an enthusiastic extravagance that seems—to those who live upon it—truth.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Your "Programme Notes" recalled Theodore Thomas's first concerts, when he was trying to introduce Wagner to New York, and the Philharmonic audiences used to get up and walk out, and refuse to listen. And oh, how the gentlemen laughed at the explanations. Do your men laugh now when they read, say: "A brilliant tutti—f," or "embroidery of the fiddles"? In those days, we could not control our men at all!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Promptness I look upon as being one of the virtues; procrastination, a real *sin*. I often used to say that I wished some brave clergyman or bishop would dare to preach a sermon on procrastination, and Clare used to answer: "Nearly every one in the congregation would walk out and never enter again." Dr. Vibbert had great daring; one Sunday, after his sermon, he came to the very edge of the steps leading down into the church, and made three or four "emphatic" statements such as: "At the last meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Society for the poor, only twenty members were present." "I am forced to state that this last month only half of the contributors to the hospitals sent in their cheques," and so on. Everybody sat still—rather a cold, indifferent, "dressed-up, anxious-to-go-home-to-Sunday-dinner" look. Then Dr. Vibbert said in a penetrating, piercing voice: "I am speaking to *you*—not to the woman in the next pew." That "*you*," as he slowly turned his head from left to right and centre, struck each one of us. It was exactly what we *were* thinking!

* * * * *

To the Same.

There was such an interesting article in the *Nation* called "Transcripts of Bird Songs." I always listen to their songs and try to imagine what they are saying. During our five weeks at Franzensbad every year, and four at Bayreuth (now that we live on the hill near that Magic Red Building), we spend all our mornings in the woods and Clare always takes bread and her knitting, and I, a book to read aloud. Clare throws the crumbs, and the birds come very near. The "Yellow Throat" *does* sing what sounds like: "I see, I see

you; I see, I see you!" and one can also easily make it sound like: "You're crazy; you're crazy; you're crazy," as the writer of this article suggests.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Letter-writing is fast going out of fashion—no love letters are now written. It's the fashion (terribly increased by the war) to scorn emotions of love or "feelings"—all must be joking and slang... I occasionally overhear—I sometimes read in letters—things between lovers and husbands and wives that make me feel perfectly thankful to have lived in an earlier period, when each word or line of love was treasured, and each look precious forever.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Things mean much to me. I don't know whether you can obtain—as I do—absolute comfort and joy from certain chairs—a precious sensation of a "touch of a vanished hand" I loved (*and still love*).

* * * * *

To the Same.

You warn me about "vipers" on my walks, and I warn *you* about high heels. It is the high heels that have caused all these ladies to fall and break legs and arms. The men do not fall, you notice! "Take care, take care—beware, beware!"

* * * * *

To the Same.

I suppose all you rich owners of gardens like to have someone "arrange" for you, and then exult over each other, as you all do over your architects—it's part of the fun; but were I rich, I would rather originate some idea of my own—if I *could*, I ought to add!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I read all you write about your "meetings" and "missions," with (if you do not object to my saying it) not so believing a mind. I have always wondered what those remote foreign missionaries did with the masses and masses of money you good, rich, religious people send out to them. Home missions can be looked into.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I have never forgotten a true experience in London, when, during one of Bülow's last piano recitals (a very select audience), a lady who sat facing him fanned herself entirely out of time! Bülow was always very nervous, and his illness had increased this. He bore as long as he could this maddening fanning; then he stopped playing and rushed out. People thought he was ill, but in a moment, back he came, two or three men following him, and the piano was whirled around, and down sat Bülow and finished splendidly what he had found impossible to do before.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I never hear or ask details of operations. I consider that no one—surgeon or nurse—should ever tell such details; it does no one any good, and often does much harm, and it seems unkind and cruel to expose such painful matters.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I can remember *now* how bathed in cold perspiration I used to be during the Lenten services in the Sunday School room at Grace Church where there was no piano, no melodeon. Connie and I attended every service, and we had drilled good, gentle Mr. Fiske to give out the hymn, and then read a verse very slowly while we *felt* (so to speak) in silence what would be the right key for medium voices. Connie had a class of 12 boys; I had 12 girls. What *could* I have taught them? I have often looked back and wondered!

* * * * *

To the Same.

"Self-pouring" is not original—it came from Henry James... When we were with Connie in Oxford, it was Henry's way to come out from London on an afternoon train and dine with us and take the nine o'clock train back to London. So after a cup of tea and talk, while we ladies made ourselves as "festive" as possible, Henry used to walk out and look at the shop windows. One night he returned perfectly delighted that he had found a "self-pouring" tea-pot. And after that, "self-pouring," was a household word with us.

* * * * *

To the Same.

The majority of Americans always read a book that is not allowed to be for sale in the country attacked, particularly if about Royalties.

* * * * *

To the Same.

We have known and loved our England so thoroughly for so many years that we have also always known that at *heart* the English did not really like Americans... Knowing this fact, we never *trusted* the English until we had *tested* them...

* * * * *

To the Same.

I have never had the "Japan fever"—how could I "catch" it? I have never been near enough. But I know well how violent the fever is... I have met people who had it! And it is never cured, and they don't *want* it to be cured!

* * * * *

To the Same.

With every good wish and every blessing showered upon you and Will for 1922, and all warm thanks for all that you both have done for us in 1921, I slowly let go the old year, and I hold out my old hands to you and Will first, and I cling to you tight, and then I hold out what is left to New 1922 (as I don't know him yet!)

* * * * *

To the Same.

We have noticed one thing in reading about the gorgeous California houses—they are always copies of houses in remote foreign countries—one is Chinese, another Italian, Persian, Japanese or Algerian—why is this ?

* * * * *

To the Same.

My idea of a Trust Company is that after what we have of money, *together with our wills*, disappears into their custody, I shall have no money, and I am therefore securing all I want—to a spool of thread—*now*. That's partly the true feeling I have, but also I have reached the age when I desire (quietly) to enjoy all the *very much* I am blessed with, which is, oh, so much !

* * * * *

To the Same.

We are again facing the re-making of our wills—does there live a woman who has made more wills (even with her little money), than C.W.B. ? I have been, by the way greatly interested in the fine way in which the English compose and have published their wills. The English so generously reward their faithful servants. Americans have almost always seemed to think it a crime to let any one know how this or that person left his money ; the only wills published are those of enormously rich persons. I can see that in the back of my mind, I must have always approved of much (in a business line) that England did.

For instance, in one will was : " I leave nothing to my son John, but he knows why." " My daughter Kate, I have for good reasons, aided financially, more than I have my other children ; she therefore knows why she has less now " . . . Think what heart burnings and unhappiness for life can be avoided by just telling the truth in a will ! . . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

How Cleveland people seem to have peopled the whole world!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I ought not to write at all these days because I am very blue, but before I tell you why, I will quote what Connie always wrote me when she was going to use me as a "safety valve," and pour out to me what *at that moment* was overpowering her. "Remember, Clara, that when you read this, *I* shall have almost forgotten the troubles of to-day." . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

Another charm (to us) is to see again bottles of nice pure wine, or glasses of foaming beer standing—before the eyes of all—on the tables; and moderate drinkers—women and men alike. Oh, the hidden "pick-me-ups!" (I always thought that name should have been "lay-me-flats," by the way). . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

I am not interested in the change of colours that the modern gardeners force. I like best God's colours given to our dear flowers and I have bemoaned the departure of perfume.

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To the Same.

So many things came into fashion during the war—so many little girls were utterly spoiled by being praised for dancing on the green with bare feet.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Nowadays—how many things people do! A dinner used to be sufficient of itself—conversation and the dinner; now, there must be so many things to attract guests—music, recitations, etc. I am so glad that in my time, in a very simple gown and *no* jewels, I could entertain and be entertained!

* * * * *

To the Same.

The American Consul at Basle has given me a new name which the angry Passport Official would have endorsed with all his might—"Mrs. Stew Benedict!" He would have said: "She keeps everybody in this office in a *stew*—I'll address her as Mrs. *Stew* Benedict!"

* * * * *

To the Same.

As you know, I always have pockets, never handbags, and never bare arms. Isn't it desperate, by the way, that just as soon as the fat and thin arms are happily covered, in comes a fashion of exposing all the thin bony, and wrinkled fat throats! This exposure of girls' throats robs them of all charm, and as for the older women—I often wonder if they look in the glass to see the profile of their necks?...

This postscript is more cheerful, you see, because I have not for this p.m. written—"I give and bequeath the sum of—" So I feel quite my old self, I thank you!

* * * * *

To the Same.

One of my great troubles is to get my hats straight; my hair is so thin that a hat pin going through—say—ten hairs won't hold. I sew in "halos" by the dozen; on hot days this heavy pressure of black velvet on my forehead is hard to bear! If I catch a glimpse of my old face in some shop window, I look very "rakish," my hat being "every which way"—never straight.

* * * * *

To the Same.

When we sent our applications to Washington for new passports, I said to Clare: "I still have some of the photographs we had taken at Atlantic City in 1918, and I am going to use them." Clare thought that four years had altered us very much, but I said: "I don't care—I shall use them!" And I did. Now the Stuttgart Consulate, according to our order, forwarded the passports to the American Consulate here, where they do not know us. When we went over, a man came out in answer to our card and held in his hands our two passports. He opened mine and I saw myself looking at me, and I pointed to it, as I laughed. This tall man raised his eyes, gave me a full look, and placing his finger towards my face on the passport photograph said: "There you are all right," with a tone of voice and an intimate familiarity beyond describing. Clare has said since that this American "Hail-fellow-well-met" manner ought to convince my doubting self that I have not so frightfully changed!

* * * * *

To the Same.

My sympathy always goes out to those who do not, who *cannot*, forget!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I have never known many "charming" people; I mean, only a very few have I felt to be "charming." I started life, so to speak, very indifferent to the majority of people, and everybody felt it.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Oh, it is as I said—those that had good, noble hearts have become even more noble by this "agony" war.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Men seldom like to visit cemeteries.

* * * * *

To the Same.

How thankful I feel that we have such wide and varied interests and pleasures, and that beautiful views and nature also appeal to us as do music, pictures, theatre, and oh! reading... We cannot—do not—live without reading, and our joy is great to be again in touch with the Tauchnitz volumes. The good print and light weight enable us to carry two with us always, even on a one night's journey.

* * * * *

To the Same.

The stabs that the best people in the world deal out—meaning it as sympathy! Clergymen usually sin the most in that line....

* * * * *

To the Same.

Oh, the blessing of cremation—what a blessing it is!

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To the Same.

With all my "ginger" and all my "bluff," I do often feel—well, I won't say—or even acknowledge—how!...

* * * * *

To the Same.

We have all had so much of sorrow and such shocks that it is as well to cling to the bright, happy episodes as much as we can.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I have often been thrown with those very rich and philanthropic people who talk all their lives and work all their lives—in their way—for the "poor," the "insane," the "cripples," and oh, every kind of thing that is *organized*, and usually in the hands of people who never see any of the misery, know nothing of the reality of what they are working for... Also they "visit" hospitals, "inspect" wards, and "report," and bravely (as they call it) face once a week, the sick beds in hospitals. I have often said—

that were *I* the sick one in the bed and such as *they*—(these rich young and old ladies that come in smiling with a bunch of flowers)—approached my bed, my pulse would have alarmed the nurse or doctor (had they felt it) all caused by seeing those ladies—totally unfitted—who came religiously every week to "cheer" me. Once I did happen to hear what one poor patient did as soon as she saw certain "visitors," with their dreadful smile of the rich, enter. She tightly closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep. These ladies whispered and tiptoed by that bed; but after they had gone, that clever woman always woke up!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Oh, how do even the most skilful doctors *know* that the sick are "totally unconscious." I always picture them as knowing all—by flashes—and not being able to speak. I have never forgotten my experience in London when I spent that dreadful week with my friend, Mrs. A—, when she was given up—no hope. The doctors told me I must sit away from her bed, so I selected a seat by the window that she could see if she opened her eyes, and there I used to sit all day. The nurse often told me she was unconscious, but when she—Julia—recovered, she told me that knowing her only chance for life was to make no effort to speak, she was often perfectly conscious, and she knew I was there all the time. And she always heard me (although she did not—but once or twice—even open her eyes) when I would say: "Now good-night, Jule, I am going over to my rooms with H. (her boy) and have him go to bed, and I shall not leave him, and will bring him over here for breakfast." That speech that I *insisted* upon making, really gave her sleep.

* * * * *

To the Same.

When you see the array of stamps on the copies of Clare's little book which I start to you to-day, do not be astonished. Remember the low value of the mark—the stamps represent a value to us of less than ten cents each book. I removed these copies from my "Proud Mother-Stock" of this limited edition and am sending them to you to present to the four best libraries in Cleveland. . . Underneath in my heart they are placed there in memory of George, Father, Mother and Connie. . . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

Basle, *Thanksgiving Day.*

This day is so associated with my far past and your father's delightful introduction of this feast to me (a very little girl I was when he began this lovely lesson). Then followed those Thanksgiving dinners; Will's dainty, delicate mother presiding over, oh, such a chicken pie! And your father at the foot of the table carving a splendid Turkey, as only he could—every joint falling gently as if touched by a magic knife. And the perfect ease with which he gave each person a portion of every part of that Turkey and dressing, without demanding: "Do you prefer light or dark meat?" Your father, talking easily, placed upon each plate both the light and dark!

Then came the attentive waitress with all those delicious "fixings," the cranberry, the celery, and oh, everything else to eat and to drink! And one *could* eat because one knew what was coming—not innumerable courses made of every kind of mixtures—such as salads of rose leaves, pine apple, grapefruit, nuts, cheese, etc. And then came the pumpkin pie—*not* the modern dessert of a mingling of sweets which I particularly abhor—ice-cream in a form resembling Vesuvius with an eruption of chocolate as disastrous to the digestion as the lava is to Italy's beautiful gardens!

* * * * *

To the Same.

You see everything through rose-coloured glasses, and you carry others along with you into a lovely rose-coloured existence... Your youthful feelings are a great blessing to so many, and besides the atmosphere you create, you also attend to all the practical things that some one must attend to. It was you who made the aftermath of my life of rose-colour; it was you, and only you (because of the relationship and the joy it was to me to have that beloved house kept in the family), who could have done this. And you rose to great heights in the simple, "just right" manner in which you did it.

I always so rejoice that you have this pleasure and charm of rose-colour. Do you know, I believe it was because of all those quiet years when you watched so tenderly over Will's mother! You saved up your youth, and now it casts its blessing in many directions.

To the Same.

(*From an Earlier Letter*).

During these last weeks, I have been thinking of the "breaking-up" of that old home of yours, so packed full of associations for all of us—happily, the greater part of these for me were happy ones; even the sad associations are connected with sweet memories. During my long years of such crushing sorrow, Will's mother always knew just what to say and do—nothing *she* said or did ever hurt me! And your father was particularly my friend—such sympathy and unfailing affection—for a whole long life-time—surely, no girl or woman ever had. But I had the sense to know it always; both your father and mother—at different times—expressed it to me, and I both told and wrote them many times how I appreciated it and felt thankful for it. It was never the anguish of "love unexpressed" between us, and so, when all unprepared, so to speak, your letter announced the sudden (to me) idea that the old house was to go, I found myself going over the whole past. I could not (nor did I wish to) think of much else, so, away off here, I have really been with you, weeping with you, feeling for you. Well, if the old house is gone, no one can rob us of the millions of beautiful memories.

Your father and mother had the power of touching even sad subjects with uplifting beauty as when I sat alone in your back room with your dear sick father for a few moments *en route* to my train, he just whispered to me, with his eyes full of tears: "Pussy, dear, you will never see me again." When I burst into tears, he smiled, and holding my hand said: "Never mind, Pussy—never mind." He had not called me "Pussy" for a long time, and it made me happy even in the midst of my tears.

The Mathers always comforted, always helped. When Mother died, your beloved Father sent a telegram down to Florida reading: "Bring *Mother* here to us." Oh, that telegram! Connie and I lived on it during that dreadful journey north, and the comfort of having dear Mother in your house was something never to forget. That he just called her "Mother" had such beautiful meaning; most men would have telegraphed "Bring *your* Mother here." Then Will's mother went in and with closed doors looked first at Mother; then, after arranging flowers, she came up to Connie and myself and said: "Come down and see her lovely, gentle, happy expression." And she went down with us, and as she stood there by

Mother's coffin, Will's dear little delicate mother, she said those beautiful words—more beautiful, under the circumstances, than any that were said of Mother by anybody—"There, Constance and Clara, lies the very best friend *I* ever had!"

* * * * *

To Miss May Harris (1909-1923).

Our old house is quite unique, and, for America, very old... We spent April, May, and June in Cooperstown, then put the dear house all nicely to bed in tar paper and camphor gum and sailed away!

* * * * *

To the Same.

While walking this morning... we found ourselves fighting a little over which one should be allowed to go to the train to meet Miss Harris. This is a never-ceasing dispute between us. Clare always wants to... meet the guests; she thinks—and she is right—that it is more proper for *me* to be standing at the open door when friends arrive. But I can't wait—I want to be at the little station to hear the whistle and hurry to the car and help down the steps, and have the short drive to the house—saying nothing, and yet talking all the time, as one does!

* * * * *

To the Same.

My sister knew and loved the South; she lived five or six years at St. Augustine, as my mother was very delicate and they spent months at Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, Asheville, etc.

* * * * *

To the Same.

At the Fiske Library, Claremont, New Hampshire, I found a most interesting lady as Librarian. I introduced Clare and myself and told who we were and why we were there. I wish you could have seen the expression of her face. You shall hear her words: "Miss Woolson is adored here; all her books are worn threadbare with reading. I re-read 'East Angels' every year." Was not this splendid? at Connie's birthplace!... This Library has every newspaper notice about Connie pasted in a book... Clare has sent the Library a new set of her Aunt Connie's books... so there they stand on the shelves of the old Fiske Library, (Mr. Fiske had been one of Father's great friends), in the town where Connie was born!

To the Same.

Only the other day in London, Miss Poynter, my sister's old friend (you may have read her book "My Little Lady"), was enormously interested in hearing the details of your visit to us. We had told her of your article about Connie and of my seeking the "M.H." and she thought this ending most unusual and most beautiful. . . and all this, Connie, my sister, did for me when she started me on the road (seldom travelled), of "expressing feelings."

* * * * *

To the Same.

I am only in New York every other winter, and this year, New York was full of old friends, and my rooms were so easy to get at, that people dropped in at all times. We had only two little snowstorms, and so I did not have to worry over the poor horses! And Madison Square was such a charming place for me to be walking in, I could not stay in!

* * * * *

To the Same.

How we do agree with you in disliking more than all the class that "pretend"—they always have also a few nasty, *true* facts (before they venture to step out and all over your nerves)—which trip you up—at least they trip up Clara W.B. and then she gets "mad" and says altogether too much and makes bad slips and mis-statements!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Let me send you this bit of advice, given to me ages ago, so to speak, when I nearly lost my life when Clare was born. The doctor said: "Do a little *less* each day than you think you could do."

* * * * *

To the Same.

Every sentence of your letter so fits in to what we feel that I see all kinds of subjects dancing before my eyes that I want to write about—books, poetry, prose; Pepys, Fanny Burney, and now, dear George Meredith! I wonder if our heroes are not your heroes? We worship at a good many shrines; we have a room in my Cooperstown house that is spoken of as the "Benedicts' Shrine Room."

* * * * *

To the Same.

Have I ever told you that I have always thought of you whenever I thought of Charlotte Brontë? And when at Haworth, day before yesterday, I thought of you many times, and I enclose an ivy leaf and a white pansy from Charlotte Brontë's garden. "Can I have an ivy leaf?" I asked the present vicar's daughter. In answer, she picked me two, and then, after a moment, picked a white pansy which she gave me. I then said to her: "I shall press this pansy and send it to a dear friend in America, who always reminds me of Charlotte Brontë." English girls are, we think, very unresponsive (caused by their shyness); imagine therefore, my surprise when this girl said: "And does she write?" "Oh, yes!" I joyfully said. Then the girl said with a lovely smile: "I do hope she will like it!"...

* * * * *

To the Same.

Outside my door are splendidly-filled wood boxes, piled up high twice a day—on one side, all kinds of kindling. One lady we have met here said: "Oh, I wouldn't be so bored. I insisted upon having a room with steam, so as not to have the trouble of putting wood on my fire." What queer people exist! Since this remark, I have closely observed her. She has no children, no invalid relative or friend to care for, and all she does is to *dress up*! That, I suppose, would never bore her. We scramble through our toilets as quickly as decency allows, because we want to walk and read and talk, and *put wood on our fire*....

* * * * *

To the Same.

Quite by accident, I fell upon a copy of the New York *Nation* in which was a very true and just review of that horrid book by Countess Larisch, called "My Past." So I wrote to the *Nation* expressing my pleasure that one paper had had the courage to tell the truth—and would they hand the enclosed note to the reviewer. Just before I left Scotland, I had the most delightful letter from the reviewer, saying that his lot was usually to receive all kinds of complaints "Why did you say this or that of my book?" And

that my letter was such a delightful contrast that he felt he must thank me for it. He knew nothing of the circumstances of the writer (Countess Larisch), and only *felt* the truth from the contents of the horrid book itself.

* * * *

To the Same.

We have just finished Miss Strickland's " Katherine Parr " . . . She (the Queen) has always been praised and praised, and I find her doubtful and deceitful in every action !

* * * * *

To the Same.

Just now, we are quite overcome by Laurence Sterne. . . . Of absolutely nothing does Sterne compose his chapters, and yet we sit back on our bench under the trees, and laugh and laugh. . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

We talked all over again for the hundredth time, how soul-satisfying had been those days we spent together. It was quite complete, quite perfect, even to those precious fifteen minutes before the train started. Henry James threw up his hands in admiring praise of my daring to face the head station-master of the Pennsylvania Railway, and demanding as an absolute *necessity* that I should be allowed to go with you to the train !

* * * * *

To the Same.

The joy of taking out a mass of this thin paper and with no need for glancing at the clock, with absolutely no engagement ahead, to give myself up to the pleasure of writing to you ! Please cross all my t's, uncrossed by me and dot all the i's and spell my mis-spelled words correctly !

* * * * *

To the Same.

And all the time that we were "thrilling" with all kinds of "thrills" and often mentioning your name, you were facing and dreading the terrible sorrow that has come to you. That is my greatest reason for disbelieving in telepathy. When we faced death away off there on that sea, a thousand miles from land, and thought all those thoughts of agony, my sister and all those nearest our hearts, ate, and laughed and never had one smallest anxiety. And when Connie died, I remembered afterwards that I had been particularly peaceful and happy—*that very day.*

* * * * *

To the Same.

You belong to the dear class who *understand.*

* * * * *

To the Same.

I well remember that when my heart seemed breaking, physical ills I did not mind; I could bury my head in my pillow and not talk or make an effort. People might think it was physical, and I could indulge my grief; making an effort never helped very much.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Everybody said it was very bad for the baby Clare to cry over her all the time; but it was *not.* I sometimes think it made her—then and there—before she could understand anything, give sympathy. When the most terrible blow of all that could fall, struck me, it was to the baby I turned—not really caring either. Then, when my sister was taken, it was again Clare, who stood right bravely by me. . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

What can I say. There is nothing to *say,* is there? But there is sympathy and love unceasing to send you—and then, I *understand;* that will make it possible for you to read what I write. Those who understand don't walk all over the quivering nerves and make the sorrowing one frantic!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I know so well all the kinds of days and nights. I never knew which I dreaded the most; those that made almost every moment a real ache or the dead days and nights when I wondered at myself that I felt no more, that all my tears were shed... I thought—I think—I bore best the days of active, acute suffering and missing and weeping and longing—these seemed more natural, the others were so unnatural...

* * * * *

To Miss Emma Beck (1889-1922).

I once had a terrible search in New York when I first decided I would live there (for reasons connected with my depressed spirits). Before Clare came of age, I had her allowance only and limited means. I looked everywhere for three full weeks and never found anything possible to my purse, and every night, when I had put Clare to bed—weary and discouraged, in my small hotel room—I would cry and cry!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Summer life in America is—at the very best—*hard* work. I am not American in loving hot weather; I don't like anything above 75....

* * * * *

To the Same.

You ask when we heard Paderewski last—that I cannot remember, because we have heard him so many, many times. But I can tell you (and never shall forget) the first time we heard him. Years ago, as we stood waiting to go on board our steamer at Southampton, we came across some friends who were very much excited because they had learned that Paderewski was to be a passenger—his first trip to U.S.A. We had been too much occupied with Connie in wonderful Oxford to care much about the "new light" that had appeared with his halo of hair. But during the voyage of nearly ten days, we saw him often. Usually, in those days, a concert was given for the benefit of the sailors or widows of sailors. At that concert, Padereswki played—our first hearing! Oh, that "Hark, Hark the Lark!"—how divinely he used to play it!

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To the Same.

We abhor dressmaking and yet want everything to fit perfectly and be very unusual—a dreadful combination!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Once, long ago in a time of a great plague in the Far East, there were 1,000 cases daily in a district of millions of inhabitants, but the list of the dead was given out as being 10,000! When afterwards, a doctor (having been sent to look into this terrible epidemic) inquired into this, he was told 1000 deaths from plague, and 9000 died of fright!

* * * * *

To the Same.

How more and more I pity people who are bored and never satisfied. We take what we like and leave the rest.

* * * * *

To the Same.

The power of condensing is not mine. I did not have it in my youth and I am too old to learn anything now.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I am slowly but surely making up my mind that I am *too* enthusiastic in my accounts of all the delightful music we have heard and the beautiful sights we have seen. One friend has called me "painfully enthusiastic!"

* * * * *

To the Same.

I find myself thinking of you—of that night so many years ago when you brought me a plate of fruit, prettily arranged on a grape leaf at the old Farmington Inn—the first gift of my Concert Girl. Then I thought of the nice little "teas" I had with you "under the Rhine," the sliced oranges and grape jelly; and it has ended in my deciding I

would write you first, although all the other letters came first. Sometimes one feels both just like doing something, and a sure certainty that the one addressed wants it more than any one else! (An awkwardly expressed sentence, but I think you can easily make it out).

* * * * *

To the Same.

What you wrote me about the *calm* of Clare's expression touched me so much. Some day I will tell you something that my sister saw in Clare's eyes—the *first look* from the just-born baby eyes. My sister was the one who saw Clare first.*

* * * * *

To the Same.

No one better than C.W.B. could you meet with to give more understanding sympathy. Oh! the crosses that *cannot* be talked about, but must be carried in silence!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Strange to say, I endure much better the sorrows of my friends than their hilarities, so to speak.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I never forget you or the past when you tried to help me through those hard days of parting *the length of the village street* from my Clare. . . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

Think what a blessed joy is ever yours to have had such a dear, devoted mother, and the comfort of having been such a good daughter to her! She was so proud of you; I can see her now—her smile, as she mentioned your name. There is nothing quite like a mother, is there?

* * * * *

* If he looks half as wise and scornful as little Clare did when two hours old, he will frighten you.

Constance Fenimore Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

To the Same.

You always travel with us—this kind of travel costs you no money, no headaches, and gives me my pleasure twice over by sharing it with you.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Tell me all you do, see, feel, read and hear—*all* interests me. Even when ill, you did so beautifully plan to have that lovely "wreath of love thoughts," reach us on our birthday. You say you thought of me but did not wish to write me when you felt "blue"—Why, that's what I am for—what my friendship is worth—the very time of all times you *should* write me! Never keep silent again if you feel "blue"—sit down and tell me . . . and the writing will help you, and make you feel better as a talk would.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Don't you feel utterly thankful that you secured so many lovely trips before the war? I feel thankful every day that I never allowed anything to prevent my trying always to grasp the best. You look upon me, I suppose, as having been able always to "grasp," but from Clare's babyhood to her majority, I lived on my guardian's allowance. I put the education of Clare first, and saved in every other way. I counted every penny, but, oh, how thankful I feel that I did thus "count" and save.

* * * * *

To the Same.

As one gets on in life, one is thankful for peace—to wish a friend that, seems a better wish than to wish them to be "merry" or "happy."

* * * * *

To the Same.

I think to buy a candle and place it yourself before a shrine in the name of some one you love who has gone above, kneel and pray there—is a beautiful remembrance! And to see all these multitudes not ashamed to kneel and pray—and not one looking at the other, and all worshipping—is always impressive. Add to this that often you are standing or kneeling in a magnificent cathedral or old monastic church—where for centuries people have worshipped; it is certainly uplifting.

To the Same.

To no one of late years have I ever told—nor shall I ever tell—my *real* impressions and thoughts. Clare alone knows what I really think. By this statement I do not mean that I deceive or make false remarks, I simply do not talk about things when I do not wish people to know my real opinion!

* * * * *

To Mrs. Saville.

I like to hear all these details of your daily life; I also very much like to share with you all the many things we see and so enjoy . . . and you are a very appreciative reader. Thank you for being just yourself—always the same kind friend who knocked—so long ago—on my door and my heart—and I opened both to you!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Your *mind* is well and clear, and your affectionate heart still beats faithfully for all your old friends—I being one of the many!

* * * * *

To the Same.

I write very easily, and if I write at all, my pen runs on of itself; and when I see wonderful scenery, or read a fine book, or hear heavenly music, I really feel guilty not to try and tell about all I am so blessed as to have. But I can also understand that to people who write with an effort (physically), the very length and ease of a "born letter-writer's" letters, oppress and depress the receiver.

In this beautiful letter of yours you say: "I hope every vexatious and trying experience has fallen away from you and even the memory of such . . ." And if these clouds do roll away from our sky, it will be because such friends as you so nobly supported us.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Clare often speaks of her joy in all the books I arranged for each stage of her life.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Every evening Clare played to me—oh! such beautiful things, for her piano did not go until toward the very end of our stay. Clare had gathered in "Cooper" (each room, you may remember, bore a family name), all her whole life's collection of music, and for two hours each evening, she kept on selecting what she would take, what give away and what destroy. I sat in a comfortable chair, listening to the music, a bright open fire burning, and we went to bed rested, our ears full of beautiful sounds and lovely memories.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I am of the kind who never forgets, and I shall never forget Mrs.— We had so many subjects that we agreed about, and she was so sustaining and uplifting when she and I touched "the depths." The majority don't know that there *are* depths!

* * * * *

To the Same.

One of my calendars has such a beautiful verse this morning: "Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused paths." (Those Scandinavian Eddas are almost as fine as the Arabian proverbs!). How I should like —these sad days for both of us—to "go often to thy house." There are *hundreds* of things we two could talk about, and we are also of the kind just to sit still together—when the days and moods come that make spoken thoughts impossible. These shocks are so terrible—no matter how old we are (for our hearts never grow old). Poor, dear Friend! When I used to envy you your large family circle, I also sometimes thought (particularly after *my* only sister went): "But, there must be continued shocks, where the family circle is so large."

If anything *can* help, surely all these tributes, the grief everywhere—at least make those stricken, feel that the arms of universal admiration and sorrow enfold them.

And do you wonder, dear St. Augustine friend, that I am overcome with increased love and gratitude towards you (crushed as you are with such a sorrow!) that you *remembered* and have written me this precious, understanding letter—every

word the right word, and not one word wrong. Oh, the soothing joy and comfort of your letter! I have friends whose words—supposed to be of affection and sympathy—are like acid on an open wound!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Wherever we were, I made even one room a certain kind of home. . . We made books, pictures, history, scenery, music—*friends*, real friends, and we did not limit our interest entirely to one set of people or to one nation. We saw all—we lived in each—as they lived. We never longed for this or that which we missed; we entered into all the new things, and did not lose one smallest atom of it all.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Before I forget it, I want to tell you a small secret, for fear you might hear it and wonder. When at the last, I was faced by the fact that I was going away from all the thousands of memories of places in U.S.A.—places where I had had such happiness, they seemed to cry out to me: "How *can* you go?" And that cry clouded a little my joy in going. So when I saw Clare's little volume, I suddenly decided (so as to quiet this cry) to give this book to certain libraries, and from Constance I posted a copy here, there, and everywhere, where in my long life I had been happy. To show you, one went to St. Augustine. Then when I was seventeen, I had quite an ardent admirer at Harvard, and for a short time Cambridge was an important place to me. So I sent —in memory of this—a copy to the Cambridge library. That idea of mine gives me such happy thoughts, and the "cry" no longer do I hear!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Oh, do you not rejoice (as I do) that *you* were happy in the saying "obey" to your dear husband! And that your husband and yourself could *never* have endured changing our beautiful marriage or burial service or "shortening" the Litany and accepting all these terrible changes. All these changes that are creeping in in every line, shock me, and make me thankful that I can treasure more and more all that I was taught, believed and loved. *I change not.*

To Miss Mary Ursula Miller (1917-1922).

In all the terrible "crossroad decisions" of my life, I have decided which path I must walk, have taken it and *never turned back* I have also always faced the worst that might meet me on this path, never the hope of better things. I don't at all feel that my decisions were right—they were the only ones I could make.

* * * * *

To the Same.

...I have been going over in my mind that very far-in-the-past time when you so often helped me. I can feel—even now—the same affectionate "thrill" of thanks I felt when you would enter my dear little gate and—with your kind voice—ask the baby Clare if she did not want to play with the dolls or take the animals in and out of the Noah's Ark. Oh, how happy you made both the baby and the baby's poor mother! I have never ceased my affectionate thoughts of you although our paths have so seldom met—I *never* forget. This remembrance of things past brings me all kinds of additional pangs—all seems so fresh, so near as to cause me suffering—and yet, I would rather *remember* and endure the pangs than forget!

* * * * *

To the Same.

Your letter... came in upon us like a blessing and so reminded me of those days of my despair, when, always at the moment I most needed you—in you walked through my St. Clair Street gate. And the baby smiled and you made her happy—and gave me time I longed for to weep and sit still and *think*, without the effort of smiling at the little Clare. So this day when your letter came, we were both "down"—we had been looking through the silver safe (which is kept at the bank, and which we feel we should look at every now and then). But each piece of silver brought back such floods of memories that we could hardly rally. Then in you came with your kind words—so like you...

* * * * *

To the Same.

You would, I know, enjoy our reading aloud. We keep six books going, so as to be able to fit into each mood! Our selections are all of them thousands of miles away from the present place and century. . . many carefully collected by Clare and secured from old libraries. Do you know those Thomas Fuller books—"Good Thoughts for Bad Times" And "Mixt Contemplations in Better Times"? We read six of these thoughts the last thing at night. They are very unusual and interesting.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I enclose a card of one of the old covered bridges which the motors are rapidly destroying so that they can go faster.. I love these bridges. Long before I was born, when Mother and Father lived all those happy years in New Hampshire, they were near this bridge, and used so often to drive over it, and as I go over it, it speaks to me and says lovely things!

* * * * *

To the Same.

The only sermons I ever liked were those written by Frederick Robertson, and every Sunday I read aloud one to Clare. To quote from the Commendation—"Robertson's sermons have stood the test of fifty years' use; they have gone through as many editions as a popular novel."

* * * * *

To the Same.

Dear Mollie, the thermometer stands at 90, and this heat of U.S.A. (which we have entirely escaped by living abroad) adds to our despair, difficulties and longings—but we are together, and we have so much more than many have. . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

This, our joint Saint's Day, which so many of our friends remember as well as our real birthday, I shall also celebrate by writing this letter to you.

* * * * *

To the Same.

. . . The card you sent Clare was a happy choice—it was one of Fra Angelico's angels, and Clare's Aunt Connie used to send her beautiful copies of these "angelic angels," and introduced "little Clare" to them.

* * * * *

To the Same.

At last, after all these escapes, I fell a victim to that terrible influenza . . . and then came a cable that my dear old schoolmate, the "Josie Wheeler" of my Rockwell schoolday life, (Mrs. Coit) had died suddenly in Munich. We began our lives together, so to speak, Josie and I, and . . . we again renewed that childhood *clutch*. So after that last link to my girlhood snapped, I almost went also. Clare was a splendid nurse, and I had an excellent doctor . . .and slowly, poor old Clara Benedict recovered. But Mollie, I want to tell you how often during those weeks, I thought of you. I knew *then* how to give you the kind of sympathy I could not, from experience, give before, although I always thought I *did* give sympathy. When I tell you that Clare had never in all these years seen me ill in bed for more than two days, you can grasp how frantic she was, and how little preparation I had to face the awful influenza. I thought so often of you. "Poor, poor Mollie, how has she, all these years, been so brave?" I spent many of those nights in wondering how those many ill ones *lived? I* could do nothing but *groan*, and Clare felt (as she said afterwards) that my groan had a perfectly heart-breaking sound! Fortunately, from the first, the doctor pronounced me a "wonder" and gave Clare the highest praise as a "nurse," pronouncing *her* a "wonder," as she had never before had an atom of experience, and even if I did groan, he said he had never taken care of "so helpful, so sensible and so comprehending a patient." (I longed to ask if this was not his policy with every one of the sick and of the nurses? But as all went well, we like to think that it was *true!*

* * * * *

To Mrs. Gregory (1909-1922).

Your beautiful faithfulness to friendship is so rare that it ranks you in a class that has few members.

* * * * *

To the Same.

Truth to tell, so few people in this mad whirl care a button for all the "thrills" and "interests," we—Clare and I—have. You really care about the great ones of the past—so it is a pleasure to share our "thrills" with you and get a peep at your "thrills"—such as your Hardy ones, for instance...

* * * * *

To the Same.

Christmas is such a happy season where there are children. Even now, we keep up the hiding things away, and the "don't look in that drawer," etc. ...

* * * * *

To the Same.

I always feel much interest in engagements (that is, of other people's children!). It is always a moment that stirs up deep emotion for parents. The emotion of the son or daughter is just a simple, natural one of *self*, but at every wedding I have ever attended my whole interest has been with the mothers! I always looked at the mother—looking at the bride as a lovely flower—but the *mother*, I always felt, was *feeling* more than any one else...

* * * * *

To the Same.

I was so moved to learn that that dear "baby" of yours had gone. Since hearing from you, I have found myself thinking so much about you and your beautiful devotion to him. What a beautiful crown awaits you, my friend, for the cross you have carried all these years so bravely and uncomplainingly! How you must have *missed* all that unceasing care you had lavished upon him; even while rejoicing at his release. Did you ever see my sister's verses on "A

Homely Face Dead?"* She pictures what rewards of bliss must be given to those who, through no fault of theirs, are born different from others. And so your boy will be rewarded above the majority of other babies. . .

* ON A HOMELY WOMAN, DEAD.

And hast thou served the purpose of thy life,
Poor helpless clay, that many times did ask,
"Why was I born?" Not thine the daily task
Of direst Poverty that, with its strife
For bread, doth crush all faces to one mould
Of haggard care; nor thine the grace of age,
Which covereth all our lack with reverence
For silver hairs. No: in thy pilgrimage
Thou knewest always that all eyes did hold
Thee as a blot upon their loving sense
Of beauty: there was discord in the air
When *thou* passed by.
Thou couldst not ope thy mind,
Shed out a radiance, or compel the ear
To listen while the eye forgot; no kind
Relenting Fortune turned and gave thee wit
Or eloquence as compensation. Spare
And lean thy stores of pleasure through the years—
Some thanks, some small remembrance; thou didst sit
And gather thankfully a breath, a crumb
Of happiness thrown to thee, as the dumb
And patient dog doth wait. And if there came
One who professed to love thee, in thy shame
At thine own bitter sad deficiency,
Thou hatedst him for his dull mockery
Of love, when it was household need alone
That wanted thee. And if a kinder tone
Did sue, thou knewest, through thy hidden tears,
It was but pity, and thy pale cheek turned
Paler as thou saidst—no! Thy pulsing years,
That radiant should have been, have dimly burned
In their cramped darkened prison: couldst *thou* dream
Of love, of motherhood? Thou wouldst not take
The false for want of true, the gilt for gold,
The tinsel for the gem; so thou didst hold
Thy dreary life alone. And, for the sake
Of womanhood, thou wouldst not condescend
To things beneath thee; but didst ever seem
To walk with fixed endurance on thy brow
Through life, nor e'en look upward toward the end,
Lest thou shouldst lose the path that thou didst trace
In early years for all thy life.
O Face!
Poor homely Face, still, rigid, dead, and now
Soon to pass out forever from our sight
Beneath the sod, no more to vex the light,
Wert thou a mask? Then, oh! how fair must be
The face she weareth now, for wearing thee!

(*Harper's Bazaar.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

* * * * *

To the Same.

My niece who stands in the same direct descent from my great-grandfather, William Cooper (Fenimore Cooper's father, who built Pomeroy Place) as does Clare, took over the beloved house; it is now hers. So, as long as any now living exists, no stranger will ever live here. Then my niece, loving and knowing everything belonging to my father and mother and sister, would treasure everything I left in the old house, which made what is usually a "break-up" of the heart almost a pleasure. All our real treasures—82 large boxes—were beautifully packed and are now in storage in Switzerland, waiting our pleasure to make a "New Harbour," as we call it.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I heard a sermon I liked so much on Quinquagesima Sunday (Venice) I am too weatherbeaten a listener to like many sermons, but the simplicity of this, and the clergyman's earnestness reached me. He simply stated that he had two messages to give—one to those who did not keep Lent, and one to those who "thought they did." He began by giving *us* the first message (for I tell Clare that we move about so that we certainly do not keep Lent properly). In a life-like, "to-day—this-very-minute-manner" he told us: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"—it was not too late—we had one more opportunity, one more Lent! So real did this man make it all that I almost ran out of the church to see this "passing by," that I must see and follow! While *our* part of this message was being given to us, my all-observing eye had seen the satisfied expression on some of the faces of those who evidently thought they *did* keep Lent. But suddenly the clergyman hurled out *their* message of: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing"—His tone was so much more emphatic than his tone used to us, that those "satisfied" people who thought they *did* keep Lent, sat up in stiff astonishment. Nor did what followed grow less severe—he had given *us* a plank to cling to—those others seemed to have *nothing*. His sermon was short, directly to the point, and did us all good, I am sure. . .

* * * * *

To Mrs. Weber (1918-1922).

When I was younger I used to wish such lectures appealed to me. They always seemed to do people so much good, and gave them much happiness. There was a certain something that prevented me from obtaining anything. I am too practical, I think. I could never have told you the story of the friend of mine who fell under the spell of that pretty Mrs. Booth and she did much for him. He used to talk about her and to urge me to go "just once" with him to hear and see her. I tried to get out of it, but once, he begged me so hard that I consented. The gathering was a very large one, but everything seemed to drag—there was no enthusiasm. Mrs. Booth talked and the child waved a banner . . . but it all dragged. My poor friend whispered that he had never seen a meeting like this before. I whispered back: "It is because *I* am here!" (I meaning this as a joke.) But at last, Mrs. Booth, with her pretty face quite red, walked forward and said in a distinct, penetrating voice, that slightly trembled: "There is something the matter today. There is some powerful antagonistic element here." You can guess how my poor disappointed friend felt!

* * * * *

To the Same

When the blow came of hearing from the State Department passport officials that "unless on business" no one could go; we both went down under, and I came up with a miserable little pain in my poor thin back—this pain never left me, and a little pain that never stops soon assumes enormous size. Clare pitched things into trunks and we got out of the city, and wandered about for a week trying to pretend we "liked" the places the pain prevented our even being fair to. At last we called in a strange doctor, and he listened and banged and did all the examinations a strange doctor should do, and pronounced me "A No. 1."—wonderfully well (Oh, how this comforted Clare afterwards!). Then he began asking questions and when he heard of the passport matter, he said: "That's the trouble—I have had several such cases—disappointment and sorrow in sensitive natures cause a small pain to turn into an almost—impossible-to-stop big pain."

* * * * *

To the Same.

I used to have just such a book as yours, but as my life turned, I could not even glance at my girlish "joy verses." So I burned the book. . .

To the Same.

Repeating any story was looked upon in our family as a penitentiary crime. . .

* * * * *

To the Same.

My sister used to say: "All people of mind and heart must have a safety valve. The "talking" does help the "talker," if he or she has confidence in the "hearer," and the "hearer" gains comfort in feeling that he or she is trusted.

* * * * *

To the Same.

I like to have sympathy, but I never liked to be surrounded by people. Since I was very young, I never had a large circle. I would rather not meet any one when I go out who would greet me. I absolutely shirk nowadays loads of things, refusing to support many who always ask for support to whom I am not bound. I feel that all my strength must be given to Clare. You understand that I refer to those I call "outsiders."

* * * * *

To the Same.

Do you know Rosegger? We have been reading his most beautiful "The Forest Schoolmaster." One evening I came upon this: "At night, while below in the dark valley man rests from misery, dreams of misery, and strengthens himself for new misery."

* * * * *

To the Same.

"It is a sign of a vacant mind to complain of a rainy day." When I *first* heard this remark of Father's I was too young to grasp its meaning, but "vacant mind" sounded unpleasant, and as soon as I did understand, and in my desire not to have a "vacant mind," I formed the habit of reading and doing many things. Father used to say: "Now you are just beginning life, and I can tell you that wherever you live there will be rain, snow, fog and cold. Don't let that cloud you. Have things to do when it *does* rain and don't grumble!" Again, to quote my father: his motto was "Never give up," and I have adopted it, and to those who "never give up," compensations do come.

To the Same.

My Arabian Calendar gives me such beautiful verses. . . "If a man does not keep step with his companions, it may be that he hears a different drummer."

* * * * *

To Miss Victoria Gittings (1917-1922).

Although I have delayed answering your letter—being occupied with many things "I do not like to do"—yet we have not forgotten you, and, in a very pleasant kind of way, we have often spoken of you as "Elsa of Brabant," for in Clare's fine collection of summer books there was that—to us—very interesting "Personal Recollections of Wagner" by Angelo Neumann. As we read about the very first Lohengrin performances, we often pronounced your pretty "*nom de plume*," and I could fit you in beautifully to representing Elsa physically . . . how many charming Elsas it has been our happy lot to see and hear!

* * * * *

To the Same.

In our search for remote books of the past, we are rereading all kinds of "Memoirs" and "Letters," and we often stumble upon bits about libraries and books, and I say: "Why, what we have written in our books *may*—in the year 2018—be printed, and our 'remarks' may be cheered or hissed or laughed over, just as *we* are cheering, hissing and laughing over these!"

* * * * *

To the Same.

Just now we are reading Pushkin. The Russian writers have a way of alluding mysteriously to other Russian writers, and this starts us off to secure these others—indeed, a good part of our selections of unusual and out-of-print books comes from such information of "likes" and "dislikes" of other writers.

* * * * *

To the Same.

What do people *do* who do not care for books? When I said this last night to Clare for the 100,000th time, she answered: "And pictures and music and travelling and scenery." I began fighting her a little, upon which she took from her pile of books a volume of

Taine and, pointing out a certain chapter, asked me to read it aloud. The chapter was headed "Venetian Art." It was a splendid description of those wonderful Tintorettos at San Rocco, Venice, that we know and love like friends. Oh, how I felt! My voice shook and my eyes were dim with recollections and longings, and I said—as I dropped the book—"Oh, yes! *and* pictures—I give it up!"

* * * * *

To the Same.

Hotel Three Kings.
Basle, Switzerland.
December 5th, 1921.

My dear Elsa of Brabant,

A short letter of explanation goes with my Christmas card to you—explanations regarding the "Magic Christmas Rug," as Clare called her small gift to you. It began "all so easy to do," when we put together our materials. The letters we ordered and "stabbed" into soft red mud (so to speak), would not go in the shape they should; E's were upside down and R's all stood on their heads! But we then selected clean, nice places on our cards and kept at it until the letters *did* stand out well. Triumph! and both Benedicts happy! Then came the sticking with another mixture that we had been assured would easily stick cards to silk. After spoiling a quarter of a yard of silk, we gave it up. Then we sewed just the point of each card. Victory! All went well—Then to cover the stitches, out hurried Clare and secured these red decorations. "Oh, this is splendid!" we cried. But when we discovered all that we must do to make the picture card frame connect, we were dismayed. Then we began to commit all kinds of crimes, as you will see. We cut off cherubs and angels—the feet of Santa Claus, the *heads* of several saints, and whole sentences of greetings, but, dear Elsa, if you only laugh as much as we have, you will be as glad as we are. I do not know when we have had such "silly fun" as we have had over the mistakes! Clare said last night: "It's too late for us to make the whole Christmas Rug over again, and probably we should do several more dangerous things; besides, all our finest supply of cards is used up by this false 'stabbing.'" . . .

We are planning to post 50 packages to-morrow, hence my worse-than-ever-handwriting. . .

* * * * *

To Miss Hedwig Kosbab.

Oh, dear Tina, how you do help us! Just at the needed moment! One day it is the Vienna roll; another day it is your fine letter! To-day, my need of you took another aspect. I always worry when I am ill. What *would* Clare do were I *really* ill? Then in came your letter! All cleared in a flash: "Why, Tina would make a "hurry call," did Clare need her! I leaned back in my soft rocking chair and drank in each word of your excellent letter—your broad, sensible views of life—situations, private and public—you strike true...

May we both help you, Tina, as you help us!...

Oh, how many hundreds of times have we blessed the day we first knew Tina!*

* * * * *

To Frau Auguste Hermann (1922).

Constance.

August 25th.

I cannot (in a letter) tell you of the very great comfort your letter gave me. I felt and saw *at once* the *same Auguste!*

This awful war has so changed the vast majority of people in every country that I have often felt my daughter and myself were the only two who remained unchanged. As soon as I grasped all your letter told me, I just let that blessed promise you made that you would come to us "in case of need" sink into my heart. We are, thank God! not invalids, but *in case of illness* or need just to know you could be called upon and would come and aid us—made us both happy and content...

Now Auguste, I will to-day only write what is my *first* hope—to place clearly before you, your husband and son what I wish I *could* have this one winter, which would be to have *you* with us. I know it is asking much of you all..

* Since Tina died, we have felt that there was no one who could come in just that manner—friends surrounded us on all sides, but I think friends are usually only a care, for one must talk and entertain and worry as to whether they are comfortable.

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

Talk it all over and then let me know just what you think. You, Auguste, must consider also the question of whether you would be homesick for your home, your husband and son? If so, you must not do this, much as I want it, Homesickness is a terrible disease. I have felt it, and know and I should also be unhappy if I thought you were unhappy. . .

I wish to add that the terribly sudden death of the *one* person we could have called upon—as I am now calling you—one we knew would come—shook the ground from under our feet. Now, thinking of you, we stand firm again!*

Stuttgart.

September 5th.

You really cannot know how very glad I am to learn that you can and will come to us for those four winter months. I was so glad that I could not sleep! But to stay awake for reason of great pleasure is a very different matter from wakefulness from unhappiness, and I really enjoyed all my thoughts. We both feel very grateful to your husband and son for being willing to lend you to us for four months. You can assure them that we shall try to make you as comfortable as we always did before. We are *unchanged* in all but our age! I am considered *very* active. I walk and climb and see as well as I ever did. . . That miserable influenza robbed me of the hearing of *one* ear, but people declare that I hear more in the ear I have left, than other people do with both their ears! . . .

You will just walk in and begin again—just as you walked into our life that far-away-in-the-past, beautiful October day at Franzensbad. . .

* I had a dream about her when at Constance and that dream caused me to write her a letter. By return post, a letter came in Auguste's familiar handwriting. I sat some time with her letter in my hand; but her first sentence filled me with happy relief. She just stated two beautiful facts (so like her direct and satisfactory ways), "Dismiss from your mind, dear Mrs. Benedict, all worry; were you in any need and telegraphed, I should drop everything and go at once to your aid." And the next sentence was: "The beautiful years that I spent with you both have remained unforgotten."

From a Letter to Miss Mather.

I began my letter by saying how *very* glad I was—and I end it with repeating the same—just as you began and ended your letter that you were *so* happy to hear from us again.

Now I must stop as we are going to the opera to-night. This opera house is beautifully situated in this splendid park of horse-chestnut trees near a lovely lake with fountain in the centre. Were we to be in Germany this winter, my daughter would probably have gone every night to the opera or theatre, as she would have had you to go with her. But there will be plenty of things to do in Italy, and she is counting upon having you with her, and so am I.

Baden-Baden,

September 28th.

I so much enjoyed your letter of description regarding the arrival of the box! I really could almost *see* you, and I imagined I knew also how your husband and son looked. It was a very nice thought to drink our health in the coffee we sent!

Baden-Baden.

October 17th.

I had just packed a little box to send you when your very nice letter came. It really made us hungry to hear of the good things that you were cooking, and we both like to think you often talk about us!

We always travel with a little kettle for boiling water, and we usually bring cups and saucers and so, when it is stormy, or we do not feel like going out to some attractive tea place, we make our own tea. Now it will be so nice to have you take charge of all that for us and also to have a cup of tea yourself.

I want to tell you why I am sending you before Christmas a little Christmas present. I went into one of the shops the other day, and while I sat waiting for my little parcel, I saw something hanging up (the shop was full of all kinds of things hanging up—skirts, costumes, cloaks, etc.) that looked just like you. So I said: "There is something I see here that makes me feel I am looking at *Auguste herself*—now find it out?" My daughter looked upon this as a pleasant

game—she walked about and looked and *looked*, but saw nothing like you. But just as the clerk brought the package, she gave a little cry—and said: "Oh! I see what you mean—it's that blue and white flannel waist—it *does* look like Auguste" So on the sudden impulse I asked the girl to take it down and it ended in my buying it!... Have you grown stouter? You used to be very slender...

All you wrote much interested and satisfied us—every word—and from it I see that you, Auguste, yourself are not changed—which is a great comfort, for we also, in all the big and important matters are *un*changed. Of course, everybody who lived through this awful war *is* changed—the nerves, the heart, feelings—and the great privations have left their traces, which never (except to the very young who did not know enough to remember) will be entirely the effaced...

Basle.

November 15th.

All along I have felt almost sure you were not well, and now I hear you have the influenza! I write at once to tell you to remain in your bed and not to worry to get well quickly... One must dismiss worry and have pleasant thoughts if *possible* and above all, make no effort to get up. One foolish effort might spoil all your recovery... Oh! we are so sorry for you—it's a wretched trouble, one feels so blue... I know also how you will worry on our account—*we do not need you now*, but we shall need you for the winter. So do as I tell you. I am an excellent nurse! We shall hope, all the time that you are better each hour!... If you wish to please me, (as I *know* you do), do not make any effort. Do *not* worry. I know all about the wretched influenza!

Put this note under your pillow. My niece, when she had a really very alarming illness last winter; kept my letter (that she could not read for one month!) under her pillow, and would put her hand on it, and she declared that it cured her!!

Basle.

November 22nd.

We were *so* glad to have from you yourself the good news that you were well again. But after influenza, it is always safer to be very careful for a long time. . .

You need make no effort to pretend to be at all gay; you will often see me in tears, or as though I had been crying and it will only mean that the effects of the awful war never entirely leave us—and although I can walk and even run, and see and laugh, I cry very easily both for happiness and for painful recollections. But it does not last long.

We shall be so happy to see you again. I find myself looking forward to our winter as being a delightful one. We shall be all ready to welcome you on the 7th at 7—seven is a lucky number, you know!

BENEDICT NOTES.

The name is derived from the Latin—Benedictus, blessed, well spoken of. Though unknown as a proper name in the Latin, it is common, as such, in those languages of modern Europe which are derived from the Latin or are, from the prevalence of the Romish religion, sprinkled with Roman derivatives. Benedict, English and German; Benedek, Austrian; Benedetto, Italian; Benito, Spanish and Portuguese; Benoît, French; and many other derivative forms. It undoubtedly became a proper name from the ancient custom of adding to or substituting for a family name some striking characteristic or the name of some patron saint. This custom prevailed extensively in the Roman Church and does to this day. The members of religious houses usually take a new name on taking their vows, and the popes often take descriptive names, as Pius, Innocent, etc. Benedict is accordingly found in all those languages, first as the name of an ecclesiastic; and the known custom of giving to children the names of persons distinguished in religion would soon secularize the name.

The first who illustrated the name was St. Benedict, an Italian hermit of great holiness and austerity who, about the year 496 and afterwards, wrought miracles and was canonized. He built twelve monasteries and established the Order of the Benedictines, so famous all over Europe. The Order of St. Benedict has been one of the most illustrious in the Roman Church, being distinguished for the number of great men, saints, writers, men of learning, of piety and of high literary and moral culture and persons worthy to be elevated to the thrones of the churches which they have governed with great wisdom and probity.

Two hundred years ago, the Benedictine list reached forty popes, two hundred cardinals, fifty patriarchs, one hundred and sixteen archbishops, forty-six hundred bishops, four emperors, twelve empresses, forty-six kings, forty-one queens and twenty-six hundred canonized saints. No one can doubt that the high qualities of the Order have been preserved and perpetuated, if not improved, by their love for their patron saint and his excellent name.

Fourteen popes, scattered all along from the year 575 to 1740, have taken the name of Benedict on assuming the triple crown.

In England the name was made famous by a noble Saxon abbot in the year 628 and afterwards, who founded two monasteries and introduced great improvements in architecture and the polite arts. He, too, was canonized.

In Denmark, the prodigies of bravery performed by Benedict, the brother of Canute II. in defending the king, his brother, covered the name with honour. The list of eminent men who have borne the name in some of its forms in all Christian countries might be largely extended. . .

Erastus Cornelius Benedict (1870).

THE FIRST SETTLER.

Among those Englishmen who went into voluntary exile rather than endure the oppressions of Stuarts in the State and Lauds in the Church, was Thomas Benedict of Nottinghamshire. There is reason to suppose that his own remote ancestor had made England his refuge from religious persecution on the Continent. There was a tradition in his family that anciently they resided in the silk manufacturing district of France, and were of Latin origin, that Huguenot persecutions arising, they fled to Germany, and thence, by way of Holland to England. (There is a coat of arms with appropriate Benedict motto—*Benedictus qui patitur*—and statement that the family is of Silesian origin, bearing the titles of Count of the Banat and Baron of the Holy Roman Empire—the last German Count von Benedict having passed first to France, and then to England in the time of Edward VI.). It is said of Thomas Benedict that he was born in 1617, that he was an only son, that the name had been confined to only sons for more than a hundred years, and at the time he left England, he did not know of another living person of the name. His mother he had lost early, his father marrying for his second wife a widow, whose daughter, Mary Bridgum, came to New England in 1638 in the same vessel with Thomas, then in his twenty-first year. Soon after their arrival, they were married, and finding the society and institutions of Massachusetts Bay congenial, they resided in that colony for

a time. These facts in the history of Thomas Benedict are verified by the testimony of Mary Bridgum herself, who lived to the age of one hundred years, and in her lifetime communicated them to her grandson, James Benedict of Ridgefield, Connecticut, who recorded them in 1755...

The separate colonies which afterwards formed that of Connecticut, had been founded under auspices peculiarly hopeful... Thomas Benedict seems to have been so far attracted by the moral or material advantages of this promising region as to have removed within its rigorous jurisdiction, but he soon sought the opposite shore of Long Island... Mary Bridgum names Southold as his place of residence and birthplace of their five sons and four daughters... He must have attained prominence as a citizen, for we find that when Uncas, the celebrated Sachem of the Mohegans, complained to the commissioners... because the Mohansick Sachem of Long Island had killed some and bewitched others of Uncas's men, and even Uncas himself, that body, at Hartford, Sept. 5, 1650, referred the matter with large powers to the famous "Captaine Mason" and others, and to Thomas Benedict of Southold to be adjusted...

There are traces of his presence in Jamaica as early as 1662... March 20, 1663, he was appointed a magistrate by the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant, an honour, it is to be feared, which he never requited by loyalty to the Dutch Government. Sept. 1663, we find him with other inhabitants of towns on the west end of Long Island, petitioning the General Court of Connecticut to be what, in our day, would be termed annexed to that colony. He was, in fact, one of the bearers of this petition to the court at Hartford, November 3, 1663... He held the office of Commissioner when the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant surrendered New York and its dependencies to the English under Colonel Richard Nichols... Colonel Nichols... required two deputies to a "General Meeting" to be chosen from each town... The delegates from Jamaica were Daniel Denton and Thomas Benedict. This is thought to be the first English legislative body convened in New York... Honoured and to some extent trusted as he had been by both Dutch and English governors of New York, it is beyond controversy that his heart had always been with the government of Connecticut...

It is not improbable that after the supremacy of the English had been fully established in the west end of Long

Island, Thomas Benedict, and others of like principles, found themselves, socially at least, in a condition not unlike that of the Union men in the South after the Civil War, and could not but regard the Territory as an excellent one to migrate from. At this time he had a numerous family, one of his sons was married and settled near him, still he took to Norwalk with him all in whose veins his blood ran... He must have been a welcome addition to the society of Norwalk to cause its people to make such haste to elevate him to official station...

He was Town Clerk until 1674, and after an interval of three years, was again appointed... His terms of service as Selectman cover seventeen years. His name is one of the forty-two who comprised the list of Freemen in 1669. He was the representative of Norwalk in the General Assembly in 1670, and again in 1675... In May, 1684, the General Court appointed him and three others to plant a town "Above Norwalk or Fayrefeild at Paquiage." The parties most interested asked that their settlement might be named "Swanfeild," but in 1687, the General Court denied their request and called it Danbury.

Besides the service of these more conspicuous appointments, he rendered much to his friends in an un-official and neighbourly way. His good sense and general intelligence, some scientific knowledge and his skill as a penman, made him their recourse when papers were to be drafted, lands to be surveyed and apportioned, or disputes to be arbitrated. It is evident that very general respect for his judgment prevailed and that trust in his integrity was equally general and implicit. He seems to have been seldom or never without some employment of a public nature. Until his settlement at Norwalk, when he was nearly fifty years old, no one place appears to have held him long; and it is a remarkable thing that these changes of abode, each of which must have made him a newcomer, never prevented his immediate preferment, either in church or state affairs. That he was a man of enlarged views such as in this day are supposed to characterize statesmen, and that he had had the courage and energy to attempt to realize them is proved by his persistence in schemes designed to increase the power and expand the jurisdiction of the commonwealth he loved... His family participated in the Indian wars of the time and one was prominent perhaps in the most bloody struggle of all. His son Daniel in 1677,

received a grant of land from the town of Norwalk for his services in "the direful swamp fight" of December 19, 1675.

It is to be regretted that few or no details of the social or domestic life, no personal traits, no characteristic incidents of the First Settler and his wife have come down to us... The fruits of their culture and discipline under circumstances certainly not favourable, are conspicuous enough in the character and lives of their children and children's children; and proves him to have been a wise and prudent father, and her, a judicious and faithful mother. The love which united them at the beginning kept them united to the end, and his Will, probably one of the last acts of his life, is full of evidences of thoughtful affection for his wife; his great concern seeming to have been to secure her comfort when he should be able to provide for it no longer.

> I, Thomas Bennidick of Norwalk in ye County of Fairfield, in ye Colony of Conecticut, aged about 73 years, being weak of body, yet of perfect mind and memory, do make and declare this as my last Will and Testament.
>
> "I do commend my Soule into ye hands of my gracious God yt hath made it, and do give my body to ye Earth from whence it was, to be decently buried, in hope of a happy and gracious Resurrection at ye last day."

Compiled by Henry Marvin Benedict.

George A. Benedict, son of Amos Benedict (lawyer) and Ann Stone Benedict (of Litchfield, Ct.) who removed to Watertown, New York, descended in the fifth generation from Thomas Benedict, the First Settler. He married Sarah Rathbone of Brownville, New York, and removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was for many years editor and proprietor of the *Cleveland Herald*. "A life of honesty, uprightness and gentleness. All ranks and conditions who knew him—and no rank or condition but had some representative to whom his name was endeared by memory of past courtesy or kindness—furnished their quota of genuine mourners. The kindly heart that never knew a selfish throb is stilled; the hand that had a warm and close clasp for a trusted friend, and an open and generous palm for worthy need, lies cold and motionless... Day by day, we shall miss more and more the companionship which has enriched so many years, and often will our ear be set to listen for that familiar voice, whose honest heartiness has so many times thrilled us with new courage and strength."

George Stone Benedict (Kenyon College, Gambier), only son of George A. and Sarah Rathbone Benedict, after leaving the navy, and until his early and tragic death, was associated with his father in the *Cleveland Herald.* He married Clara Woolson, youngest daughter of Charles Jarvis and Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson, daughter—Clare Rathbone Benedict.

The following public and private tributes have been chosen out of many in the hope of giving a faint picture of George Stone Benedict.

"One of the kindest of gentlemen, the truest of friends, and the whitest of human souls, passed from this world when in the awful Hudson River catastrophe perished George S. Benedict. In personal character and private life, he had few equals among the young men of the day. His youth had been irreproachable; as a son, we believe, he had never caused his father an anxious thought or his mother a reproachful tear... Self-possessed, courteous in his demeanour to all, under all circumstances, he was, by every one who knew him, sincerely respected...."

"He needs no written eulogy. The friends of his boyhood and his ripening manhood are yearning for a presence so suddenly vanished and are holding in tenderness the memories of his spotless life."

"Self-contained, never giving way to hasty temper, of good judgment, modest in presenting his opinions, of spotless honour, and unswerving honesty, he presented a rare combination of virtues and a remarkable freedom from follies and vices."

"Every one who knew him at all intimately, knows how conciliatory, how even-tempered, how forbearing he was,—how willingly, out of the goodness of his generous heart, he gave to others more than their due, and claimed for himself less than his own... Never did he for a moment forget that gentleness, which is the truest type of the truest man, and that same sense of honour, that kindly feeling which made him the good husband, the good son, the dear companion and friend, governed him in his relations with men at large."

"With the fearful crash that brought death and desolation so near to us, when that young life went out, there perished one, who in his sphere had few peers and no superiors—

GEORGE STONE BENEDICT.

[*To face p.* 646]

a kindly, courteous gentleman. When he lived, we knew how he was respected, now that he is dead, we know how he was loved. Poor George, dear George—the gods, too, loved him, and he died, *Sic itur ad astra.*"

"As a companion and friend, he was remarkably accommodating, even to the surrendering of his own personal opinions and wishes, and quick to acknowledge efforts to please or serve him. Though somewhat reserved in his intercourse with strangers, he soon contracted and inspired friendship."

"Of irreproachable character, of generous instincts, of unusual talent and of most courteous bearing, Mr. Benedict had many friends who valued him highly for his exceptional qualities and who predicted for him a future of unusual brilliancy."

"George was a classmate of mine in college and his room was adjoining mine, so that I learned to know him better than he was known to many. A truer, more noble, manly gentleman never lived. As his wife, you know all this, but wives sometimes like to have their belief confirmed by the evidence of persons not so prejudiced. There are few men whose lives would so well bear the inspection of a wife at all times as would his, and you can only fully appreciate his honour, honesty and purity and candour when you know men as men know each other in this world of pretension and deceit."

"He was a manly, large-hearted, generous man, above anything small or mean, considerate of the feelings of others and willing to sacrifice himself for his friends. I cannot now realize the fact that he has gone... The whole thing seems a dream, horrid and unreal... There is apparently but one comforting thing in the loss itself and that is that probably George never knew any pain. The fire enveloped the car so suddenly that all within must have been suffocated immediately. In this thought there is comfort. A long, wasting illness is, after all, more full of suffering."

"It was my good fortune to know your son well, and I had noticed with great pleasure his career from the period of his college days. He was ever worthy his name, parents age and position in society. Who among all the living can estimate the number of minds that have been influenced, silently but surely for good, through his instrumentality?

The prevailing influence of his character and example will exhibit itself in the life of others with more enduring strength than the monuments of marble or tablets of brass which may be raised to his memory."

"Your son was my college mate and there I learned to admire him for his wonderfully developed character and to love him for his many mental and social gifts. We have all followed him with great pride through his service in the war and subsequent career in civil life, and hundreds of manly hearts who knew and loved George are bowed down in sorrow and sympathy."

"George was one of God's noblest creations, one of the *truest* men I ever knew! I mourn with love and regret that whole-souled, honourable, high-minded and lofty character that has been taken from us."

"I shall never forget his manly appearance when he told his mother that he had passed his examination to enter the Navy. In all the pride of young manhood he felt that he could answer to his country's call, and take his share in the glory. He has now answered a Higher Call."

"George was very lovingly remembered here, and the news of his death filled every heart with consternation. The members of his fraternity are wearing badges of mourning in respect to his memory, and we all feel that in him, Kenyon College has lost a firm friend."

"We cannot forget another memory of the departing year, although it brought us wild sorrow with its announcement of quick death by disaster of travel—not 'sudden death,' such as we pray daily God to avert—not the death which suddenly surprises a man unprepared—which is the meaning of the clause in the Litany—and which may be a death of slow sickness as well as by quick violence. It was not this which befell the beautiful youth, who had grown up among us and whose early manhood was daily learning more of love to men and duty to God and interest in His Kingdom. It was the departure of a serenely peaceful nature, which God had moulded and prepared by cherished influences.

"How pleasant are Thy paths, O Death,
Straight to our Father's Home.
All loss were gain that gained us this."

Rev. Frederick Brooks.

IN MEMORIAM.

G. S. B.

Gone! But we could not understand,
When broken voices said
That he was gone—we could not feel
That George, our George, was dead,
Until they brought him home, his hands crossed on his breast,
The kindly grey eyes closed, the noble heart at rest.

Home! He was hastening home, but in
One heart-beat, one quick breath,
One prayer, there met him, face to face,
The fiery form of Death
And caught his soul away. What wonder if we cried,
"Lord! If Thou hadst been there, our brother had not died!"

So young, so beautiful, so strong,
So dearly, deeply prized;
So needed, trusted, leaned-upon,
So loved, so idolized—
Why was he called away, while we of little worth,
The useless and the weak, live on to cumber earth?

How can we spare thee, George? How live
Through the long dreary hours
Without thee? As the cold white snow
Came down upon the flowers
We buried in thy grave, so cold grief over all
Our hearts and homes and lives came down—an icy pall.

There is no comfort earth can give,
No consolation. None
Can hope for more than faith to say,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.
Help us to bear our part, as he did, in the strife—
Help us to follow after his pure, unselfish life.

Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
When there are no more fears
Of parting, when the Lord Himself
Shall wipe away our tears,
When the grave gives up its dead, when Death is overcome,
George will be first to meet us, and bid us welcome home.

(*The Churchman.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

PLUM'S PICTURE.

Red-golden hair with flossy wave,
Two blue eyes filled with wonder grave,
Cheeks tinted with rose-bloom,
Sweet coral mouth pursed up in awe,
For many fairy things she saw
Up in the artist's room;
From out the simple little dress
Bare in their baby loveliness,
Two rounded shoulders come,—
Two dimpled hands, so soft and fair,
Holding the flowers with folded care,
And there you have our Plum.

O, darling Plum, your three short years,
Have held a charm to dry the tears
Of many mourning hearts,—
When dark the life, and deep the grief,
No words, no help, bring the relief
That baby-love imparts;
And, looking in your sunbeam face,
Watching your ways, your winsome grace,
Your little pleasures glad,—
Hearing your questions, baby-wise,
Your rippling talk, your gay surprise,
Who, who, can long be sad?

Dear little Plum, we love to trace
Your likeness to another face,
A something hov'ring o'er
Your baby features, which recalls
A portrait hanging on our walls,
And brings him back once more;
Back to our life, as, in your eyes
We see the father's likeness rise,
His bright expression come,—
And of all loves our hearts confer,
We love you best because you were
His darling little Plum.

Constance Fenimôre Woolson.

"PLUM'S PICTURE."

[*To face p.* 650]

CLARA WOOLSON BENEDICT AS A BRIDE.

[*To face p.* 651]

IDEAL.

(The artist speaks).

Ideal, are they? Nay, they're true
To very life. The tints, the flower-like grace,
The swaying form, the poise of head sublime,
The rapt expression of the dreaming face,
Are hers; I've seen her look so, many a time.
You've not? so much the worse for you.

And his; throw the light on that side,
His own bright look just when about to speak,—
A half-smile on the lips, the young man's joy
In life, and strength, and youth; 'twere vain to seek
To make him handsome as he was, poor boy!
Too young? But thirty when he died.

Why, blind man, what would you advise?
Shall we paint in the cares that come and go,
The pain with which this sickly world is curst,
The little ills that hover to and fro,—
Take every face and paint it at its worst?
It's truth, say you? Half-truths are lies.

Each face has clear identity;
And down beneath the dust and stains of earth,
The lines and scars with which it seems o'ergrown,
It shines as God intended at its birth,
As it will shine before the great white throne
When we are in eternity.

Sometimes we see this soul-face shine
From out the mask which mortals here must wear,
When youth counts back but few bright years of life;
Sometimes when aged eyes, grow dim with care,
Count forward but few years to end the strife,
We catch the ideal light divine.

Let us paint, then, the ideal,—
Our God's ideal of us at our best;
Paint it in heavenly hues, and fix it fast
With prayer and earnest love within our breast;
Strive hourly to grow like it, till, at last,
The ideal shall become the real.

(*The Atlantic Monthly*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

APPENDIX II.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(FIFTH VOICE).

THE following letters from J. Fenimore Cooper, here published for the first time, present some notable features. The business note, addressed to Robert Campbell, Esq., in which Cooper informs his correspondent of his legal change of name, is said to be the first in which he signed himself as J. Fenimore Cooper. The second letter written to his niece, Mrs. Woolson, after the loss in three weeks of her three little girls, is full of wise and tender sympathy, and Cooper's views or conjectures as to the future state will be read with interest. The third letter addressed to his sister, Mrs. Pomeroy, contains sagacious advice regarding family quarrels, and the fourth letter written three months later to his niece, Mrs. Woolson, gives a charming picture of Mr. and Mrs. Fenimore Cooper in their garden, as well as a graceful and affectionate tribute to Judge Cooper. Perhaps the most interesting part of the letter, however, is that in which the great author analyses the state of the public mind in the turbulent year of grace, 1848. Cooper's predictions nearly always came true, and his absolute fearlessness in a country which was at all times dominated by a powerful press, was as admirable as it was rare.

I.

J. Fenimore Cooper to
Robert Campbell.

Dear Sir,

Since I wrote you last, I have found it greatly to my interest to go to Europe for a short time.

In order to arrange my business, I have made certain contracts with Messrs. Cary and Lea* of Philadelphia. These contracts I shall leave in the hands of Mr. Luther Bradish of New York.

I was in hopes of receiving my papers before the time that I have appointed for sailing, which will be the first of next month. . . .

* Cooper's publishers.

In order that you may know *who I am*, I will just add that my name was altered by a law of the State from James Cooper to

J. Fenimore Cooper.

New York, *May* 18*th*, 1826.

II.

To his Niece,

Mrs. Charles Jarvis Woolson (Hannah Cooper Pomeroy).

Hall, Cooperstown,

April, 19*th*.

My dear Hannah,

Affliction like that with which you have been visited can only find full consolation from the Power that has inflicted the blow, but it is always consolatory to know that we have the sympathy of our friends in our sorrow. We have all felt for you, and your aunt and myself so much the more from having seen two dear little children taken from ourselves. Then your sweet little Annie had made friends of us all, and I was so much a favourite with her, that she paid me frequent visits. Of all my young kinspeople she had met my advances with the most frankness, and her quiet affectionate little ways are often present to my mind when I recall your loss. Of the other two I knew less; indeed, one I think I could never have seen, but they were all equally dear to you, and we mourn with you for the loss of all.

This world and this life of ours, about which we feel so much solicitude, my child, are singular mysteries, but there can be no doubt that they lead to a purer state of being. It would be presumptuous to pretend to define the punishment or to describe the happiness of the future state of existence, but it has always struck me as the most rational view to consider the first as the regrets of a spirit, at once released from the incumbrances of its material weight, keenly alive to the force of moral truth and loathing its own previous errors, and if such should be the case, how transient must be the sorrow of your little ones! I think it is Hannah More who conjectures that punishment is sorrow for opportunities neglected, and you, at least, have the consolation of knowing that no sorrow of this nature can be very deep with those you have lost.

I have seen your letter to your mother, and know that the feelings you describe are so natural as to be common. You hear the voices of your children, witness their playfulness or suffer a pang at their fancied entreaties, but you cannot know what they see and feel at the same instant. It is possible that your resignation may be a source of delight to them, and a pledge of a future meeting.

You will do well to come here this summer. Native air, and the bracing climate of our hills will be useful to you, and while you will be just as near the spirits of the little ones here as there, you will be more likely to see them as spirits, than when surrounded by objects familiarly connected with their brief lives. By the change you can lose nothing that will be useful, and may avoid much that will be painful. Your friends will prove to you how much they feel for your privations, which are in some degree theirs, and the family tie will be strengthened by the sympathy you will meet. . . .

Adieu, my dear child, and believe me,

Very affectionately, your uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

I do not mention Mr. Woolson, as I understand he will be here before you get this letter. Remember me to Georgiana and Emma*. I shall be glad to see the Romping Granite† again, and she will step at once into all her old privileges at the Hall.

Mrs. Woolson,

Claremont,‡

New Hampshire.

* The two elder daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Woolson.

† A pet name for Georgiana Woolson.

‡ Clara Woolson Benedict's account of her visit to Claremont, New Hampshire in the summer of 1915. (From a Letter to Miss May Harris).

I have told you, I think, of how Mother went, a happy radiant bride, from our (now) dear Pomeroy Place, with Father to Claremont, New Hampshire. There they lived—coming back in the summers with Baby No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5—until the terrible blow fell upon them. *In three weeks* of scarlet fever, died No. 3, Ann Cooper Woolson, No. 4, Gertrude Elisabeth Woolson, and No. 5, Julia Campbell Woolson—and Mother

with the baby, Constance Fenimore Woolson, only a few days old! Mother nearly lost her reason, and poor Father was told to take her away and he literally lifted Mother into the carriage and drove on and on . . . The change of air, and the fatigue, gave her back some of her health, but not her spirit . . . Father often told us children that a 'something' went out of her that week, that was lost forever . . . so that we children did not know what Mother had really been except for a beautiful portrait which Father had had painted of her.

Good aunts took care of Georgiana (afterwards Mrs. Mather) and Emma (Mrs. Carter). But Father kept on and on. . . . When they reached Cleveland, Ohio,—which in those days was justly called 'The Forest City'—Mother expressed her first wish: 'I like this place . . . Let's stop travelling and stay;' and they did. . . . Father, with the wonderful pluck and determination of his nature, began life *all over again*, started a new business—and succeeded, and that is the reason we lived West . . . Mother never could talk about those days; but I knew of those little sisters buried at Claremont before I was born, and at last, this summer, I got there! I had absolutely nothing to guide me . . . I did not know in which of the three old cemeteries the Woolsons had their lot . . . I did not know the house or street, even, where they had lived . . . But we have travelled enough to know how to search. . . . There was one nicely kept old cemetery (in which no more burials were allowed) in town by the church and we thought that would be the most likely one. But when I interviewed the old man in charge, he said no record had been kept of the burials! So we divided up in sections this old graveyard; Clare going one side, and I the other, and we strained our eyes to read the names on every stone . . . An hour passed without success; then Clare gave a cry—she had found her 'baby' aunts! And to our joy, . . . the stones were in good order; names plainly to be read . . . It was such a relief . . . I had grown to dread what I *might* find. So we went to a florist, got lovely flowers, and returned and covered the graves with them. . .

Our hotel looked out upon the very street where Father and Mother had lived, and our nights there were bright, moonlight ones. I could not sleep . . . But I did not want to; I looked out and thought over *everything*, and imagined I saw Father and Mother walking under the still beautiful old trees . . . It was all so satisfactory and happy . . .

III.

To his Sister, Mrs. Pomeroy.

Hall, Cooperstown,

March 1st, 1848.

My dear Nancy,

Your letter reached me last evening. . . . We are all well, though the smallpox is in the village—not badly, but enough so to make a great noise. The doctors have been round vaccinating and, I hear, find that nearly half the people have not been vaccinated.

There has been a good deal of gaiety lately, though Susan and I stay at home. I have not been in a house in the village, out of my own connection, this winter. We play chess every night, and my wife has got to be so skilled as to give me ignominious defeats almost every night.

From what H.—P.—tells me, the difficulty with B.—is arranged. I think you had better keep on good terms with that family, quarrels among connections being bad things. A little forbearance usually brings matters round and there is no saying more true than that "blood is thicker than water." Perhaps B.— had some reason for what he did, as regards P.—and did not like to broach the matter to you. Indeed had he spoken of the tax sale before the time for redemption was passed, it might have defeated his purpose altogether.

We were all much pleased with your grand-daughter.* She is quite clever, and far from unpleasing to the eye. In person she will be rather striking, and her face, if not positively handsome, will be agreeable. We all liked her, and there is a spice of sincerity among us that goes even farther than good breeding, and I presume that she soon felt she was a favourite, and that was the chief cause of her finding the visit so agreeable. As Caroline wishes to write to you I must conclude, with regards to Pomeroy.

Yours very affectionately

J. Fenimore Cooper.

* *Vide* p. 657.

Cooperstown. . . .

* When your Mother was here, she told me you wished much to obtain some relic in the shape of an autograph of her Uncle Fenimore. In looking over some family letters, I found one which I think may meet your wishes as it has the advantage of containing on one side a short letter also from your cousin, author of "Rural Hours". Of course, your Uncle Fenimore's letter contains allusions to family matters, as all his letters to me naturally do; but I think the one now sent can create *no disturbance*, for one of the parties is gone, the other probably will not long survive, and the matter commented upon between Messrs. B— and P— will not be understood by any but those immediately interested. I rely upon your prudence, Constance.

I think Uncle Fenimore's letter will interest your Mother from what he says of your Sister Georgiana, it was in answer to a remark of mine that she was not as handsome as her sister Emma.

Mrs. George Pomeroy to her Granddaughter,
Constance Fenimore Woolson.

IV.

To his Niece, Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

Hall, Cooperstown,
June 1st, 1848.

My dear Hannah,

. . . We have a fine season. The annual June frost visited us last Wednesday, but did very little harm. I am mowing my lawns, and your aunt, besides having made near a hundred weight of butter (at the farm), has lots of geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens. I am through planting of all sorts, and we now wait to see what the summer will do for us. Your aunt and I have just come in from the garden, where everything looks fully a fortnight earlier than common. The cold weather is quite gone, and now we hope for good honest summer weather. We have melons in blossom; cucumbers nearly so, and peas fairly out, tomatoes well in bud. As for lettuce, radishes, peppergrass, spinach, and asparagus, we have been exercising our teeth on *them* nearly a month—the last, fully three weeks. . . .

Your daughter has now been enough with us to feel at home here, and I hope she may often favour us with her company. I have great pleasure in seeing any descendant of my father in this house, for I think it would have given him pleasure to know that his posterity meet in this spot, where I should think they must be induced to think of its founder. I have embellished a little, but he founded the place, and it is the *first* man who becomes identified with anything of this sort.

I have had a good deal of difficulty in keeping possession, there being a very strong disposition in this country to make common property of anything that takes the fancy of the public. I suppose one half of this village would gladly pull down this house, because they cannot walk through the hall whenever it suits them; but I am firm, and they begin to feel that what is my property is not theirs. This feeling is what is giving so much trouble in France just now, and which will, ere many years, drive that country into excesses that will bring it back to force. I do not mean the corrected feeling which exists here, but that which did exist before it was met. It is amazing how many crudities circulate in this country for want of being snubbed. The press is as cowardly as it is insolent; exactly as it bullies individuals, it succumbs to numbers. The consequence is that the people rarely hear any truth about themselves. . . .

Adieu—My regards to yours, and much love from all around me. Your affec. Uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

Mrs. C. J. Woolson
or Woolston.

The following appreciations of Cooper are by his grandnephew, his grandniece, and his great grandniece. G. Pomeroy Keese's picture of Otsego Hall in Cooper's day is valuable as the description of an eye witness. In "The Haunted Lake" (1871), Constance Fenimore Woolson tells Cooper's story with sympathy, discretion and fine literary insight. "The House Speaks" (1907) is a little fantasy supposed to embody the sentiments of the "House" (Pomeroy Place, Cooperstown) towards Cooper—these sentiments being communicated at midnight to the contiguous "Tree" (Norway Spruce), like the House, a contemporary of the novelist.

OTSEGO HALL

AND

FENIMORE COOPER.

IN connection with Otsego Hall at the time of its purchase by Mr. Fenimore Cooper and his subsequent occupancy, some facts not generally known may prove interesting. It was bought by him in 1834, shortly after his return from Europe. Unoccupied at the time and fast falling into decay, he found much to repair. The house as built by Judge Cooper was a simple parallelogram, roomy and comfortable within, but with little pretention to exterior beauty. Mr. Fenimore Cooper transformed it to a picturesque country seat, having English models in view, but unfortunately forgetful of the rigours of an Otsego winter climate; as a consequence, snow on the battlemented roof was a constant source of annoyance, and leaks were frequent. The house at this time, however, was a most respectable and comfortable family home, made more so by the interesting inmates. As an instance, a fanciful designation was given to the four large bedrooms, two facing north and two south, the former being known as Siberia and Greenland, and the latter as Florida and Italy. The family horse was dubbed "Pumpkin," from the fact that his first labour was drawing a load of pumpkins for the food of Seraphina, the cow.

Mr. Cooper was a man of methodical habits and uniformly industrious. He wrote many of his later works in Otsego Hall during the last sixteen years of his life. Frequently he could be seen in the dusk of the evening promenading the great hall and mentally working up the material which he committed to paper the next morning. He wrote an hour before breakfast and up to eleven o'clock afterward. Then Pumpkin, before a yellow buggy, was brought to the door and Mr. Cooper drove up to the Chalet, his rugged farm on the eastern side of the lake. Here several hours of exercise gave him his recreation for the day, when he returned to a three o'clock dinner. The later afternoon and evening were given to visiting and social intercourse, often to a game of chess with Mrs. Cooper. He never smoked and, while taking his

glass of wine at dinner, rarely indulged in stimulants at other times unless brewing a bowl of punch for some festive occasion. He was very fond of picnic excursions on the lake, generally to Three-Mile Point. On these occasions the main feature was a chowder, which Mr. Cooper compounded himself with great gusto.

G. POMEROY KEESE.

* The family of Pomeroy takes its origin from "La Pommeraye," a picturesque hamlet near Point d' Orrilly on the Orne. The ancestors of the family in England went over with William the Conqueror, and received for their services sixty manors in Devonshire, amongst which was that of Berry Pomeroy where the castle of their residence was fixed. All of the name of Pomeroy in England or the United States can trace their genealogy to Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, a favourite knight of William of Normandy, whom he accompanied to England. Besides the sixty manors in Devonshire, William granted him manors in Somersetshire.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, Devon, originally built in the Norman times, was not effectually dismantled until the Civil War in the reign of Charles I. Situated in a most romantic district . . . these ruins have peculiar charms both for the artist of taste and the amateur of rich natural scenery. Berry Castle was erected by Ralph de Pomeroi or as written in latter ages—Pomeroy. The distinguished military pre-eminence which this family long maintained in the West of England has associated their name with the romantic annals of Devon and Cornwall—and many a legend, "wild, drear and poetical," is connected with the ivied walls and mouldering relics of this proud abode. On the gateway in front may yet be traced the arms of Pomeroy.

The Pomeroys were allied by marriage to the Earls of Cornwall, the Raleighs, the Edgecumbes, and enjoyed the privileges and dignity of peers of the realm. Their descendants continued to reside at the castle till the time of Edward VI., when, on the attainder of Sir Thomas de Pomeroy, who was implicated in the rebellion of 1549, it was transferred to the Seymour family.

The estate in Normandy produced an apple of which the King was very fond and the surname "Pomeroy" was taken from that fact. The characteristic traits of the original family were "true courage, an unconquerable spirit of perseverance and an ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty."

In the reign of Charles II., Rev. Arthur Pomeroy of Cambridge University went to Ireland as Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex and obtained the deanery of Cork. He remained in Ireland and his grandson, Arthur Pomeroy was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in 1783 by the title of Baron Harberton of Castle Carberry, advanced to Viscount in 1791.

Pomeroy Arms.

Or, a lion rampant, gules, holding in the dexter paw an apple p.p.r. within a bordure, engrailed sable.

Crest, a lion rampant, gules, holding an apple p.p.r.

Motto.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes.

Baron Ashtoun, the Duke of Wellington, Baron Clancarty and Viscount Harberton all have the same motto and all these families are connected.

From Pomeroy Notes, compiled by Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson. (*"Voices out of the Past."*)

THE HAUNTED LAKE.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

(Harper's Magazine).

UP in the hill country of New York, far from cities, sequestered in its little valley, fed by crystal springs in its secret depths, lies the Haunted Lake—smiling, sparkling, shimmering, shining under the clear heaven. . . . The trees sweep down the eastern side in almost unbroken columns, beeches and maples crowding together near the water, while higher up, the dark pines close over the carpeted aisles below.

At the foot of Mount Vision, a little river leaves the lake, and steals away under shady banks between broad meadows, gradually gathering strength from every hill-side brook as it rolls onward toward the south—until, its journey ended, the mighty Susquehanna, born in the Haunted Lake . . . meets the salt-water where the ocean thrusts up into the land the long arm of the Chesapeake Bay. . . .

The little lake, in its secluded beauty, has escaped the prosaic touch of modern improvement; the shores are wild and wooded, the Sleeping Lion at the head being covered with as dense a forest as the first pioneer beheld a century and a half ago. Happily forgotten in its hiding place among the mountains, the Haunted Lake is consecrated to memories of the past. The air is filled with an unseen presence. A master mind has hallowed the scene; and as we linger on the pebbly beach, the echoes seem to repeat his name over our heads, and the waters to murmur it at our feet—a name familiar to many nations and languages, but nowhere so appropriately and so affectionately recalled as upon the shores of Otsego Lake.

James Fenimore Cooper has left us, but the magic of his genius lingers around the lake he so lovingly described. Its points and bays are haunted, and its forests are peopled with wraiths and shades. A listener under the trees on a dreamy summer day will hear the low musical laugh of Wah-ta-wah, the gentle Indian maiden, and catch a glimpse of the young

chieftain, her lover, in the distance through the forest arches. Sometimes at dusk, the camp fires of the Iroquois gleam from the gravelly points of the eastern shore; and off Hyde Bay, where the rushes wave on the shoal, the dim outline of Muskrat Castle can be traced; and the faint strains of an old-time hymn are heard—strangely sweet over the water—the even-song of innocent Hetty at her mother's grave. On a moonlight night, the solitary oarsman is startled by the flapping of unseen canvas, and, silently appearing from the realm of nowhere, the ark glides slowly into view, old Hutter at the helm, and the gigantic form of Harry Hurry lounging in the doorway. Attempt to approach the spirit bark and it vanishes in the haze, with a stentorian laugh from Harry Hurry ringing over the water, and echoed back and forth from mountain to mountain until the whole group around the Haunted Lake seem nodding and shaking their sides in weird merriment.

But dearer than all in his gentle simplicity, honest-hearted Natty, the greatest creation of Cooper's pen, haunts the lake and woods around, hunting the deer with dog and gun, the kindliest spirit of the band. Sometimes, as the Deerslayer, he is seen near the Fairy Spring, his grave, youthful face unmoved by the beauty of Judith Hutter, that alluring Lady of the Lake, whose dark eyes fascinate us from the written page and make us wonder at the severity of this forest Galahad. Then as Leatherstocking, the mighty hunter, advanced in years, but honest-hearted still, he is sometimes visible coming down from the cave that bears his name, gliding in his canoe across Blackbird Bay, or crossing the Vision in haste to rescue from the panther's cruel claws the fair form of Elizabeth Temple. The distant prairie where the Leatherstocking finally disappears from our sight, is torn up by the steam-plow and locomotive; the old trapper with his white hairs and trembling steps has returned to the Haunted Lake; and at early dawn his bowed figure appears at rare intervals standing on Otsego Rock, shading his eyes from the rising sun, and gazing over the Glimmerglass, the scene of his youthful exploits, with earnest interest. Dear old Natty, faithful, kindly wraith, the memory of thy character and deeds will haunt the valley long after the very names of its real men and women are forgotten—save only the name of the man who gave them to the world, the man whose grave is fitly made near the shores of the Haunted Lake.

James Fenimore Cooper was . . . brought in early childhood to the source of the Susquehanna, where the manor-house with a few log buildings around it, stood in a little clearing on the lake shore; his first impressions of life and the world were derived from the unbroken forests, the rude homes of the settlers, the hunters and trappers who roamed through the wilderness in lawless freedom, and the scattered remnants of once powerful Indian tribes that still lingered around Lake Otsego. An impulsive, healthy boy, he enjoyed the companionship of the various odd characters who belong only to the early phases of pioneer life, learning from them to hunt, sail and fish, and detecting their peculiarities with that keen observation which is an invariable characteristic of the ready writer. . . . Mr. Cooper's most brilliant tales are founded upon two phases of actual experience—his boyhood in the little settlement on Otsego Lake, and his six years at sea, part of the time a sailor before the mast. From his own memory he reproduced those scenes of frontier life, which even now seem remote and strange, possessing as they do, a peculiar charm which many have felt without understanding that the secret lies in their literal truth—far more fascinating, could we but know it, than the wildest flights of fancy.

Having spent three years at Yale College, young Cooper went to sea, and after making two voyages to England and Spain, entered the navy as midshipman and soon attained a lieutenancy. From these years of sailor life, he drew all the sea-stories which have rendered his name famous, and given him the highest place among nautical writers. . . . He delighted in the beauty of a fine ship as a lover delights in the beauty of his mistress, and in his descriptions he mingled a warm enthusiasm with a practical knowledge of the subject. Each rope and sail were familiar to his hand, and his pages exhale the genuine odour of the salt-water as the vessel glides over the white-caps, a real ship, and a real ocean, although bound in the covers of a book.

Resigning his position in the navy, Mr. Cooper at the age of twenty-two, married Miss Susan De Lancey, sister of the Bishop of Western New York. . . . Among the sad heart-histories which the biographies of men of genius are almost sure to reveal, the charming love-story of Fenimore Cooper and his wife shines out with a pure radiance. Mrs. Cooper was retiring and feminine in every movement, word and action. Her strong, impetuous husband—massive and vigorous

in frame, decided and independent in action—yielded to her a chivalrous devotion most beautiful and rare. . . . Although children grew up around them, although the hospitable mansion was often filled with distinguished and delightful guests, although time passed and they grew old, the husband and wife never sank into the mere father and mother, but to the last they cherished for each other that fresh affection which is so seldom seen after the bloom of youth and the charm of novelty have passed away. . . .

In 1821, Mr. Cooper published "The Spy," which was immediately and brilliantly successful, being the first spirited story of our Revolution, and thus opening a new era in American literature. "The Spy" has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and even crossed the border into Asia, a Persian version having appeared in 1847 at Ispahan.

From 1821 until his death . . . Mr. Cooper published no less than thirty-nine volumes . . . an amount of mental and physical labour which justly entitles him to be called a hard-working man; for although he sometimes employed his daughters as amanuenses, still the work of composing and preparing even one book for the press is arduous, as any doubter will find if he tries it. During this time he resided for eight years in New York City, a favourite member of the literary society there gathered, numbering in its circle such men as Washington Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Bancroft, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis, Chancellor Kent the jurist, Jarvis the painter, Verplanck, and Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. After this, Mr. Cooper sailed with his family for Europe, spending seven years abroad; but amidst all the pleasures and excitements of foreign travel, his industry never relaxed; and during this period he wrote no less than nine volumes, among them the "Red Rover" and the "Water Witch," two brilliant sea-stories, the "Bravo," which gained a high reputation abroad and that powerful picture of border life called the "Prairie". . . .

Returning to America, he made his permanent home in Cooperstown, where . . . he spent the remainder of his life in the old manor-house known as the Hall, built by his father, Judge Cooper, in 1796, and improved and altered into one of the most charming and comfortable old-fashioned houses in the country. In the seventeen years of his residence at Cooperstown, Mr. Cooper published twenty-four volumes, among

them the "Pathfinder," the "Deerslayer," and "Wing-and-Wing." In the two first-named, the youthful life of Leatherstocking is described, and his peculiar character carefully developed with skilful touches, until he stands forth in clear proportions, the most original creation in American literature. In the "Deerslayer," the scene is laid on Otsego Lake and the lovely story has thrown a fascination over the blue waters which will last for centuries. It stands alone among its companion volumes, a charming idyll of the woods . . . the most romantic and mysterious of all Cooper's productions, which generally deal with the broad light of practical reality. . . . "Wing-and-Wing" is a prose poem of the sea; the interest centres around the graceful little Feu-Follet, a very fairy vessel, coming down, wing and wing, before the lightest zephyr, and driving the baffled Englishmen wild with its mysterious speed. Although not so widely known as the "Pilot," it is a peculiarly charming sea-story. As an evidence of his popularity abroad, it may be mentioned that in Holland alone, there are three different translations of his novels into three different dialects of the country.

In recalling the number of volumes that the author's pen produced, it might naturally be supposed that his whole time was devoted to writing; but instead of this, he had many other occupations. Rising early in the morning, he generally accomplished all his writing before breakfast, which took place at nine, devoting the hours in the middle of the day to his mountain farm, the Chalet, where he found out-door recreation in an obstinate contest with the stony soil; he being determined that the crops should grow, and the mountain being determined that they should not; it is said that the mountain won the day, since during all the years of the contest, the farm only paid its expenses once! The relaxation obtained in this way, however, was heartily enjoyed by Mr. Cooper; and no doubt this constant communion with nature and this vigorous open-air exercise contributed to preserve the healthy, manly tone so conspicuous in his writings. . . .

The library at the Hall, Mr. Cooper's favourite retreat, was a large room wainscoted in oak, with a south-western exposure. Here were gathered a fine collection of books, souvenirs of travel, a large number of autographs, and notes from distinguished foreigners, as well as the author's writing-table of walnut—an ancient heirloom brought from the East

and called "Rancocus." . . . In this room Mr. Cooper used to write; but when anything amused him, he would seek the hall—which was used as a sitting room, and gave the name to the house—and read the passage aloud; for he was of a social nature, and in all that he did he loved to have his family with him. Late in the afternoon he would begin walking up and down the hall with his hands behind him, apparently thinking out his next chapters, and now and then nodding his head emphatically at the successful completion of some silent train of thought; so that, no doubt, this twilight hour was the real working time of the day, when the brain drew the outlines which the hand was to fill out the next morning. . . .*

Cooperstown itself is a pretty village . . . but all the charm of the locality lies in its associations with Cooper, and it is the power of his magic pen which renders the valley and lake so fascinating. Shine on, then, forever, O Haunted Lake, with all thy associations and memories! It is pleasant to think that long after this hand is cold in death thy blue waters will still be admired and loved not only for their beauty, but for the sake of James Fenimore Cooper.

*You will be anxious to hear about my dear Father's health. When I returned from Buffalo, I was quite shocked at the change which two months had made. . . . I think it is at least two years since the first beginnings of this attack; he suffered at that time with acute pains in his feet and legs, which his physicians told him were neuralgic. . . . After a while they passed away, but from that time he had some little ailment or other until last winter . . . when he was taken with his present attack. . . . My dear Father drives out every day, and writes also regularly, or rather, dictates to Charlotte,† for it makes him nervous and wearies him to do the manual part of the task himself. He walks much in the Hall, sometimes as many turns as make three miles in one day. Our dear mother's health has been better than usual this last year and she devotes herself to nursing and amusing our dear patient—being always engaged with him some way or other. . . .

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper to Mrs. Pomeroy (*July 1st*, 1851) (*From "Voices out of the Past," Eleventh Voice*).

†The most charming family of all are the Fenimore Coopers, who live together in a cottage by the riverside, Miss Susan F. Cooper, who devotes her whole time to benevolent undertakings; Miss Charlotte Cooper—in delicate health, who is, however, full of fun and writes most charming letters, and Mrs. Fanny Cooper. She was Uncle Fenimore's youngest daughter and married her cousin, Richard Cooper.

Mrs. Woolson to her grandson, Samuel Mather.
(*"Voices out of the Past," Eleventh Voice*).

THE HOUSE* SPEAKS.

"PRETTY? No! that word does not express it; you go by sounds."

The Tree murmured inarticulately, the House listened with attention, apparently the murmuring was articulate to her.

"You see the lake stirred suddenly by night breezes and lit up faintly by the moon? How often you have described your visions to me! In my earliest days, I, too, could see the lake quite plainly, but now for many a year, you've seen it for me."

The Tree, assenting, touched his friend's cheek gently—the cheek, though rugged, was yet firm and comely.

"We've been good allies," the House resumed, "in all our storms we've stood together. You've sheltered me, and I have given you my best—the great tradition—I hope I have preserved that faithfully?"

* I am sending you a picture of the exterior of my beloved house. This picture was engraved for us to send out in 1904 for the 100th birthday of the historic house. . . . Cards were sent to all our friends abroad and in America, and of course to all our relatives and friends in Cooperstown; the whole house, cellar, attic, bathroom (all but the kitchen), thrown open and people told to go where they pleased. I had a wonderful big cake with the initials G.A.P.C. (George Ann Pomeroy† Cooper) and the date. Instead of 100 candles, I had 100 little iced cakes piled around the big cake, and each guest took a cake home. We had about 100 guests.

Mrs. Benedict to Mrs. Weber, 1920.

† We carried our pilgrimage to the point of searching far and wide for the old Pomeraye estate and at last found it—buried under its lovely forest trees and surrounded by apple orchards. We gave a big excitement to the present owner, a French Baron, for when he learned who we were and why we had come and what we asked for—(some apple leaves from Sir Ralph de Pomeroy's old home, "Pomme-Roi") he and his children and grandchildren—a party of ten—picked and picked apple leaves until I feared they would ruin the trees! And the nice old gentleman, as he frantically picked, kept on saying in French: "So wonderful and so beautiful to remember one's family as far back as the time of William the Conqueror!"

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather.

(*From "Voices out of the Past," Pomeroy Notes*).

The Tree caressed the House, the wind was rising, a sound came from the hills as if of muffled thunder. The hour was midnight.

"Never learn to speak!" the House exclaimed. "As you know, I have not always spoken, and even now the words come painfully. It took me half a century to decipher my own inscription, and nearly ten years more from those few letters to evolve a language. Nevertheless, I don't regret the labour, the result has given me so much—the talks with you, dear. We used to speak by signs, and there you had the advantage, since with a touch you told me everything. You tell me now that you are proud of me? Because I've stood my ground, not heeding changes? But that was natural—I was built by William Cooper. I think of that whenever small things trouble me. It's not the staring, I'm used to that; besides, you shield my features. No, it's rather a lack of understanding, sometimes.

"Remember him? My friend, he has been with me always. His kind, strong face has smiled at me on many a bleak, black evening. (A fancy? Perhaps, but what a happy one! I live on fancies, nowadays, and your fidelity). I've longed at such times to ask him what he thought of us, but I've never had the courage.

"Instead, I've kept quite still and held myself up straighter; I, at least, can never forget my builder. Partial? I may be, but I am so deliberately. I like to think of him as fine and noble; a pioneer, keen-sighted and intelligent, who in his sagacity recognized the qualities of this region, a region that his son was afterwards to make illustrious. Ah! how well I knew the great romancer, he was a frequent guest of mine. Sometimes I suspect that all my thoughts, and yours too, came from that one brain, which in its large creativeness, scattered fancies broadcast, careless of hoarding, where the store seemed inexhaustible. Yes, he was our greatest glory, and when he died, it was a heavy day. We all mourned—lake, woods, brooks, and flowers, even the rough roads grieved their hearts away. And since that time—it must be three score years now—I've watched each night for his return, hoping against hope that he might revisit his Otsego, a place he loved so constantly in life. And hoping this, I have composed a message, to come through me from all the speechless things—the hills and waters that owe their fame to his descriptions. Yes, I shall repeat it, if he should

ever pass my way. . . . Hush, was that a horseless carriage? I feel so lost somehow in this new age. It's only at night that I recover a little confidence, it's only at night that I'm myself at all.

"And even then, the strange white light confuses me—you and I were satisfied with the moon. Old-fashioned? You may well say that; if not for you and my dear memories, I think my poor heart would wither and die."

The Tree bent lower, whispering something soothingly, to which the House responded eagerly.

"How pretty that is! Yes, I understand you, I always shall, as long as you and I endure. Tell me how the lake looks now? Dark and stormy? That is how I like it best. I wish my eyes could be for once as high as yours are."

The House broke off, the Tree lifted beseeching fingers, whereupon the House went on again.

"The message? I am half-afraid to tell it, lest it should not sound quite right. Words don't come easily, I was over sixty before I even began to speak. But I will try, please listen critically, and afterwards say frankly what you think. I have had it long in mind, and yet it halts in places; it takes a century, doubtless, to construct good prose. This is it:

Dear Vanished Magician!

Greeting from your old-time friends!

We have neither forgotten nor grown indifferent, we care as much as when you went away—nay more, perhaps, since lost things reach the stars.

And this is what we say to you; I am speaking for Otsego, although my voice alas! is not so sweet as hers. We thank you for your brave, true character, that made you honoured wherever you went; we thank you for your tender-heartedness, that made you loved by weak and strong; we thank you for your noble intellect, that made you famous throughout the world. Most of all, we thank you for your great creations, those living beings who haunt our lake to-day. And so, dear Master, take our loving homage, and give us one kind thought as you pass by."

Silence reigned again, the House waited, anxiously; she did not even raise her eyes.

At last the Tree, much moved, stretched out his arms and clasped her. And after that, there was no need of more.

CLARE BENEDICT.

(From the Centennial Supplement of THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, Cooperstown).

HANNAH COOPER POMEROY.

(Twelfth Voice).

HANNAH COOPER POMEROY (Mrs. Charles Jarvis Woolson) in the following sketches presents herself and her world so vividly to the reader that no word of explanation is necessary.

We see her first as little Hannah Pomeroy, masquerading with her three friends on the banks of Lake Otsego; then as the happy bride at Claremont, winning all hearts, and yet keenly alive to the differences between her beloved home and New England; as the ambitious young housekeeper, the devoted mother, the invalid, the bereaved. In the Journal of a Trip to the Upper Lakes, her sprightly pen draws picture after picture which linger in the memory—of "Romping Granite," her delightful "Number One" of Cooperstown, as it appeared in 1839, of the Canal Boat, the "Widder," the "Captain's wife's sister," Mackinac. . . .

The Ghost Story is effective in its simplicity, moreover, it contains a poignantly pathetic allusion to her mysterious "Number Two," the dying Emma. Finally, the extracts from letters written when Mrs. Woolson was approaching her end on earth, exhibit the same lively fancy and unquenchable enthusiasm. Her life, after its radiant beginning, was, outwardly at least, a singularly hard one, owing to repeated and cruel sorrows, ill-health, precarious means and family troubles. But Mrs. Woolson like her husband, to whom she was always devotedly attached, faced adversity with courage and fortitude. The loss of six gifted and promising daughters, in the flower of their youth, would have sufficed to crush the spirit of most mothers, yet Mrs. Woolson never let her younger daughters, Constance and Clara feel her sadness, entering into their joys and sorrows with fresh interest and sympathy. Full of life to the very last, Hannah Cooper Woolson never grew old, but retained the same attractiveness and buoyant personality that she had had as a girl.

FROM MRS. WOOLSON'S JOURNAL.*

CHILDHOOD.

AS long ago as 1818 there were no roads on either side of Lake Otsego. The inhabitants of Springfield at the head of the Lake, if they wished to visit Cooperstown, had to take the old turnpike and go east until they reached Cherry Valley, thence, there was a road over the hills to Cooperstown. . . . There were a few farms on the western side of Lake Otsego, but the whole eastern shore was deep, unbroken forest.

Emma, Elizabeth, Julia† and I at the age of ten years, lived a double life. To the outside world we were simply four little girls going to school daily, and spending our Saturday Holidays together. But to ourselves we were entirely different beings! Elizabeth and Emma were the Ladies Mary Arabella, and Emily Angelica Douglas. Castle Douglas was situated on the eastern shore of Lake Otsego, and their Father, the Earl, owned the whole lakeside. Here also lived their two brothers, Pembroke and Thaddeus (Gold and Dick Cooper,‡ the only boys we knew, we promoted to this honour).

The western shore of the Lake was given up to Clifford Castle and St. Clair villa. Julia, under the name of Lady Julia Adelaide De Clifford, lived in one, and I, under the title of Lady Elinor Eglantine St. Clair, lived in the other. The Douglas's, St. Clairs and De Cliffords owned the whole

* . . . . I will not close my letter, dear Kate, without referring to the desire I have to arrange and publish—probably added to one of my own books—a few of the pages included in the MS. volume of her "recollections" that Mother bequeathed to you. I have always thought that those of them that are not of a private nature, ought to be published; they are so very charming; they have a simplicity and reality of style that is very remarkable, and that my best efforts can never approach. And besides, the descriptions of country life in New Hampshire at that day, are very interesting. Of all the numerous "Recollections" and "Letters" I have read in the past ten years, I have found none more charmingly written than Mother's. And that this is not simply my love for her memory, is proved by the fact that all the Cottage Coopers fully agree with me. And they are excellent judges.

Constance Fenimore Woolson to her niece.
Katharine Livingston Mather.

† Emma Cornelia Clark, Elizabeth Fenimore Cooper, Julia Campbell.

‡ Goldsborough and Richard Cooper.

Otsego Valley, and we had been sent to spend some time at the tenants' houses for the sake of drinking goats' milk, which had been recommended to our parents as a means of strengthening our constitutions, which were rather delicate.

How we did enjoy this romance! We would speak of our Parents as "the worthy and respectable tenants, who really tried to make us feel at home in their houses," etc. . . . Every Saturday we would meet to relate some wonderful events that had occurred. We would attend elegant balls at the different castles, clothed in all the splendour we could possibly imagine. We would play on all kinds of musical instruments, the harp being the favourite, and we were all deeply interested in a beautiful Countess that brother Pembroke had fallen in love with.

We carried on this ideal life for about two years, and I really believe that half of the time we forgot our own identity. I do not believe there were ever four happier girls.

How differently the children of the present day dress, and how much more carefully are they protected from cold than in my young days! In the summer . . . we wore a calico or gingham dress to reach just above our ankles. This was made low neck and long sleeves, and we generally had a short black silk apron, white cotton stockings and slippers. Through the long, cold winters we wore . . . some kind of dark woollen dress, high neck and long sleeves, with the black silk apron, woollen stockings reaching to the knees, and calfskin boots . . . and of course, when we waded through the snow drifts on our way to school, the snow would collect in the tops of our boots, on our woollen stockings and flannel skirts; then, when we entered the warm schoolroom, it would all melt, our boots be full of water, and our stockings and undergarments perfectly wet. Before going to bed at night, there would be some attempts made to dry and grease the boots for the next day, but I think it may be said without exaggeration that, from the early snow in November until the last snow flakes in April, we never had dry feet.

Our best dress in winter consisted of some bright-coloured bombazette or merino, with black morocco boots. In the summer, our toilets were more varied—coloured and white muslins, with open work stockings and slippers.

When I was about eleven years old, I had one gorgeous dress that excited the envy of all my companions, a bright yellow silk skirt, trimmed with a flounce of white blond lace. I had to wear with this a dotted white Swiss muslin "spencer,"

and when thus dressed, I thought nothing could be finer. One intensely hot Sunday in August, Mother* called to know if I was ready for church. I answered: "Please walk along. I'll come in a minute."

To tell the truth I was in great perplexity. I had a clean fresh muslin all ready to wear, but I was determined to put on my yellow silk! The slippers and stockings and silk skirt were all on, but alas! the dotted spencer was so soiled that I could not possibly wear it. At last I pinned close around my throat a very bright scarlet merino shawl that Mother had given me to wear in the cool autumn days, and fastening another pin at the waist so that no one might see there was nothing beneath but a chemise, I went to church.

Mother and Sister† were so much overcome by my appearance, and the knowledge of the void beneath, that their devotions were seriously disturbed. To add to the effect, a large bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with innumerable bows of pink and white plaid ribbon, was perched upon my head.

There was one article universally carried in those days—bags! Old ladies had them, made quite large, of black or dark brown or grey silk, trimmed with black lace, to carry their handkerchiefs, snuff box and knitting. Young ladies had fancy shapes and gay coloured silks, made smaller, just room for a handkerchief, scent bottle, and perhaps a note or two. Little girls, also, carried the inevitable bag.

One Sunday, Elizabeth overtook me on the way to church. We two fell behind our Parents, and I noticed that her bag had an unusually "stuffed" appearance.

"What have you got in your bag"? said I.

"Hush!" she cried, casting an apprehensive glance in front; then lowering her voice, she replied: "I couldn't find a single pocket-handkerchief, so I put in a pillow case," and opening the strings of her bag, she showed me a clean linen pillow case!

"Oh, dear!" said I, "I wish I had thought of that! I could'n't find any handkerchief and see what *I* have got," and opening my bag I disclosed a night cap!

A giggle behind us caused us to turn, and there came along Sister! Of course she told the story and it was many years before allusions to pillow cases and night caps were forgotten.

* * * * *

* Ann Cooper, Mrs. Pomeroy.

† Georgiana Pomeroy, afterwards Mrs. Keese.

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING IN NEW ENGLAND.

MY father, George Pomeroy,* left Northampton, Mass., when a lad of ten years, and was placed in the family of his brother in Albany, New York. He never returned to New England to reside, and of course had but little knowledge of, or attachment to the peculiar customs. My mother was of New York ancestry, and I inherited some of their prejudices against New England.

We always kept open house on New Year's Day, and offered all callers New Year's cakes and a glass of wine. Christmas, however, was the great festival of the year. The parlours were trimmed with wreaths of the ground or running pine, so profuse in the Otsego hills. Very large candles were made for the Christmas illuminations, and on Christmas Eve, Father, Mother, children and servants suspended their stockings by the parlour chimney to await the arrival of "Santa Claus." A scene of riotous confusion occurred early on Christmas morning when bare feet rushed after the stockings. *How* order was brought about, I cannot conceive, but at half-past ten a.m., Parents and Children were quietly seated in church. After the services came the Christmas dinner, roast turkey, â la mode beef, ducks and chickens—beginning, of course, with oyster soup—every variety of vegetable, pickles and sauces. Then the mince pies, apple pies and strawberry tarts, and to crown all, the real English boiled Plum Pudding, covered with blue flame as it came to the table. The close of the day was devoted to the amusement of the children of the family, and all joined in the games for their entertainment.

On Thanksgiving, of course we went to church, but very little attention was given to the day—indeed, I think it was looked upon as a "Puritanical" custom, and therefore ignored.

When I grew to womanhood and married a genuine son of New England, and with my husband, stepped for the first time upon the sacred soil of New England, I was prepared to note and admire everything—my affection for him including the whole country.

My husband's parents resided in a small village situated in the upper part of the Connecticut River Valley. After a short trip, I was taken "home," and was so lovingly and

* p. 660. *Vide*

cordially received by the Father, Mother, Sister and small children, that I at once felt myself a true member of the family circle. Mr. Woolson made some business arangements, which induced him to remain for a few years in the same village.

An old acquaintance of Mr. Woolson's with his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Fiske—occupied one of the largest houses in the village. They had no children, and after a little persuasion, kindly consented to take us to board with them. We were comfortably established in our new quarters sometime in October.

In my many talks with dear Father and Mother Woolson, and Sister Mary Ann, I mentioned knowing nothing about a real New England Thanksgiving. This was seized upon at once. That very Autumn I must be introduced to the real New England Festival! Of course, I should be only too happy!

As I became more intimately acquainted with my new relations, I found Father Woolson to be a man of great intellectual ability, wonderful inventive powers, curious research into all strange subjects, but very peculiar in his manners, stern and, at times, morose, and his younger children very much afraid of him. Dear Mother Woolson was in feeble health, and quite deaf, and the care of the house and of the younger children necessarily devolved upon Mary Ann, the oldest daughter. At the time I arrived in Claremont, Sister was nineteen; unusually attractive in personal appearance, she was also brilliant in intellect, had received every advantage of education, and her manners were simply charming. One boy, a lad of fourteen, and two little girls, completed the family circle.

"Thanksgiving" was appointed that year, I think, for the last day of November. The weather during the month had been cold enough to freeze the ground and give the boys good skating on all the little ponds and brooks. Some flurries of snow had fallen, but not enough for sleighing, and the joy was universal when, two days before Thanksgiving, down came the feathery snow, falling gently all day long; and on Thanksgiving day the whole country was white with unsullied snow, and the sleighing perfect. The evenings also were brilliant in the moonlight, and everything seemed auspicious for a perfect day of enjoyment.

The programme had been arranged; we were to go to Church in the morning, after service to return to Mrs. Fiske's, and adorn myself in becoming array for the grand occasion, then, with hood, cloak, etc., to get into Mr. Woolson's light cutter and after his fast trotter, "Sultan," to skim over the three quarters of a mile to Father Woolson's, where "Sultan" was to stand in the barn until our return in the evening. Mary Ann had invited us for one o'clock, although, as she said; 'Dinner might not be prompt to the minute,' as there were some things she wished to attend to herself after her return from Church.

We reached the house at one, and found them all in the sitting-room. We had barely exchanged greetings and seated ourselves comfortably, when Father Woolson pulled out his watch and said: "Isn't dinner ready?" "Yes, in a few minutes," replied Mary Ann, "but there is no hurry—we have all the day before us."

"I have made up my mind," said Father Woolson, "to take advantage of this sleighing and bright moonlight and to take 'Billy Kirby'* and the cutter after dinner, and start for Amherst." ("Billy Kirby" was Father's favourite horse). When he announced his plan no one ventured to combat it, although Mary Ann said feebly: "Why, Father—on Thanksgiving Day!"

"I shall eat my dinner first," said he, and then commenced talking business with my Husband. In a short time, we all went into the dining-room. Father Woolson never carved or sat at the foot of the table, so my Husband took the foot, Mary Ann the head, and the rest of us occupied the sides.

In front of Mr. Woolson was a large roasted turkey, before Mary Ann, an immense baked chicken pie; boiled chickens and roast ducks completed the meats. There were potatoes, turnips, winter squash, gravies, jellies, pickles and New England apple sauce. Here I must digress to speak of this delicious compound, made of the firm, fruity apples of New England, boiled in the best of cider. The result was a dark rich sauce with the quartered apples nearly transparent in their clearness. I never tired of it, and years and years after I left New England, when I had the capricious appetite of an invalid, I would turn with loathing from the "Apple

* Billy Kirby—a character in Cooper's "Pioneers."

Butter" of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and sigh for a taste of New England apple sauce.

We all commenced our dinner on turkey, with such accompaniments as our tastes dictated. I was very hungry, and as I knew it would be expected that the contents of every dish should be tasted, I only had a very small piece put upon my plate, and commenced eating daintily and slowly. We were all having a merry social time, and the turkey part of the dinner was nearly over, when I saw through the window, Mr. Woolson's friend, Mr. P.— drive to the door. In a moment more he entered the dining-room. We offered him a seat at the table. He was profuse in his thanks, but said:

"It is too bad to break up your Thanksgiving dinner, but," turning to me, "I have come after your Husband. There are about ten of us young married men, and men engaged to be married, who are going to improve this sleighing and moonlight and take a drive over the hills to Charleston to have an old-fashioned Bachelor Supper Party. Now we cannot get along without your Husband, for we wish to rig out a four horse team, and we must have 'Sultan,' and Mr. Woolson is the only man we can trust to drive us."

I caught a gleam in Mr. Woolson's eye when the four horse team was spoken of, and knowing his genuine fondness for horses and driving, I determined, although my heart sank within me, to enter with a good grace into the arrangement. Mr. P.—and Mary Ann had some pros and cons over the matter, and Mr. Woolson, after some hesitation decided to go.

"He has eaten enough to do for a lunch," said Mr. P.— "and we shall have a splendid supper at Charleston. There are no ladies in our party, Mrs. Woolson, and your Husband will be home, safe and sound, before twelve o'clock." So saying, he bowed adieu.

In a few moments, Mary Ann and I went to the window to wave goodbye as they passed swiftly by. During this discussion, I had taken it in unconsciously that Father Woolson had not spoken but had looked occasionally at Mr. Woolson and me over his spectacles from under his shaggy, grey eyebrows, and then had gone on eating his dinner with great rapidity.

When we had all returned to our seats, he said: "Mary Ann, you can get me a piece of pumpkin pie and cheese and then I shall go." . . .

Her face flushed slightly, but being too lady-like to say anything, she rang the bell and when the servant came, said: "Lyddy, bring Mr. Woolson a pumpkin pie and some cheese, and then change the plates."

While this was transacting, dear Mother Woolson (who was quite used to waiting until people chose to explain passing events) turned to me meekly, and said: "Where has Jarvis gone?"

I explained as well as I could: "The supper party at Charleston—all old friends—good sleighing, etc."

Before I had finished my story, Father Woolson, having devoured a quarter of the pie, got up and giving a general nod, left the room. In a moment the door opened and he called: "Henry!"

Henry jumped up and went out, but was only gone a moment, whereupon he returned and resumed his seat. In a short time "Billy Kirby" and the cutter with Father Woolson buried in buffalo skins, passed the window.

Mother said: "Where *has* your Father gone?"

I began another explanation as to business and Amherst, etc. She merely shook her head and I heard her soliloquizing: "Well, well! I wonder what will happen next!"

In the meantime, we had tasted the chicken pie. I will honestly confess that my appetite had entirely gone—a big lump in my throat seemed to prevent my swallowing.

No one wished chickens or ducks, and finally, to the delight of the children, the whole array of pies made their appearance—mince pie, apple pie, custard pie, cranberry pie, plum pie, cheese, butternuts, walnuts and cider.

We had all been helped to pie, when, through the fateful window, I saw Mary Ann's intimate friend, Frances.

"Some one after you, I am sure," said I.

It proved so, for when Frances entered the dining-room, her first greeting was almost like that of Mr. P.— "It is too bad to break in on your Thanksgiving, but Mr. Goss has just come in with his large sleigh, and Eveline has sent me a note. She wants eight of us (the names are all given) to come out with her Father. She has everything ready for a grand molasses candy pull, and nuts prepared for nut candy. Then we are to have a grand Thanksgiving supper, and Mr. Goss is to bring us back in his sleigh. He had some business in town, and will be back at our house in half an hour. I told

him I would have all the girls meet there. You are all ready, only we are to take our cooking aprons along—so please hurry, for you *must* go."

Mary Ann demurred on my account, but with desperate calmness, I insisted upon her accepting the invitation, and after a while, we saw her also with her friend pass by the window.

"Well, what is the matter now?" said Mother Woolson, so again I entered into an explanation. Just as the children had finished their pie, two little cloaked figures appeared at the door. The girls flew to meet them—then, in they all rushed, and in their excitement spoke so loud to their mother that I thought they would burst a blood vessel! Both together at the top of their voices screamed: "Mamma, say! Caroline and Mary have come for us to go to their house to tea and to spend the evening. Mayn't we go? They are going to play games, and their uncle John will bring us home at nine o'clock. We are all dressed, can't we go?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said poor Mother. So off they went. Henry, in the meantime, had filled his pockets with nuts and left the table.

I suggested to Mother that she and I should return to the sitting-room. I felt too disappointed to be very entertaining, but I tried to talk.

After a time I noticed two or three boys in the yard with their sleds in earnest conversation with Henry, and in a little while, Henry came into the room. It suddenly flashed upon my mind that *I* had something to do with his plans. So I said:

"Henry, it is after four o'clock; what are you going to do this evening?"

"Oh, we are going to have a jolly time—all of us boys are going to slide down that steep hill, you know, in Mr.—'s lot, and we are going to build a big fire and roast potatoes and apples, and pop corn, and have a splendid time."

"When are you going?"

"Well, Father said I must take old Charlie and the 'pung' and take you home, whenever you wished to go, so I was waiting."

"I think," said I, "that Father was very kind to remember me, and I will go now, if you are ready."

So I told Mother my intention.

"You ought to stay here and spend the evening," said she, "I shall be all alone, and you will be so also, for the Fiskes, of course, have gone out. Lyddy will give us a good cup of tea by and by. Hadn't you better stay?"

I told her of Henry's plans, and her mother heart went out to her boy, so I quietly put on my things, and even before I was ready, old Charlie was at the door. I kissed the dear mother good-night, and got into the "pung," saying to Henry:

"Why don't these boys leave their sleds in your yard, and jump on to the 'pung' and drive over with you?"

By this speech, I won all their hearts and their tongues were loosened as to the wonderful things that they were going to do.

At last we arrived at Mr. Fiske's and I bid the boys good-night and wearily ascended the somewhat steep path to the front door.

I knocked, and the domestic of the family appeared with her hood and cloak on.

"Is it you?" said she. "I had just finished my work, and was going out for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have gone to a Thanksgiving supper at their sister's, and they won't be home till late. Should you be afraid to stay alone?"

"Oh, no," said I.

"Well," said she, "there is a fire in the stove in your bedroom, and your parlour fire is all ready. Shall I go in and light it while you are taking off your things?"

"Thank you," said I, "I wish you would, then you can go. I am not afraid."

"You had better fasten the front door, then," said she. "I shall go out at the kitchen door and take the key with me."

"Very well," said I.

I went to my room, took off my pretty silk dress, hung it in the wardrobe, took from my hair all the little ornaments so tastefully arranged, laid aside my pet bronze slippers (I was vain of my foot)—wrapped myself in a wrapper, put on toilet slippers, twisted my hair plainly back, and went into the parlour. I heard the girl go out and lock the door. I drew up a rocking chair in front of the fire and I sat there all alone in that large house and cried and cried! I don't know for how long—nor could I tell for what! When the fountain of tears had become exhausted, I arose and went to the window.

It was a moonlight night of dazzling brilliancy, and merry parties occasionally passed the house. I watched the scene for a long time, and then I felt conscious that I was hungry—*very* hungry!

I walked the floor and tried to think of other things—but Mother's pantry came before me—then the supper at Charleston, the supper at Mr. Goss's; and even the roast potatoes and pop-corn at the boy's bonfire dwelt in my mind. I did not dare roam over the house in search of eatables, for I knew enough of the thrifty housekeeping to be certain that the preparations for breakfast were all made, and that any incursions into the store-room would be known. Besides, I did not wish to be hunting for food after a Thanksgiving dinner!

So I waited until nine o'clock, when the domestic returned, and then went—Oh, so hungry—to bed.

I could not sleep; about eleven, the Fiske's came in, and before twelve, Mr. Woolson appeared.

I tried to make him tell me every incident of his party, but the fatigue of the drive had made him sleepy, and he literally fell asleep while talking.

The next morning I descended to the dining room in a famished condition. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Woolson trifled with their breakfast. Indeed, Mrs. Fiske remarked:

"Really, one has very little appetite the morning after Thanksgiving."

"I assure you," said I, "it has had no such effect upon *me*. I am really very hungry." And the delicious coffee, the tender steak, the potatoes stewed in cream, and the hot buckwheat cakes were to me a delicious feast.

I plied them all with questions as to the events of their day in order to avoid any special mention of my own adventures, contenting myself with general remarks—"Oh, yes!" "Very pleasant!" etc.

It was not until a long time afterwards, when I was very sure that not a shade of annoyance was left within me, that I gave the incidents of the day in their humorous light, and ended by saying that I went to my bed at night literally crying from hunger, after

"MY FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER
IN NEW ENGLAND!"

OUR FIRST PARTY.

To my eye, there was one peculiarity in the village architecture. Deep in the bowels of the earth the builders commenced laying the foundation of a huge chimney, which stretched upward through the cellar, through the first and second storey, widening with all its flues until it reached the roof above, where it made its appearance in one large square opening of sufficient size for a dozen chimney-sweepers to descend at once.

I speak of this structure as ascending through the different storeys of the house, but upon reflection, I think it must have been first completed, and then the house proper built around it!

The front door of these houses opened invariably into a small closet or cupboard without shelves. You could not possibly apply the word "hall" to anything so small. The more pretentious houses managed to have front stairs, but so steep in ascent and with such very narrow steps, that were it not for the railing, it might be called a ladder. It required a good deal of practice to know what to do when, after knocking at the front door, the girl (no servants in New England at this date) appeared to let you in. If you wished to enter the right hand parlour, no obstacle prevented. If you wished to enter the door at the left, you were obliged to seek refuge on the lower stair, while the girl closed the front door, as when open, it entirely covered the left hand entrance.

I am happy to say that in all these houses there was a back stairs, easy of ascent which was, of course, always used by the family and intimate friends.

The winter after "my first Thanksgiving dinner" was very gay—tea parties, sleigh rides and private balls—all of which we greatly enjoyed. Everybody called, and everybody was inclined to be exceedingly hospitable.

In the lovely month of June, Mrs. Fiske and I, talking over all the entertainments of the past winter, suddenly determined (in our own minds) to give a party—a large party!—something that would out-do all previous parties and prove so delightful as to cover ourselves with glory! We

talked our scheme over quietly, ascertained what we could get, and what we could do, and then, when all our arrangements had been perfected, we disclosed our project to the gentlemen!

Of course it met with opposition, but we were armed at every point, and we finally persuaded them to consent to our undertaking, and not only that, but to let us manage matters exactly as we chose!

Therefore, our first step was to issue written invitations for a certain Thursday, in the formula of the day for city invitations.

"Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B's company next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. The favour of an answer is requested."

We gave them a whole week to arrange their dresses, and ourselves, a week for preparations!

Most of the answers were according to the prevailing style:

"Mr. and Mrs. B— accept with pleasure the polite invitation of Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson for next Thursday evening."

Some, however, were so peculiar that I must transcribe them:

"Mr. D—'s compliments to Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson, and regrets it will be inconsistent to attend." "Dear Friends, Your very kind invitation to visit you next Thursday evening was most gratefully received, and should nothing unforeseen occur to prevent, we shall be most happy to accept. Yours Mr. and Mrs. D." "To Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson. We shall certainly come. Mr. and Mrs. P." "Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson: Hearing that dancing is to be a portion of the entertainment at your house next Thursday, and it being also the evening for our prayer meeting, we feel compelled to decline your invitation. Mr. and Mrs. L."

At all events, we had a great deal of fun from the answers to our invitations.

I will not dwell on the details of our preparations, only remarking that forty years ago in a small village in the upper part of the Connecticut River valley, you could obtain no outside help whatever. *Everything* in the way of refreshments must be made and cooked in your own house.

While we were in the bustle of preparation, the gentlemen entered somewhat into the spirit of the thing, and Mr. Woolson, after his fast trotter, "Sultan" visited all the outlying farmhouses to gain supplies.

Sister Mary Ann was our stronghold. She had a wonderful faculty for making things succeed.

The eventful Thursday arrived—lovely weather, not too warm for dancing, but still sufficiently balmy for open doors and windows.

"Where are the ladies and gentlemen, pray, to take off their wraps?" said Mr. Fiske, in the afternoon.

"Upstairs, in the front rooms."

"In going up those stairs, some will break their necks!"

"Oh, I hope not!"

"If more than two come at a time, they can't get in at the front door."

Here was a "poser." At last, my Husband, who was always quick with expedients, suggested that the front door be taken off its hinges and carried out-doors until after the company had left—which was actually done!

Our supper table was placed in the large room marked "Kitchen"—chicken salad—made with but little chicken and a good deal of veal—no celery, but the crisp centre of cabbage with elaborate dressing—cold ham, cut very thin, and rolled boiled tongue, thinly-spread bread and butter and light biscuits, completed the solid part of the supper,—we really could procure nothing else.

We made up for this deficiency by the abundance of light fancy articles—every variety of cake from the richest plum cake to delicate cookies; pyramids of cake, iced and ornamented; immense dishes of syllabub or whipped cream, every variety of sweetmeat known to New England housekeeping, (and they do make delicious preserves even of pumpkins and watermelon rinds!) plain baked custard in cups! At this, I demurred, as not being the thing, but yielded to Mrs. Fiske, who assured me that many of the guests would not be satisfied without them. The empty cups, the next morning, proved the truth of her statement. Oranges, almonds, raisins and apples; delicious hot coffee for such as wished it, and lemonade for the dancers. We had one grand surprise—ice-cream! the first ever made in the village. Immense

quantities of it, made of pure cream, was stored in tubs of ice and salt in the shed. We did not intend to produce this delicacy at the first opening of the supper room, which had to be as early as ten o'clock, for many of our guests would deem it wicked to be out later than half-past ten! We had planned to keep our watch on these unquiet spirits, and when they looked as if the time had come for their departure, they were to be offered ice-cream! All of which was successfully carried out.

The supper room was open all the evening with continual relays of provisions, but nothing exceeded the avidity with which the dancers entered, time after time, for ice-cream! But I have omitted to relate a little incident that occurred during the afternoon—the unexpected arrival of Dr. H—, an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Fiske's, who had been absent ten years or more. He was engaged, I think, in the Liberia Colonization Society, and had taken several voyages to Africa. Of course he was made welcome, and after a hasty explanation of what was in progress, he took possession temporarily of a back room.

"As my stay with you can be only for a short time, I shall be glad to meet so many old acquaintances as will probably be here this evening."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Fiske to her Husband, "how unusually gracious he is!"

"Isn't he always so?" asked I.

"By no means; he is generally very sarcastic and bitter in his remarks."

I silently determined to keep clear of him.

After every finishing touch had been given to the supper table, astral lamps and sperm candles placed everywhere, in order to be as brilliant as possible, much of the furniture moved to give room for the dancers, Mrs. Fiske and I sat down to rest and chat a little before dressing time.

Dr. H— now made his appearance with a large wooden box in his hands.

"Here, Mrs. Fiske, is something I brought for you—perhaps it will add to your supper table. I am going into the village, but will return in time for your party."

After thanking him, she waited until he had gone, when we opened the box and in it found six small boxes, which

contained a very clear, amber jelly, very firm. We ventured to taste! It was peculiar, both to the taste and smell. We looked at each other.

Said I: "Do you agree with the Methodist brother?"

"What is that?"

"Have I never told you the story? My cousin, the wife of a Surgeon in the army stationed out in the western wilds, saw approaching—one cold autumn afternoon—on a sorry nag, a cadaverous, thin, poorly-clad man, whom she knew at once to be an itinerant minister. He stopped and meekly asked if they would receive him. Of course they did, and Cousin said she put him in front of a good fire, and hurried to prepare him a bountiful repast, for he looked half starved. His eyes glistened as he took his seat at the well-spread table, and after asking a blessing, he commenced. I will not relate all his exploits in the way of eating and tea-drinking, but one article, guava jelly, proved particularly satisfactory. He was helped four times to this jelly and each time he asked the name of it, and made a humble apology for eating so much. At last he was through, and concluded his prayer of thanks "for all this bountiful provision, especially for that delicious 'sass' so tickling to the palate, which Thy unworthy servant knoweth not the name thereof—Amen."

We tasted again—said I: "It is peculiar, but not bad. Shall we have it on the table?"

"Really," said Mrs. Fiske, "the doctor is such a practical joker, I hardly dare venture—it may be some medical preparation."

It was consigned to the storeroom. A long time afterwards, we discovered that it was something exceedingly choice and rare, prepared in Africa.

How were we dressed? Mrs. Fiske wore a summer silk—I have forgotten the colour, but pink ribbons were on the cap, at the neck, and on the sleeves. My own dress I remember perfectly—a fine white mull muslin, made with one deep flounce reaching from the knees; above the flounce was a broad worked insertion, and the edge of the flounce was embroidered. The dress was quite short to disclose the feet, arrayed in heavily worked white silk stockings and black satin slippers; the waist of the dress was low neck and trimmed with embroidery and edging; open, flowing sleeves trimmed with the same; over all, a fancy apron of bright blue, very

small and short, but made with lappets to fasten on the shoulders—on the head a small cap of illusion and blue ribbons, bare arms and blue kid gloves; on the neck, a silver chain, fashionable at the time, and silver bracelets to match on the arms.

At ten minutes to eight the house was illuminated, we were in position, a girl stationed at the *open door* way, the musicians, two violins and a tambourine, all ready and within twenty minutes, the whole party of between seventy and eighty guests had assembled.

It was a very gay and successful party. I noticed that after ten o'clock almost all the older people spent their time in the supper room, which gave the young people more room for the Cotillon and country dances then in vogue. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning when we noticed a decided looking at watches, and mothers speaking to their daughters, who seemed reluctantly to assent to their remarks.

During the finishing dance, the "Virginia Reel," a number of the married guests conversed together quite earnestly. As the strains of the music ceased, two of the gentlemen advanced to Mrs. Fiske and myself, and with much formality said: "Ladies, we have been deputed by your guests to tender you our hearty thanks for your bountiful hospitality and to assure you that we all unite in saying that we never have passed a more delightful evening."

Then all advanced, shook hands, said "Good night" and went upstairs. We heard many feminine shrieks, some "Ohs" and a good deal of laughter, as the guests descended the "ladder," but we made no inquiries.

When the girl entered and reported, "All gone, Ma'am," Mr. Fiske and Mr. Woolson took off their coats, brought in the front door, placed it on its hinges and turned the key. Then Mr. Fiske said: "It is after two o'clock, and I am tired out—let us leave all discussion and all 'fixing up' until to-morrow."

So we blew out the lights and retired to our bedrooms well satisfied with the success of

"OUR FIRST PARTY."

IN the little village of Claremont, where I lived during my early married life, there were—to me—some curious phases in the social life. Families in perfectly easy circumstances, where the Husband and Father had nothing to call him forth at any particular hour, deemed it essential to rise, both summer and winter, before daylight. In winter, the breakfast must be eaten, the breakfast dishes washed, and the house put in order by candlelight, and as in most of these houses, the work was done by the wives and daughters (scorning the aid of "hired help"), one can imagine their lives. I could never see anything meritorious in this early uprising, or in this hard work of the females of the family, and always, the Head—the Husband—kept a fine horse, and the sons were expected to act as grooms.

A gentleman of wealth (for the time), who lived in a large house, handsomely furnished, had a delicate wife and three grown-up daughters. I met him at a small company towards Spring, and he asserted, with great apparent complacency, that his wife and daughters had been up every morning throughout the winter, had got breakfast, finished their morning work and sat down to their sewing by candlelight!

From that moment I detested him, and when, two years afterwards, his eldest daughter married a Boston gentleman, the wedding occurring on a Thursday, I was told that the poor girl, as usual, had to do the family washing and ironing on Monday and Tuesday; I could hardly bow to him when we met. I was glad that one daughter had been taken from his "iron rule."

Of course, there was no happy home life in the evening—no gathering together of parents and children after tea with games and stories for the little ones until their bedtime, then music or reading or conversation with pleasant "callers" for the older ones. Oh no! Children were hustled into bed as soon as possible, and after a short interval of stupid yawning, and a little knitting, the older members were glad to rest also—knowing *when* they *must* get up in the morning!

Very primitive "tea drinks" we had in those days.

There were about a dozen families of the highest aristocracy—believing themselves to be the exponents of all the culture, refinement, and elegance of the country. They were all Episcopalians. When a "tea drink" was decided upon. the first step was to invite the Rector of the Church and his wife. If they were disengaged and accepted, the invitations were continued; if they declined, the company was postponed. Every one rising at such unearthly hours, the invitations could, of course, reach all the families before eight o'clock in the morning! By half past five p.m., the guests were all assembled, usually numbering about twenty-five or thirty persons. At six (promptly) a "girl" appeared, carrying a waiter on which were plates, saucers and spoons. She was drilled always to go first to the Rector's wife, who helped herself to a plate, saucer, and spoon. Then all did the same. After a short interval, the girl reappeared with the waiter full of cups of coffee and tea. She was followed by one of the children of the family bearing on a small salver the silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher. As each person took a cup of coffee or tea and placed it in the saucer, the small child presented the cream and sugar. After another interval the "girl" reappeared, staggering under the weight of the waiter, which was loaded with spread biscuit, thin bread and butter, cold tongue, cold ham, cheese and little pickles. After once carrying this around, it was a relief to see her place it on a table, where it stood, the plates on the waiter being replenished from time to time, and the plates of the guests being liberally helped from this source.

The child's business was to watch, and as soon as any person's cup was empty, to carry it off. A fresh supply was brought in by the "girl" and the little one was ready with the sugar and cream. As every person took two or three cups, and ate in proportion, the tea generally lasted about an hour. Then the younger people usually came together about a table and played games of some sort — dominoes, or consequences, or telling fortunes. And the older ones talked. A little music, if any one could play or sing, was also in fashion. At half-past eight the "girl" reappeared . . . with the tray loaded with every variety of cake, two or three kinds of sweetmeats, rich cream and baked custard in cups. When this was all enjoyed, it would be nearly nine o'clock.

I always noticed at the coming in of the refreshments, that the Rector took his seat on the opposite side of the room from his wife. This was to give proper effect to the closing programme.

When the clock struck nine, there would be a general hush, and the whisper went round: "The Rector is going to make his bow."

The Rector,* who was a tall, stately man, dressed in knee breeches and silk stockings with a handsome foot encased in shoes with silver buckles, would get up and, walking across the room with great dignity, place himself in front of his wife and make a low bow, everybody silently admiring the grace of the act. Then his wife arose, took his arm, and they said goodnight to the hostess, and everybody else followed suit, the whole party being gone by ten minutes after nine.

*His (Jarvis Woolson's)† attachment to the Episcopal Church began in youth under the teachings of Parson Howe—the remarkable and much loved Episcopal clergyman of Claremont. . . .

From a brief Sketch of the Life of Charles Jarvis Woolson, written by his daughter. (*Voices out of the Past, Tenth Voice*).

†My dear father—as I read Mr. Mather's letter, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. Nothing has ever been quite the same without him.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather (1875).

I have so much enjoyed parts of the letters Father wrote to Mr. Averell. These letters have been to me like messengers from Heaven. All the hard parts to do with Father's uphill business life I can read, because it is not present trouble to him; and his noble, brave words as he mentions business troubles, and his terrible anguish over the deaths of Emma and Georgie, thrill me with profound admiration for my father. *Mrs. Benedict to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather* (1921).

OUR FIRST PURCHASE.

SOME time after our marriage, Mr. Woolson formed a business connection which took us to the village of F., where we expected to live for some years.

Every one said: "If you could only persuade Mrs. Brown to take you as boarders, you would be delightfully situated. To be sure, she and her Husband are quite aged, but since all their children have married and left home, they have a niece who lives with them and acts as housekeeper—do try and get in at the Browns."

So we tried and were successful.

During the week that the matter was being talked over the Husband of one of Mrs. Brown's daughters died. He had been an invalid for years and a dying man for months—still, my sensibility received quite a shock, when, two days after the funeral, I was calling at Mrs. Brown's, and the recent widow came in and said:

"Well, mother, isn't it too bad? I have just been in to Smith's store, and every speck of that beautiful black bombazine that they had two weeks ago when I was in has gone! I ought to have bought it then. I might have known I should want it."

Mrs. Brown gave us a pleasant but rather small room. In a day or two, she opened another room.

"This," said she, "was my daughter Sally's room. She took the carpet away last spring. I have all the furniture for the room and if you choose to put down a carpet, perhaps you would find it pleasanter."

Of course we should! From the windows there was the most lovely view of the neat village, the river running through the green meadows, and the distant mountains. We had no hesitation in assenting to her proposition.

I, with the wisdom of Solomon, said to my Husband: "Fortunately, there is nothing in the room, and I observe, that it is nearly square, so you had better measure and see how much it will take, and then buy at one of the stores a neat, small-figured ingrain carpet, and have it sent up.

And please don't forget some thread and carpet binding. I shall like to make it up. I know how to sew the real carpet stitch!"

Really, the only experience I had had in the matter was once when, as quite a young girl, I, with my three friends Jul, Em and Lib, had attended a "Sewing Bee," where the ladies were making a carpet that had been given to the Parsonage, and some of the matrons had kindly taught us the proper carpet stitch, and with a seam before us, pinned together at regular intervals, we worked for a short time.

Mr. Woolson, in a man's usual way of measuring, commenced pacing the room.

"By the by," said he, "how wide *is* a breadth of ingrain"? I didn't know, but remembered that Mrs. Brown had spoken of the ingrain in the room we occupied. So we adjourned thither, and Mr. Woolson measured. Then he returned to the room and resumed pacing; finally he took out his tablets and wrote down results.

"Won't you go with me and select?"

"Oh no," said I, "I can trust it to your taste."

Just before dinner the big roll arrived and was taken upstairs. After dinner we unrolled the purchase, and I thought it very pretty, a mixture of soft greys and browns as to colour, and little vines and small flowers, as to pattern.

"I will cut it for you before I go to the office" said Mr. Woolson. "We will just spread one breadth across the floor, cut it off, and as we know how many it takes to cover the room, we can cut it into just so many lengths."

"Yes!"

The carpet was stretched over the floor and doubled over, then out came the big penknife.

"Oh! won't you have a scissors?"

"Nonsense, I never could do anything with scissors—this cuts spendidly; if it is a little jagged, you can bind it over."

"But," said I, "mustn't we match the breadths in some way?"

"Oh! Cut them all the same length and they will all come right."

Mr. Woolson cut, and I sewed and bound it, and Mr. Woolson tacked it down.

When it was fairly displayed, I was first dismayed, then I laughed until I cried!

Mr. Woolson was amazed at my state.

"Oh, do look! Here on each side of the breadth is half a diamond, which was intended, of course, to meet the half diamond on the next breadth and form a whole, from the centre of which diamonds, at regular intervals, comes the little vine that forms that beautiful bunch of flowers. Now, said I, "look at our carpet! It is all one straggle! I defy any one to tell the design or what it is intended for."

"All the prettier on that account" said Mr. Woolson, "we will have something new!"

Old Mrs. Brown's eyes did not discover any defect, and if the niece's did, she was too polite to say anything.

After two or three weeks of intense enjoyment of the views from out our windows, and the carpet within, Sister Mary Ann came to spend a short time with us. I had written of our new carpet, but had said nothing of its peculiarities!

She came in the evening. The next morning, as she entered our room she said: "Oh, this is the new carpet."

"Yes" said I very gravely.

She looked at me, looked at the carpet, then at me again. At last, in pity for her embarrassment, I said:

"Now, Mary Ann, you may laugh!"

And laugh she did, peal after peal. I joined in the merriment, and when I told her the whole story, not omitting the pacing and the penknife, I thought she would never be serious again.

Our dear carpet proved an excellent one to wear. It became a household treasure, and when, in after years the little feet up in the nursery trotted over it, it acquired new favour in our eyes.

Carpets "rich and rare" were added to our home from time to time, but we always asserted that nothing could compare with

"OUR FIRST PURCHASE."

CHILDREN.

"When you have *One*,
You can take it and run."

OUR first, a fat, sweet, healthy little daughter, did not interfere in the least with our somewhat wandering habits. We "took it and ran," spent the summer as usual with the New York Grandparents, visited about, enjoyed life and enjoyed the baby! Mr. Woolson especially enjoyed, I think, experimenting in discipline!

"When you have *Two*,
You can make that do!"

We did, and Number Two, another fat, sweet healthy little daughter, did not prevent, although she did somewhat interfere with the perfect independence of our summer rambles, and discipline sensibly diminished. But

"When you have *Three*
You *must* stay where you be!"

Therefore in the prospect of Number Three's arrival, we decided to go to housekeeping. We had put off this "settling down" as long as possible, as we both liked to be free to travel whenever we wished to, and I, especially knew so little of practical life that I hated to have my shortcomings as housekeeper commented upon by the thrifty New England housewives, but as we should have to "stay where we be," we secured a house of good size (though most singularly planned), furnished it comfortably and entered into possession. It was in the summer, and we had a grand frolic in providing our first dinne s and teas. "Almy" a good New England girl was established in the kitchen. Mary Ann, always followed by her little niece, our Number One, gave her valuable advice and assistance. Early in November, Mary Ann was married. I had obtained from her all the instruction possible regarding things to be made, and provisions to be stored for the long winter. My ambition stretched towards an abundance of rich mince pies.

"How much mince meat do you think will suffice for my family?" said I.

"Of course you will not care to let the little ones eat much of such rich food. I think about so much (mentioning the quantity) will do."

Mary Ann took a short trip after her wedding, and I thought it would be a good time to get this important mince meat matter out of the way, so as to be ready, on her return, to give her some *good* mince pies. Almy and I stoned and chopped raisins and currants, prepared beef and suet, sugar and spices, apples and almonds, wine and brandy. All was completed and pronounced "excellent, excellent!"

Then we took a day and sifted flour and rolled pastry, and baked pie after pie until all the mince meat was used, and, on counting, we found that there were forty-two nicely browned, tempting-looking pies.

Upstairs, there was a room not in use and not furnished; I ranged the pies there in rows, turned the key and came down with a proud step.

A little foreshadowing of grief came over me that first day when at dinner a freshly-baked pie was on the table. Mr. Woolson took a piece, said it was very very excellent, but too rich for him to eat much of.

The little "Number One," would willingly have taken a whole pie, but prudence forbade the measure. Dear little "Number Two" like her Father "had rather have a bowl of bread and milk." A faint thought came into my mind—can Almy and I eat forty-two pies?

When Mary Ann returned, I took her upstairs in triumph and disclosed the rows of pies! I saw by the flash of her eye and quiver of the lips that there was something out of the way.

"What is it, Mary Ann? you need not be afraid to say."

"Your plan is a novel one," she replied, "it is generally customary to make up all the mince meat at once and let it stand; then from week to week or whenever you wish, to make the pastry for as many pies as you need at the time. In this way, the pastry is always fresh."

"Oh," replied I, "live and learn! My common sense seems to have departed."

I made Mary Ann and Mother Woolson a present of so many pies that even the children tired of them. My neighbours, also, were remembered, but, Oh, the pies! The pies they froze, the pies they dried, the pies they crumbled! I got so tired of hearing Almy say "Shall I make anything for dessert to-day, Mrs. Woolson? There is half of that pie left that we had yesterday"—that I told her whenever one of those pies was for dinner to say it was entirely gone—*never* to let us see it again.

Poor Almy! She was the most economical and thrifty of New England girls—there were no beggar children in the village and no poor people. What she did with the remnants, I would not ask.

On the 14th of January, in the most intense cold of New England (thermometer thirty below zero) Number Three arrived, a fat, sweet, healthy little girl. Two days after her birth, a cousin of mine from New York came very unexpectedly to see us. Of course, I would have him in my room for a talk—he *must* stay to dinner, and Almy *must* come in to receive my directions. My nurse faintly expostulated, but I was determined. After dinner, Mr. Woolson was to take Richard with his fast horse to Charleston, where he was to meet a stage and cross the Green Mountains.

They came to my room—Richard said goodbye. Mr. Woolson remarked that he should be home by nine o'clock. When he reached home, I did not know him; my excitement and exertion had brought on fever, and from that time until May, "stay where you be," was a literal fact—most of the time in delirium—watchers night and day. . . .

Dear little Number Three had to be sent away to nurse. She was nearly five months old before I was able to see her. Our "First" utterly refused to pray for the baby, saying "No use, because she's gone away!"

This long, long illness and the cares and anxiety attendant upon it, ended what may be called the youth of our married life.

"When you have *four*
You'll wish for no more!"

About half-past eleven on the evening of June 28th, Number Four came—a fat little girl! What a disappoint-

HANNAH COOPER POMEROY WOOLSON.

[*To face p.* 696]

ment! I wished for a son to be born on his father's birthday! Oh, the intense heat of that week—unexampled in New England! Number Three came in the winter cold; Number Four in the summer heat.

Our "First" was very good to all her sisters, only attempting occasionally to enforce the discipline that had been bestowed upon herself, and which, I am sorry to say, had entirely subsided in the case of the others.

I could not persuade Mr. Woolson to feel as disappointed as I did in the sex of the child—on the contrary, it seemed as if a mutual understanding existed between father and child and they never appeared happy away from each other.

During my long illness after the birth of Number Three, doctors, nurses and friends were all in despair. It seemed impossible for me to sleep; opiates had no effect, nothing quieted me. At last the doctors said that if I could not be made to sleep, it was certain that I could not live.

Mr. Woolson came to the bedside and managed by gentle questions to discover what I was worrying about. There were no backstairs to the house, and I didn't want everything carried up and down the front stairs. With the readiness of wits for which he was famous,* he instantly said: Yes, he had been thinking of that very thing for some time, and he had decided that just as soon as I was well enough to bear the noise, he would have a man come, knock a hole through the wall and run up a pair of stairs on the outside of the house, which would make it all right.

This seemed to please my crazy fancy, so he continued, "Now, you turn over and shut your eyes, so as to get well soon."

I did so, and the sleep came which restored me to sanity. We both took a dislike, however, to the house in which we had suffered so greatly, and during the succeeding spring, we moved into another house, which was really more to my fancy than any that I have occupied since and in this house, Number Four came.

Mr. Woolson's friend, Mr. Turner, had been writing to him throughout the winter not to "vegetate any longer in New England, but to visit the grand West, and there make

*Vide p. 700.

investments." So very early in the spring, Mr. Woolson joined Mr. Turner and they took a trip together to Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. The next summer we took our "First" and "Second," (leaving our "Third" at Grandma Woolson's) and little Number Four to Cooperstown, and while there received news of the dangerous illness of Father Woolson, who died before we reached home. . . .

"When you have *Five*
You'll plan and contrive."

In all the sleet, slush, snow and mud of the latter part of a "backward April," Number Five came—a fat, healthy little girl. Ah, the couplet proved true indeed! The increased care of a large family, the settling of Father Woolson's affairs, the continual discussion of the question whether to make a flitting West or not, caused the "planning and contriving" to be very active during the following year.

The autumn after Number Five's birth, Mother made us a short visit and took Number Three to spend the winter in Cooperstown. . . . In the following spring we decided to go West and look! We left S— in charge of the house with Numbers Four and Five, placed the "Second" with our friend Mrs. Fiske, took our "First" and left for Cooperstown.

In the preceding winter I had sat for my portrait in oils to a very fine artist, since dead. When completed, all the children knew it at once, even little Number Five clapped her hands, and called out: "Mamma, my Mamma!"

Mr. Woolson, however, was not quite satisfied and the artist said he would take another sketch as he *knew* I must have looked several years before, which he did, and *that*, Mr. Woolson liked. . . .

"When you have *six*
You're in a bad fix."

After a winter of unusual health and happiness, in the early days of March, came Number Six, a fat, sweet, healthy little girl. When she was but two days old, scarlet fever appeared in our family, and in three short weeks, three of our dear little ones entered Paradise.

Our "First," and "Second" recovered and the baby escaped the disease entirely. . . .

My health was so much impaired that it was necessary to leave New England before another winter. We broke up housekeeping, left our "First" and "Second" with their Aunt Mary Ann . . . took little Number Six and went to Cooperstown, and from there to Cleveland. . . . Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turner had removed to Cleveland, Ohio, to reside, and were very urgent that we should visit them.

Mr. Woolson, myself, Number Six and nurse, spent the winter with Mrs. Turner, and the climate of Cleveland proving very beneficial, Mr. Woolson made arrangements for making Cleveland our permanent home. In the spring he returned to New England and brought back our "First" and "Second." We took a house, procured excellent servants and, with our children, had once more a home.

In the autumn, Mary Ann, whose health had rapidly failed since the birth of her son, came with her little girl to spend the winter with us, hoping the change of climate would be as beneficial in her case as it had proved in mine.

"When you have *Seven*
You'll wish to be in Heaven."

In the latter part of December, Number Seven arrived, a fat, healthy little girl. Our "First" was anxious to discover in what way she was different from the rest, as somebody had told her that she had a "Buck Eye Sister."*

Before the baby was a month old, our dear Sister Mary Ann died. The next summer all the remaining members of the family left New England. . . .

"When you have *Eight*
You're resigned to Fate."

In a January storm, Number Eight arrived, a fat, healthy little girl. She was with us but one short year—a year of grief and anguish, in which her lovely caressing ways were the only cheerfulness in our sorely smitten household, and then God removed her suddenly into Paradise.

* **Buck-Eye—popular name for the State of Ohio.**

Time passed and brought "healing in its wings," but I could not bring myself to believe in the truth of the next couplet, so soon to be tested by me.

"When you have *Nine*
You'll grieve and you'll pine."

In the sultry heat of early September, when flies buzzed and mosquitoes stung, Number Nine arrived—a small, thin boy, who cried so loudly and squared his fists so fiercely in the first moments of existence that the doctor remarked: "The little chap seems all ready to fight the Battle of Life!"

Congratulations poured in—after eight little girls comes the one boy: predictions of wonderful things by him to be accomplished, verses written upon his birth, etc. I could not but notice the difference—throughout his infancy and childhood—between the sisters and this their only brother. He would not be petted, and made a baby of; he would have playthings that made a noise, so we were obliged to fall back on Number Seven† for our baby petting, and as she was a slender, delicate child, she received it all willingly.

Number Nine was our first boy, and our last child.

* He had a turn for invention, which he inherited from his father. It may be mentioned that it is a faculty possessed not infrequently by members of the Woolson family, as far back as its history can be traced. It is only a taste, as one may say; it is not a genius; no one of them has as yet invented anything of general importance.

From a Brief Sketch of the Life of Charles Jarvis Woolson, written by his Daughter. ("*Voices out of the Past,*" *Tenth Voice*).

† Clara Woolson, afterwards Mrs. Benedict.

Fragments of a Journal kept by me (Hannah Cooper Woolson) of a summer excursion from Claremont, New Hampshire, to Chicago, Illinois, and return to Cooperstown, New York, in the year 1839.

6 o'clock a.m. Chester, Vermont,

June 8th, 1839.

After we left Claremont yesterday, we drove along towards Ashley's Ferry, each of us in a regretful mood; Georgy, however, may be deemed an exception. I was in trepidation when we descended the hill to the Connecticut River lest the horses might refuse to cross kindly, so Mr. Woolson let us get out, and watch the operation from a distance. My alarm was premature. They behaved with perfect propriety, and we were soon on the Vermont shore. Winding along through the green and luxuriant meadows, we reached Consul Jarvis's. We drove to the door, and the Consul appeared, followed by Miss Ann. The usual kind wishes for health and a happy journey were said, and we bade them farewell. Just as we turned, Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. Jarvis's brother, appeared in time to make a profound bow—our last home recollection. We only stayed at Springfield long enough to water the horses, and drove on to Chester, which we reached at half-past six p.m. The drive all day had been exceedingly pleasant, the grass so green, the trees so luxuriant in foliage, the streams sparkling in fullness, and the air laden with perfume. . . . Georgy was wild with delight, and enjoyed every moment of the day. I must not forget to mention our renewed admiration of the wonderful picture at the Chester tavern. The Landlady and her Husband in impossible attitudes with a child seated on a low chair between them—all in the most gorgeous attire—the child, borrowed for the occasion, as the Landlady said: "they hadn't any children, and it would kind of make the picture look prettier, folks thought; and most folks thought they were real good likenesses when they got them air clothes on." We left Chester soon after six; the morning was fine, and our health and spirits good. As we followed Williams River up to its source among the Green Mountains, we spoke again and again of the pleasures of travelling. Georgy counted how many times we crossed the little river, and excitedly exclaimed, "Thirteen bridges!" Our horses proved excellent

in strength, and we pulled up the hills to the "Green Mountain Coffee House," which we reached at half-past ten. Georgy had been expecting something wonderful, and was greatly disappointed to find that the tavern, with two small buildings opposite, and the necessary barns, comprised all the village of Landsgrove. We lunched here on crackers and milk, cake and pie, and to all, the meal proved satisfactory. The horses enjoyed their rest full as much as we did. We left the high-titled house about two p.m. and again ascended for four or five miles, when we reached the height of land. The drive down the mountain at this time of the year is perfectly delightful. The road is narrow and winding, now descending into some gorge of barely the width of our carriage—in the very depth of the thick forest, the bending branches brushing the sides of the vehicle; then climbing some eminence, whence we could see hill above hill far away in the distance, all covered with deep forests. The sun broke through the clouds and lit up the whole scene in splendour and the variety of colours and lights and shadows on the surrounding hills was exceedingly beautiful. We stopped for an hour or two at a quiet hotel in Manchester, where Georgy made a bosom friend of a girl of her own age; and so great was the friendship that a parting gift of a long string of blue, yellow and white beads was offered, and would have been accepted, had I not cruelly interfered. At this place, Georgy first forgot her lady-like behaviour, and, in a game of romps with her friend "Elksie," tore her new travelling dress.

From Manchester, we took the river road to Arlington, a quiet and retired drive along the banks of the Batten-Kill. Manchester is a pretty village amidst grand mountain scenery. We arrived at Arlington about half-past five p.m. Here there is a pretty Episcopal church, and we intended to remain over Sunday, but as usual, whenever I have been here, there is no service. The Church, the tavern, one store and half a dozen houses are all the works of man visible in the place. It is now eight o'clock p.m. and a rainstorm has commenced. We may possibly spend "a rainy Sunday in a country inn" so graphically described by Irving. Georgy has here found a "Cornelia," more charming than "Elksie," as she owns a tea-set, tea-table, jumping rope, and, to crown all, two young foxes. Georgy has completely severed the breadths of her dress, which I have been obliged to repair—Alas! the trouble of dressing romping girls!

We left Arlington in the morning—the clouds looked dark and threatening. The drive to North Bennington is beautiful, distant mountains, lovely little valleys, fine farms and good roads. From North Bennington, our road lay on the banks of the Wallimsack to Hinsdaleville, which we passed and stopped at the hotel of "W. Henry," directly on the banks of the river. The landlord, a man of seventy, did not make any offers of assistance, and Mr. Woolson* had the pleasure of taking entire charge of his horses. The good old dame bustled around, and gave us a lunch of pie, cheese, crackers and milk. While here, a bridal party drove up. The bride was in all the consciousness of full dress—a figured lilac silk, bonnet of the same material trimmed with white roses, a white lace veil, white silk stockings and white gloves. She seated herself opposite the glass where she could constantly admire the beautiful reflection. The husband, poor fellow, looked very sheepish and uncomfortable in his light pants, blue coat, brass buttons and white silk gloves. He was evidently not in "everyday wear," and was much discomfited by the whispered jokes of the "wit" of the party. We left them and proceeded on our way, and soon reached the macadamized road from Bennington to Troy. This we found in a dreadful state, but by adopting the custom they have here of separating the horses, so that they can bestride the ruts, we were enabled to trot, whereas, otherwise we should have been obliged to walk in the slowest manner. The clouds gathered thickly in the sky, and we hurried on to reach a tavern—into which we had just stepped, and our horses into the barn, when the rain fell in torrents, a severe thunder-storm, which lasted half an hour. When the sun appeared in splendour, we resumed our journey.

The valley of the Hoosack is very lovely, but the road was execrable; our horses, however, did wonderfully well and we reached "Snyders Hotel" within ten miles of Troy at six p.m.

Here I shall be obliged—in order to present a decent appearance in Troy—to put another dress on Georgy, as she has finished her travelling dress by tearing a hole under each arm. 7 a.m., a lovely morning for our ten miles drive to Troy. . . . The whole road from Arlington to Troy is abominable and right glad was I to catch the first glimpses of the Hudson valley. Here Georgy first saw a train of railroad cars dashing along on the opposite side of the river. They

* *Vide* p. 706.

are not permitted to enter the city with the locomotive, but stop on the island and come in by horse power. We drove—in Troy—directly to Brother George's, and the "Cashier" himself was at the door to welcome us. . . . We talked and laughed about all things old and new, until after dinner. . . . George is very pleasantly situated. He has quite a large yard for a city house. He told me that his wife had a patch of three or four feet, in which she had planted tomatoes, onions and radishes enough to cover an acre of ground, but the weeds grew so fast that she could not find any of her vegetables. Here, we had strawberries and green peas in abundance.

12 o'clock. Of all employments that can be devised, shopping is—to me—the most irksome. I have succeeded in obtaining a bonnet, shoes and dress for myself, and shoes and stockings for Georgy. . . . We left Troy at half-past three and drove to the ferry boat. Our horses were very reluctant to go on board, and the backing and whipping that ensued gave me a great fright; but at last we got on the boat. Georgy here first saw a steamboat. We crossed safely, and began to thread the streets of West Troy to the Schenectady turnpike. We found great difficulty in getting on the right path, and at one time I thought that we should probably spend the remainder of the day skirmishing in the streets of West Troy, but by a bold plunge across a canal, we fairly "hit" the sandy road through the pine plains leading to Schenectady. . . . The drive from Troy to Schenectady is totally uninteresting until within a few miles of the city, where a very extensive view of the Mohawk valley and surrounding hills delights the eye. We came down the hill by Union College. We noticed, as we passed, the secluded sanctity of the College burial ground; the white tombs seen through beautiful groves of trees conveyed no unpleasing ideas—all seemed as it ought—a quiet resting place from the sorrows of life. The old city of Durip retains the same appearance it had when I first visited it, a girl of fourteen, and now I am a woman of thirty! I am thankful that I retain so many youthful feelings—but I am to keep a journal, not to write my biography.

We have a delightful room in which Georgy and I are seated. The child is delighted with the music of an organ grinder, and the singing of his better half. We shall start to-morrow for Duanesbury, but how far we shall get on that awful Cherry Valley turnpike is uncertain.

Cherry Valley.

After a delightful night's rest at Schenectady, we started and took the cross road to Duanesbury. We had the pleasure of seeing the morning train of cars from Albany descend the inclined plane. We found the roads in much better order than usual. There are some very pretty little nooks—quite romantic—on this route. At Duanesbury we "struck" the old turnpike, and, comparatively speaking, it was in good order. We dined at Schoharie Bridge, and then commenced ascending. This turnpike climbs the highest hills, and runs on more elevated land than any other I know. Of course it commands many beautiful views, the one for a mile or two before reaching Cherry Valley, is truly magnificent. I know of nothing like it except the view from the Caatskill Mt. House. We expected to remain all night at Thrall's Tavern, but as we reached it by five p.m., we determined to push on the twelve miles further to Cherry Valley. Here many old familiar faces greeted us, among them, Black Tom, the friend of my youth. The sight of his "ivory" was gratifying. The prospect of being home to dinner to-morrow is exhilarating.

Half-past six a.m. Oh, rain, dismal rain, but we are going on, as it is only fourteen miles to Cooperstown. The rain ceased and we left the valley, travelling by the well-known road over the hills to Cooperstown. As we obtained the first glimpse—through the trees—of Otsego Lake, Georgy clapped her hands, and uttered loud exclamations of delight. We wound around the brow of the hill, and the whole scene—village, valley, river and lake—lay in all its loveliness at our feet. As we slowly descended the hill, our eyes were constantly scanning the steps of Deacon Place* and Edgewater, expecting to see someone watching for us. As we drove over the bridge, seeing no one at Mother's, we turned the horses towards Edgewater, when a scream arrested us, and there stood Mother, Cornelia, and our dear little Annie! We turned again and Georgy being too impatient to wait for the opening of the carriage door, jumped over the wheel, and gave her New York relatives the first specimen of New Hampshire feats of activity.

* "Deacon Pomeroy's Place," afterwards "Pomeroy Place," the stone house built by Judge Cooper for his daughter Ann, when she married George Pomeroy. In this house, Mrs. Woolson and her brothers and sisters were born.

Annie was evidently delighted, but not a word did she utter until after she had been on my lap about fifteen minutes, when she whispered to me "she had ever so many pretty playthings." As it was nearly dinner time, Mother said we had better dine with her and go to Edgewater after dinner. We did not get away very soon, for Cousin Dick Cooper and his wife, and Mr. Turner and Julia came in to see us, and time passed away insensibly. Mother had my

*Charles Jarvis Woolson, the son of Thomas Woolson, was born in 1806, at Chester, Vermont. His father removed, not long afterwards, to Claremont, New Hampshire and here his son Jarvis attended the district school, and, later the private school kept by the Rev. Virgil H. Barber.

Even as a child, Jarvis Woolson had a strong taste for reading; it is related of him that before he was eleven, he had gone through the whole of Hume's History of England with the deepest interest. Throughout his life this love of reading continued. His knowledge of general literature was extensive and his taste fastidious. In spite of his love of books, however, he was as far as possible from being a bookworm. Active and strong, he excelled during his boyhood in all out-door sports, being the best ball-player, swimmer and skater in the neighbourhood. In addition, he was extremely fond of driving; the writer of this brief record has often heard him describe drives over the Green Mountains, through the deep snows of winter, in a sleigh drawn by four of the wildest horses he could procure. The pretext for these expeditions was the collecting of the cards (for carding wool) which were set by the wives and daughters of the farmers, for his father's factory; but it is probable that the four wild horses were much more interesting to the boy than any thought of the cards. Driving, indeed, remained Jarvis Woolson's favourite amusement throughout his entire life.

He was endowed by nature with much energy. The list of enterprises in which he engaged before he was twenty-three, is a surprising one. After assisting his father for a while in Claremont, he started out for himself, going to New York, where, with a partner, he took a contract to publish a Life of Jefferson. Later, among other ventures, he went to Boston, and bought a share in the New England Palladium, a well-known daily and weekly newspaper. A still bolder quest was a journey to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he thought of establishing a newspaper. But New Englander, as he was, he could not accustom himself to southern life, and especially to the sight of slavery; giving up, therefore, these plans, he returned to the north.

At the age of twenty-four, he married Miss Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, daughter of George Pomeroy of Cooperstown, and niece of James Fenimore Cooper. For several years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Woolson resided in Claremont. But the winters of New England proved to be too severe for the health of Mrs. Woolson, and they removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where their friend, Judge Turner, formerly of Claremont, was already settled.

Having inherited no money, Jarvis Woolson was always obliged to attend closely to his affairs. In spite of this, he was by no means the business man only; he had stronger tastes in other directions. He

was very fond of travel, and had a belief in its beneficial effects; his invariable prescription for his family was change of scene, and he took many journeys for the benefit to their health. In addition to these longer expeditions, he was in the habit of driving with his own horses, among the picturesque hills of south-eastern Ohio in the spring when the leaves were coming out and again in October when the foliage wore its autumnal tints. On these occasions he generally remained out for two weeks or more, to the wonder of his acquaintances of more practical turn of mind, who could not understand why a man should care to drive over such long spaces of country, when he could go by train. These drives were a great pleasure to Jarvis Woolson; he knew every tree and its manner of growth; he knew the different kinds of grain as far as he could see them; he was never tired of noting the varying aspects of the sky. The pretty hills of the Ohio "coal-country" were far from being the Ascutney of his youth, and this was his constant regret. But though he had not the mountains he loved, and though he always felt himself to be more or less of an exile in the West, he nevertheless found some measure of compensation in the Great Lakes, and often made voyages up Lake Huron and Lake Superior. He had for some time a summer cottage at Mackinac, the northern island whose wild charm he had appreciated from the first. If detained in Cleveland during the warm season, Jarvis Woolson could always be seen driving at evening towards Lake Erie, in order to watch the sunset; he would linger out in this way, with his horses, until dark, and then go home to his reading-lamp and a book.

He was always much interested in genealogy and in what is known nowadays as heredity. He once took the trouble to make a journey with his family to the grave of "the original Thomas," as he called him, the first Woolson of whom there is record in the United States, namely the Thomas Woolson who is buried at Watertown, Massachusets. This worthy, according to the inscription on his tombstone, died in 1713, aged 87 years. His name, however, does not appear in any of the lists of passengers to the Puritan Colony, his first appearance in the records being the notice of his marriage at the age of 34 to Sarah Hyde. Jarvis Woolson could trace his descent back to this "original Thomas" without a break. But what was the origin of Thomas? The idea finally occurred to him that Thomas might have come from the settlement at Mount Wollaston, Massachusetts, or the "Merry Mount" as it was called; that he might have been a relative of the Captain Wollaston who founded it. In any case, his researches led him towards the probability that the family name was in reality Wollaston, or Woolston—a belief in which the writer, who has also studied the subject, joins.

Jarvis Woolson was a man of fine presence, and bearing. In conversation he was remarkably agreeable, for he had read much, he was interested in many things, he had a ready wit and a keen sense of humour. His genial and amusing way of talking was the more remarkable because, from the maternal side, he had inherited deafness...

In conclusion, it may be said that the most striking trait of Jarvis Woolson's character was the fortitude with which he bore the trials of life. In his case those trials were heavy. They never conquered him.

A Brief Account of the Life of Charles Jarvis Woolson. Written by his Daughter. (*From "Voices out of the Past," Tenth Voice.*)

picture taken out of the box, but the first exclamation from Mother and Georgiana was—"I never should have known it!" However, after looking for some time, they began to discover a resemblance. Mrs. Turner said it looked more like me than anyone else! They all seemed to think they should prefer the "fancy sketch" to the veritable portrait.

At last we all walked to Edgewater, and I took possession of my old room. Lib Beall, Ann and Hannah Cooper, Uncle Fenimore Cooper and his daughters Susan and Fanny, came to see us the same evening. . . . Edgewater is perfectly lovely. The house is so spacious and finished in such good taste; the situation so pleasant with the Lake directly before us—to me it is charming!

Dear, dear Otsego Lake, with its beautiful bays, its projecting points and wooded hills, and mirrorlike waters. As long as I live, I shall ever love it. The trees and shrubbery in the grounds of Edgewater, with the absence of mischievous boys to annoy them, attract many birds, and the air is filled with their melody. Georgy spends most of her time on the front steps, looking at the lake and hills. Yesterday we were to spend the day at Deacon Place; as soon as we could obtain leisure from the many callers, we started off. It would only take time and paper to enumerate every caller—I can only say that *everybody* came to see us.

I am pleased to find that my portrait is generally liked—Uncle Fenimore calls it an excellent likeness—Lib Beall says she would know it anywhere; Father and Mother, now that it is hung in a good light, like it more and more. We passed a very pleasant day at Mother's. I went to all the old play-places—the barn, the wood-shed, the summer-house, and tried again the old swing in the garret. We took tea from the same old-fashioned blue china cups, and I think the tea had a peculiarly delicious flavour in consequence. Mr. and Mrs. Turner spent the afternoon with us at Mother's, and we had a good many laughs over old frolics. Annie and Georgy played about.

Monday.

A grand menagerie in Cooperstown! A large giraffe, the great attraction. We all went to Mother's to see the elephants cross the bridge—sometimes they refuse to go, but these crossed very quietly. The exhibition opened at 1 p.m. As I had never seen a giraffe, I determined to go with Mr.

Woolson and the children, but such a crowd I never was in before! Fortunately, the giraffe was the first animal inside the tent, and having obtained a good look at that, I hastened out with little Annie, glad enough to get once again into the fresh air. Mr. Woolson with Cornelia and Georgy spent the afternoon in the tent.

In all my recollections of Cooperstown, 4th of July, or "General Trainings" I never remember to have seen anything like the number of people. The unusual appearance of the village streets was quite equal to the menagerie itself. I was so completely tired out, when I got back to Edgewater, that not even a great "ice cream sale" in the evening tempted me out. But some of the cream was brought to me, which was very acceptable. I finished an interesting work "Ellen Glanville," this and the third series of Miss Leslie's "Pencil Sketches" are all the books I have read since leaving home. Tuesday. — Unpleasant weather, and I have been employing the day sewing for my little Annie. We have had many callers, notwithstand the rain. . . . Mrs. Keese has been amusing herself altering my caps into fashionable shapes.

Thursday.—Quite pleasant. I have called at Aunt Campbell's, Aunt Fenimore's, the Bealls, the Cottage Coopers, Jul Turner's and Richard's. Found everybody at home, and exceedingly enjoyed my calls, and especially the home look of Doughnut Hall, Woodside, Apple Hill, and Rose Bank—all charming.

Friday.—Mrs. Keese had invited a large party for Cooperstown—eighty persons were expected. The rain commenced falling in torrents soon after dinner and did not cease until midnight. Notwithstanding, thirty guests managed to reach Edgewater, and we had a delightful evening—the first time in ten years that Lib, Jul and I have been in company together.

Sunday.—I attended Church. Our good clergyman, Mr. Tiffany, is able to preach again. After service . . . Jul and I went into the family burying ground to look at the last resting places of those we had loved in life. I often think how short a time it may be, ere I, too, am laid under the shadow of the stately old pines. Monday.—Incessant rain. Reading and talking have occupied the day. . . . We bade our adieus to all. It was arranged that as the stage left at four a.m. and drove ten miles before breakfast, we should have a cup of warm coffee before starting. Dear little

Georgy felt so badly at the idea of being left, that it made me very unhappy. I promised to wake her when the stage came for us in the morning, so that she might see us start. We slept quietly all night. When I awoke, I looked at my watch and found it was ten minutes past four. . . . As we had not been called, I supposed that we should have time to dress and take coffee at our leisure. . . . While I was indulging in these agreeable fancies, the stage came to the door with Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and the other passengers all in! Up jumped Mr. Woolson, and we were obliged to pitch on our things, and as there was no fire, or any one up we had to go without anything to eat or drink—Mr. and Mrs. Keese and Georgy viewing our departure from the windows. The driver asserted that he came to Edgewater one hour before, according to promise, and rang the bell "until he was tired," but could not wake anybody. We drove along very comfortably to Springfield, where a miserable breakfast was obtained, and then we hastened on to Fort Plain. Here we waited two hours for the cars from Schenectady. When we were finally seated, we could not but notice the difference of whizzing through the country by steam and plodding along after horses. The railroad passes through St. Johnsville, Little Falls, and Herkimer to Utica. At the first place, the cars stop ten minutes and all the passengers rush into the refreshment room—considered the best on the road—ice-cream, jellies, cakes, pies—indeed, everything to eat and drink. Little Falls is one of the most wild and romantic places I have ever seen; immense mountains and towering rocks seem to fill up every spot. However, through the narrow gorge pass the railroad, the Mohawk river and the Erie Canal. The river, as if angry, plunges from rock to rock, giving a name to the village. Herkimer is a pretty little quiet rural town. We reached Utica at half-past three, and retired immediately to our rooms, as we did not intend to dine with the rush of passengers from the cars. After resting and arraying ourselves, we had a private table and dined at five o'clock. We walked about the city in the twilight hour, then returning to the Hotel, Mrs. Turner and I each took a Port wine "sangaree" and a delightful warm bath and went to bed.

Utica is a large and flourishing city. Every one seems engaged and alive in the business part of the city, and on the hill are many neat private residences. We left Utica at seven a.m. on the canal packet for Syracuse, June 23rd, 1839.

As the railroad for Syracuse was to be opened that day, we had but few passengers and were very comfortable in consequence. No one—from travelling on the canal—could form any idea of the beauty or wealth of the Empire State. Our day's ride, from a combination of circumstances—such as a light load, a cloudy day, etc.—proved very agreeable. We had four chairs placed in the bow of the boat, and Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Woolson and I stationed ourselves there to enjoy all that was to be seen. We did not reach Syracuse until nine in the evening. . .. The next morning was dark and lowering. The cars for Auburn left at eight a.m., and we had a good look at Salt Lake and Salina in the distance, and also at all the vats for the manufacture of salt, both by evaporation and burning. . . At the Auburn depot . . . we found stages waiting for the passengers. Our route took us directly past the fearful State Prison, which is gloomy even to look at. Nothing could induce me to visit it as many do, for amusement or curiosity.

We took dinner at Auburn, and as the rain prevented our going out, we mounted to the cupola of the hotel, where we had a good view of the village and surrounding country. To my taste, there are two great sins in Auburn—one of omission, and one of commission—the former, in placing the village where not a glimpse can be obtained of the pretty lake so near, and the other, in having the abode of crime and punishment in its bosom.

At Auburn we encountered two old acquaintances—Mr. and Mrs. Vogle, and we concluded it would be more agreeable for our party of six to take an "extra," and go immediately to Geneva, rather than wait for the regular stage. On we went over bad roads, in the rain, through Waterloo and Cayuga, crossing at the latter place the mile-long bridge. Cayuga Lake is a fine sheet of water and the whole country to Geneva is very pleasant, but the cruel rain prevented our seeing much of it. Before we reached Geneva, we had an animated debate as to which of the hotels we should go to—the Franklin House in the business part of the town, or the hotel on the hill in a more pleasant situation. The gentlemen were in favour of the Franklin on account of its superior accommodations, but they gave way to us ladies, who decided to go altogether for the scenery. Our courage rather failed as we alighted at the barn-like, dilapidated house on the hill, but

we consoled ourselves with the prospect of the lovely views. We were taken into a decent-looking parlour with two small bedrooms attached. We were soon called to tea, and the dirt and desolation of the table made us repent our choice and when we discovered that the house was so surrounded by buildings that we could get no view either of the lake or village, we were completely chagrined. It rained all the evening, so we could not go out. About nine o'clock after our farce of a tea, we all felt disposed for something in the way of refreshment. The gentlemen descended. Was there any ice-cream for sale in the town? Oh, yes; plenty. A liberal portion was ordered to our room. The gentlemen returned, waited half an hour; then Mr. Woolson went to make enquiries and met a waiter with a tureen in a basket, returning from the lower village with the intelligence that no cream was to be found. Mr. Woolson asked—had they any strawberries? No. So upstairs he came, discouraged. Down went Mr. Turner and Mr. Vogle to try their skill. "Did they know how to make egg-nog?" "Oh, yes!" "Well, bring up six glasses." The gentlemen came back in great glee at their success. Waited another half hour, when a timid knock announced the arrival of the man who said they had no eggs! We concluded then, to retire without delay.... The next morning, the sun shone brightly, and after a breakfast, similar in quality to the tea, we went to walk through the village by the Seminary and the homes of the Professors. These all commanded a fine view of the lake, which is lovely, but the shores are not bold enough to make it very fine. We left Geneva at 11 a.m. in the stage for Canindaigua.... The road to Canindaigua passed through a very rich agricultural portion of New York.... Canindaigua is one of the prettiest villages in the state. It is built principally on two wide streets, crossing each other at right angles; beautiful shade trees of every variety, houses set back from the street, with large yards filled with beautiful flowers; fruits of all kinds, wide neat side-walks and exuberant foliage everywhere.

We left Canindaigua at 3 p.m. on Sunday for Rochester—nine passengers, and an immense quantity of luggage.... Rochester, as we entered, appeared much larger than we had expected.

Monday Evening.—The first thing after breakfast, Mrs. Turner and myself started on a shopping expedition, but we found the sun so powerful, and the heat and glare of the

sidewalks so oppressive that we were glad to limit our walk. We succeeded in buying lace, ribbon and flowers to make a plain travelling cap, and, on our return, combined our efforts to make it up prettily, and succeeded. Frederick Whittlesy, the "Chancellor" called to see us, and urged us to spend the day with him, but we took into consideration that four people brought in to dinner unexpectedly on a Monday, might cause confusion, and therefore declined. After dinner he took us all over the city and pointed out the sights. Geneseo Falls are far more beautiful than I had supposed, but the great rains had much increased the river, and they looked more grand than usual. . . . Going up one of the narrow, rough hills, some part of the harness broke, and the horses commenced backing. This, of course, frightened me so much that I had no more pleasure in the drive. . . . In the morning we were very undecided which way we would take to Lockport—the bridge road, the railroad to Batavia, and then the stage, or the canal. We finally decided upon the latter, and were obliged to run to reach the boat. . . . the day was fine—good air, and not very bright sunshine. The boat was not crowded and we should have had a pleasant time had it not been for the presence of the "Patriot" General Sutherland. He had just been released from a confinement of fifteen months and was on his way home. We thought him a most disagreeable man—a ceaseless tongue, a loud and blustering voice, a swaggering manner, determined to talk and be listened to by everybody of the Canadian difficulties, and what great things he could, would and should do. The canal passes through several fine towns . . . but we travelled slowly and did not reach Lockport until midnight. I must not omit to mention a bridal party we had on the boat, consisting of the mother, two unmarried sisters, one married sister with her husband, and the bride and groom. The devotion of the newly married pair was excessive; they sat with their arms about each other, kissing each other frequently, much to the entertainment of the lookers-on.

Lockport is one of the most disagreeable places I was ever in, notwithstanding the wonderful work in the construction of the canal at this point which ought to interest one. From Lockport we went by railroad to Niagara. We went to the Cataract Hotel on the American side. There has been a great mistake in the location of this house—you cannot see the Falls from it. The hotel on the British side commands a view of the whole.

After an hour's rest, we all walked through the grove to the bank of the river, where we had a fine view of the American Fall. Descending to the river's edge, lingering every step to admire, we seated ourselves in the skiff to be rowed to the other side, as we wished to make sure of so fine a day to view the "world of waters" from Table Rock. The little skiff shot away up the stream, close to the American Fall, and then, striking the downward current, we glided to the landing place in the British dominions. The view of the Falls from the river is sublime and the bounding motion of the boat is so exhilarating that we enjoyed our transit greatly. Armed sentinels stationed on the shore reminded us that we were in another dominion. We pursued our way up the steep hill by a winding road cut in the rock, and on reaching the top, uttered loud exclamations of delight. At length we reached Table Rock. Everything else sank into insignificance compared with the awful grandeur of the scene before us. We seated ourselves and viewed in silence the immense mass of water falling in one unbroken sheet over the precipice, the white rapids above looking like an angry ocean hurrying to the plunge—the volume of spray rising from below at times obscuring the whole falls, and then wafting away, giving you glimpses of the river in one mass of foam; the steady thundering noise, the apparent tremor of the rock on which you are sitting—but there is no use in description—no pen can give an adequate idea of Niagara Falls. The ear must hear and the eye must see to be satisfied.

We remained on the rock a long time, and as we did not expect to be able to cross the river again, we determined to descend the stairs to the river's brink, that by looking up, we could obtain a more correct idea of the height of the falls. We did so, and standing on the slippery rocks, the spray dashing against us, Table Rock projecting over our heads, we looked up in silent awe. At length, we reluctantly retraced our steps to the ferry and were wafted across to our own country. . . .

We left the Falls at three p.m. for Buffalo. The road lay all the way on the banks of the Niagara river, so we passed Grand Island and saw Major Noak's monument, also Navy Island recently so celebrated. We passed Black Rock and reached Buffalo at half-past five. We went to the American Hotel, said to be the best furnished house in the

state. We had very fine front rooms, and amused ourselves watching the passers-by—including the evolutions of a Buffalo military company. . . .

Buffalo is a large and fine city, but the winds from the lakes sweep over it so violently that it is not considered healthy for people of consumptive tendencies. We have taken passage on the "Cleveland," a splendid boat—she starts this evening. I see by the date (July 8th, 1839) that we have been absent from home just one month to-day, and have not yet really started for "the West!"

Punctually at eight p.m. the boat left. The best state-room on board was procured for Mrs. Turner and myself. We remained on deck until ten o'clock, watching the progress through the water. . . In the morning we found that we had passed Erie in the night. Our course ran this day about two miles from the southern shore of Lake Erie, which is low land covered with forest trees; as many of these trees have been girdled, the coast appears desolate indeed. We made two or three stops at different landings to take in wood. . . . The view of Cleveland as you approach is quite pretty. It lies back from the lake on a bluff. We landed at 2 p.m., having made a quick run from Buffalo. We drove to the American Hotel. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Turner and I went to the Presbyterian church, where we heard a singular discourse from a strange clergyman and met a relative, Tom Pomeroy, who is residing in Cleveland.

Monday morning. . . . Our old friend, Washington Beebe, called to see us. Time has made but little change in his personal appearance since we last met, twelve years ago. Mrs. Turner and myself followed our usual method of obtaining a view of the town we were in by mounting to the cupola. From this height we had a fine view of the Cuyahoga, the canal, Lake Erie and the city. We decided that Cleveland was delightfully situated. From its being on a bluff, every part commands a view of the lake. When tired of gazing, we descended to the parlour, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Beebe called. They invited us to take a drive with them, an invitation we gladly accepted. Washington's oldest son drove his mother, Mrs. Turner, myself and a Mrs. Benedict,* a

* Mrs. George A. Benedict (Sarah Rathbone of Brownville N.Y.). afterwards mother-in-law to Mrs. Woolson's youngest daughter, Clara.

young married lady friend of Mrs. Beebe's. . . . We went on the "Sandusky" in the evening.

The night was lovely—brilliant starlight, the lake perfectly calm, and we remained on deck a long time, at last reluctantly descending to our staterooms. . . . I was awake several times in the night, and heard some one exclaiming, "Sinner, turn, why will ye die?" I rose at four, and as our room was very warm, I hurriedly dressed and went on deck. There were but few passengers up, but among them I noticed a man of about thirty, who kept pacing the deck, and who seemed in a state of mental disquietude. I had just stepped to the bow of the boat to look at some islands, when a dark object rushed by, and a plunge, followed by the cry, "a man overboard"! startled me and all others. There he was in the broad lake; I saw him strike out, apparently swimming. As soon as possible the steamboat was stopped and the little boat lowered, and then all eyes looked in every direction for the unfortunate, but he was never seen again. We resumed our way, saddened by the thought of a soul having passed so suddenly into eternity. We learned afterward that he was a divinity student, who had become insane and who was travelling for his health under the care of a friend who had only left him for a moment, when he jumped from the deck.

We passed by the group of islands near the scene of Perry's victory and entered the Maumee river to Toledo, where we arrived at 10 a.m. But we, thinking it best to see something of the far-famed Maumee, stepped on board a small steamer and went ten miles up the river to Perrysburg. . . . As the boat approached the shore, I recognized among the waiting groups my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairman. As I had not seen Mrs. Fairman for twelve years, I had no idea that she would know me, particularly as she had no reason to expect that I was in that part of the world. As she came on the upper deck, I put up my veil and said, "How are you, Mrs. Fairman? Do you know me?" But as quickly as I spoke, she exclaimed, "Why, Hannah Pomeroy, where did you come from?"

We sat down together and had a most agreeable chat. . . . This meeting old friends accidentally, and spending an hour or two together, recalling old scenes and frolics, is one of the delightful chances you meet with in this Western world,

where everybody seems to be moving. We left Toledo in the steamboat "Buffalo" for Detroit. We had fine weather and a fine boat. The Maumee river is very pretty, and the country on its banks one of the richest in the world. It is now, however, very unhealthy, as all rich lands are when first settled, and consequently persons are much prejudiced against it. The wise predict that in a few years it will be the garden of the state.

The entrance to Detroit river is very pretty, and as we advanced through the English channel near the Canadian shores, we were delighted with the beauty of the country, which has been settled a long time. At Fort Malden we viewed the British soldiers and sentinels. The Patriot disturbances have made them uncommonly alert. We passed the island which the Patriots had in possession a short time, and saw their forts and entrenchments. We reached Detroit at 11 a.m. In the afternoon the gentlemen met Mrs. Chester in the street, and in the evening she called with her husband and brother, Lieutenant Morell. She invited us to visit her the next evening. . . . We accepted. . . . The next afternoon, Mr. Turner and Mr. Woolson concluded to drive out to Troy, Oakland County, and return the next day, leaving us at the Hotel. Before they went, they asked Mr. Morell to escort us to his sister's. We had a charming evening at Mrs. Chester's . . . Saw her mother, Mrs. Morell, Mrs. Horatio Averell from Troy, with her two children, Jane and Watson; also my dearly-loved school friend, Sarah Barnard, now Mrs. Augustus Porter and her husband. Sarah and I had not met since we parted at Mrs. Willard's Boarding School, fifteen years before. I should have known her anywhere. . . . Early next morning we received a note from Sarah Porter, inviting us to spend the day with her, saying she would send the carriage for us at any hour we might appoint. We did not like to leave before our husbands' return from Oakland Co., but supposing they would certainly be back before dinner, we wrote to Sarah that we would come any time after four p.m. . . . four o'clock came and Mrs. Porter's carriage, but no husbands—so off we went without them. The Porters live in one of the old French houses built on the banks of the river more than a century ago. It has been a little modernized, and is a charming place. We had a delightful afternoon with Sarah. . . . In the evening, Mr. Turner appeared, but Mr. Woolson was not able to come, as I had, without thinking, carried off the trunk keys, and he could not change his clothes!

Julia and I concluded that Mr. Porter must be very fond of his wife, or he would not have been so devotedly polite to her old friends. . . .

The next morning, Mrs. Porter came in her carriage and took us all about the city, which, although so old a town, is only just now undergoing the process of modern improvements. . . .

Sunday morning. When we went down to breakfast, the landlord said some friends of ours had come on the night boat—the Beebes. We were much pleased to meet them again. In the morning General Morell called to escort us to church. We were disappointed at not hearing Bishop McCoskney, but had a good sermon from some Professor.

We have met here a Mr. Kimball, formerly of Lebanon, N.H. and with him a fascinating young widow by the name of Hardwicke from Boston; Mr. Kimball is a married man, and Mrs. Hardwicke is going under his care to visit some friends in Chicago. We are much amused with her gay manners, her ready conversation and the multitude of her admirers.

Monday morning.—Mrs. Beebe said she wished very much to go over to the Canadian shore, as she had been told many things could be purchased much cheaper in the provinces than in the states. . . . I accepted the invitation, and Mr. Beebe, his wife and myself, stepped into the ferry boat and were soon in the Royal Maiden's* dominions. Mrs. Beebe went into every shop and asked the price of everything. Finally she bought a Highland shawl for herself and one for her little girl and although it was quite a warm day, she was obliged to wear them both, to avoid paying duty on our return! As we waited in the ferry house for the arrival of the boat, we saw on it Mr. Turner and Mr. Woolson, who had come in search of us. Mr. Turner was so taken with the beauty and cheapness of the shawls, that he ran to the store and selected one for his wife, which I put on over mine, and thus smuggled it across the river. . . . Julia and I arranged many plans for our doings when we should meet again in Cleveland, where Mr. Turner has made up his mind to live for the next few years. I regretted so much to part with Julia—the fascinating "Widder" cannot supply her place to me.

* Queen Victoria.

The lovely "Widder" has taken a wonderful fancy to Mr. Woolson—"she never in her life met so agreeable a gentleman. Her heart, her heart is gone! Oh, if Heaven would only give her such another," etc. . . . I am compelled to keep strict watch lest the "Widder's" charms and devotion may lead Mr. Woolson to forget he is a Husband and the Father of five responsibilities. . . .

July 18th, 1839.

This morning at 9 a.m., Mr. Kimball and Mrs. Hardwicke, young Porter, the eldest son of General Porter (the capturer of Santa Anna), Senator Lyon, Mr. Woolson and myself, with a multitude unknown, embarked on the splendid steamboat "Illinois," for the upper Lakes. General Morell, Mr. Augustus Porter . . . and many other acquaintances came to the boat to say good-bye.

We had on board a company of U.S. soldiers going to the Fort at Mackinaw. We put off from the wharf in good style, our band playing, banners and flags waving in the air. We passed up the Detroit river by the right side of Hog Island, a pretty island, notwithstanding its name, and were soon in the broad and shallow Lake St. Clair. Our boat got fast twice on the flats, but we worked off with but little delay. The river St. Clair, between the lake and Lake Huron, is remarkably pretty, shores slightly elevated and well wooded. We did not reach Huron until evening, as our passage through the crooked, shallow, narrow channel was necessarily very slow. The Captain of the "Illinois" is considered the best sailor on the Lakes. He is a perfect original, and some of his remarks are irresistibly amusing. As soon as we entered the broad expanse of Huron, we all retired to our respective berths—the fair widow in her fantastic travelling costume, a close-fitting riding habit of blue cloth, the train fastened up at the side to disclose an elaborately embroidered skirt, and the little feet encased in pretty boots with high heels. The jaunty little jockey hat and feather and buff gloves render her so charming that she levels all before her. Senator Lyon has been devoted all day. She smiles on all alike, and to all, she is bland, insinuating and confiding.

The next morning we awoke opposite Thunder Bay, having run nearly one hundred miles during the night. A fine day with the prospect of reaching Mackinaw in the evening.

We ran along through the clear, cold, sparkling waters of Huron, until we came to "Bois Blanc," around which we turned and into view came the lovely island of Mackinaw.*

* Travelling westward over the great lakes we constantly encounter beginnings. The newness of the new world is conspicuous, pleasantly or obtrusively, according to our tastes, but conspicuous always. The cities on the shores are young and precocious, the villages are young and awkward, and the lumber stations are young and green with the freshly-cut verdure of the forest. The universal boast on the fresh-water seas is, "See how young we are!" . . . Coming from the east and striking the lakes at Buffalo, the elderly traveller begins to breathe this juvenile atmosphere of the fresh water, and as he advances westward, he is obliged to abandon, one by one, his cherished beliefs and interests. History there is none, relics there are none, and the oldest inhabitant seems to him but a boy. At first he wonders and admires . . but gradually he grows weary of the hurry, weary of the paint, weary of unfinished cities and just-begun villages, weary of ambitious words and daring hopes, weary, in short, of the soaring American eagle. In this mood, the elderly traveller is suddenly brought face to face with the old; for in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, round the corner of Bois-Blanc—lies the ancient home of the Giant Fairies, the little picturesque island of Mackinac, venerable with the memories of more than two centuries.

There is nothing young about Mackinac, nothing new. The village at the foot of the cliff is decayed and antiquated; the fort, on the height above, is white and crumbling with age; the very flag is tattered. There is no commercial activity at Mackinac; the business life of the village died out with the fur trade, and so different is its aspect from that of the other lake towns, that the traveller feels as though he was walking through the streets of a New World Pompeii.

There is no excitement in Mackinac, no news. In summer, if Huron is willing, the boats bring the mails three times a week; but Saginaw Bay is often surly; blustering head winds lie in wait behind Thunder Bay Islands, and days pass without a letter or paper. In winter the mails are carried over the ice on dog trains . . . pictures of arctic life as real as any in the polar regions. . . Thus isolated in the northern waters, the island does not enjoy that vivid interest in passing events which this age of steam and electricity has evoked; neither politics, epidemics, improvements nor religion disturb its lethargy. Religion has lain dormant where the first missionaries left it; the air is so pure that no one dies under the extreme limit of the term allotted to man; no improvements have been made in a hundred years; and if the islanders do not persist, like the Pennsylvania Dutchman, in voting for General Jackson, it is simply because they have only got as far down the list as Madison. .

The natural scenery of Mackinac is charming. The geologist finds mysteries in the masses of calcareous rock dipping at unexpected angles, the antiquarian feasts his eyes on the Druidical circles of ancient stones; the invalid sits on the cliff's edge and breathes in the buoyant air with delight, or rides slowly over the old military roads, with the spicery of cedars and junipers alternating with the fresh forest odours of young maples and beeches. The haunted birches abound and on the crags grow the weird larches beckoning with their long fingers—the most human tree of all. Bluebells, on their hair-like

Then came bustle and excitement; the U.S. soldiers preparing to disembark, the passengers on the alert to see all they could of the island, while the boat lay to. Our band played a lively tune as the steamer moved up to the wharf amid the admiring gaze of Indians, citizens and soldiers. The whole scene at Mackinaw was novel and delightful—the garrisoned fort on the heights, the old village at the foot of the hill with its stockade enclosures, log houses roofed with bark, countless multitudes of Indians in their wigwams on the beach, their babies strapped on boards and stood up against their tents. The enchanting beauty of the scenery in the straits rendered this place to me the most charming I was ever in. Mr. Woolson and myself left our floating palace for a walk on the island. . . . We went by the wigwams, stopping to look at the bead-eyed babies, and the curious implements of domestic use; and pursued our way slowly up

stems, swing from the rocks, fading at a touch, and in the deep woods are the Indian pipes, but the ordinary wild flowers are not to be found.

Over toward the British Landing stand the Gothic spires of the blue-green spruces, and now and then an Indian trail crosses the road, worn deep by the feet of the red-men, when the Fairy Island was their favourite and sacred resort. . . .

The island of Mackinac was a sacred spot to the Indians of the lakes. They believed it to be the home of the giant fairies, and never passed its shores without stopping to offer tribute to the powerful genii who guarded the straits. Even now there is a vague belief among the remnants of the tribes that these mystic beings still reside under the island and sometimes sally forth by night from the hill below the fort. . . .

Some years ago an aged Indian chieftain left his Mackinac home to visit some of his tribe in the Lake Superior country, and as he sat upon the deck of the steamer in the clear twilight and watched the outlines of the fairy island growing faint in the distance, the old man's heart broke forth in the following apostrophe, which a listener, struck by its beauty, translated and transcribed on the spot:

"Michili mackinac, isle of the clear deep-water lake! How soothing it is, from amidst the smoke of my opawgun to trace thy blue outlines in the distance, and to call from memory the traditions and legends of thy sacred character! How holy wast thou in the eyes of our Indian seers! How pleasant to think of the time when our fathers could see the stillness which the great Manitou shed on thy waters, and hear at evening the sound of the giant fairies, as with rapid step and giddy whirl they danced upon thy lime-stone battlements! Nothing then disturbed them save the chippering of birds and the rustling of the silver-barked birch. Michili mackinac, isle of the deep lake, farewell."

Appleton's Journal. *From Mackinac Island by Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

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to the Fort. The view from the height of ground is unsurpassed. We went through the Fort grounds and down into the old village by another road. All the associations connected with this spot, the old French residents, the fur traders, the feastings, carousing and revelry in years long past, were brought vividly to our minds while standing amid the very scenes in which they were enacted. The whooping Indians on the beach gave us some idea of the necessity of the old stockade fences with loopholes for guns, which stand about in every direction. We wandered about and did not return until the clang of the steamboat bell gave us a recall. We left Senator Lyon at Mackinaw.

After we had passed out of sight of the lovely island, we gathered together to relate our adventures. The widow had not left the boat; Mr. Kimball had strolled about and had got some of the copper tribe to row him on the lake in a canoe; Mr. Porter, who had often been in Mackinaw, had been seeing acquaintances, and he had also been gallant enough to purchase some Indian needlebooks, which he presented to Mrs. Hardwicke and myself.

We sat on deck listening to the band, and watching our passage through the straits until ten o'clock. . . .

Next morning at the Manitou Islands in Lake Michigan, where we lay to for three hours to take on wood, all the gentlemen went on shore to gather pretty pebbles and wild flowers for the ladies.

Nearly all day I was quite seasick crossing Lake Michigan and kept my room. At tea time, having eaten salt fish, said to be a sovereign remedy, I felt better and was able to go on deck. The fresh air quite revived me, and we passed a very gay evening—comic songs, tales and stories, theatrical scenes between the widow and her admirers, all were in play to enliven us. We reached Milwaukee Harbour at half-past ten p.m. and fired a gun to give notice of our arrival, as so large a boat as the "Illinois" cannot cross the bar in the river. The little steamboat "Badger," and two lighters to carry the freight, put off to take us up to town. We left the widow on board the "Illinois" and a *very* pathetic parting scene we had! . . .

The "Badger" was a horrid little high pressure boat, with steam puffing out of it in all parts, so that our clothing

was perfectly wet by the time we reached the landing. . . . Finally we reached the Milwaukee Hotel, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and went to bed as soon as possible.

Directly after breakfast, Mr. Woolson went off to find Fenimore.* I had soon the pleasure of seeing him. In the afternoon, Fen. and I went to the Episcopal service which was held at the Court house; they have at present only lay reading. I think Milwaukee the prettiest place I have seen since I left Cooperstown; beautiful views of the lake and rivers, and an amphitheatre of hills around; abundance of pure water and a steady climate. With all these natural advantages what can prevent its becoming the finest place in the West? Captain Blake of the "Illinois" said that five to one landed at Milwaukee, that all the bone and sinew of the country stopped here, that every man who came on board with a wheelbarrow and chest of tools was sure to land at Milwaukee! One reason Milwaukee appears more lovely to me than other western places is the elevation of land about it, and the green forests; I think our whole party will report favourably of this "Oasis of the West." †

Monday. Mr. Woolson has been running round, trying to find where to pay the taxes on his land. Tuesday, we drove about to his lots on the bluff near the Light House, overlooking Lake Michigan. I am determined to keep hold of this Milwaukee property, if we can do so . . . I am sure, by the time our daughters grow up, this will be a handsome provision for them. The climate of Milwaukee, I am told, is delightful—refreshing breezes from the Lake during the summer; winter does not set in until the latter part of December, when they have an even temperature and light snow enough to make steady sleighing, but daily bright sunshine.

Our last day in Milwaukee was very pleasant; Mr. Woolson spent it in finishing up all the little odds and ends of his business; I . . . spent the day in reading, walking and calling. After tea, Fen. came for me, and after our calls were finished, my cousin William Campbell, dubbed the "Judge," Fen. and I had a lovely moonlight walk, and then the "Judge" and "Dr." escorted me back to our hotel. . . .

* Fenimore Pomeroy, Mrs. Woolson's younger brother.

† *Vide* p. 730.

The "Great Western" arrived on her way to Chicago, and the Captain sent his yawl ashore for passengers. We were all in readiness, but Mr. Kimball had gone out on some business. We told his man that he had better find him, but to all our suggestions, he only said, "Oh, I guess there's no hurry."

So down to the boat we went with our luggage, escorted by "Judge" Campbell, and "Doctor" Pomeroy. When we arrived at the "Great Western," we bade them a reluctant adieu. We told Captain Walker that a gentleman had been left behind, but he said he had sent his boat for the passengers, and that he could wait no longer. Off we moved, and as we did so, we espied a little boat in the river, which by the celerity of its movements, both in sails and oars, we supposed contained the anxious and disappointed Mr. Kimball. . . .

We soon lost sight of Milwaukee. We touched at Racine, a prettily situated place, and at Southport. From there we ran near the Wisconsin shore to Chicago. These shores are beautiful green sward, free from underbrush, with oak trees scattered about, which give it the appearance of an old settled country.

Chicago looks pleasant as you approach from the water, but I was most impressed with the appearance of the prairie beyond it, which stretches twelve or fourteen miles in every direction, not a tree to be seen. You can scarcely be persuaded that the blue haze in the distance is not water—only prairie! As the boat was to remain but one day in Chicago, we decided to remain on board. . . . Mr. Woolson went ashore to inform some more cousins, George and Theodore Campbell, of our arrival. They came directly to the boat, and although we had not met for six years, the recognition was mutual. We took a moonlight stroll through the streets of Chicago, but found the deep sand somewhat objectionable. . . .

Next morning George asked me to take a drive on the prairie. I was delighted and accepted the proposal. George ordered the carriage, and was so polite as to send for some ice-cream, on which we feasted until the carriage arrived. . . . George and I drove nine miles to the Widow Berry's. How very much I enjoyed my novel drive over a prairie! . . . We stopped to call on Mrs. Arnold, who in her maiden days, as Miss Dorrance, resided at Cooperstown. She professed much

joy at seeing us, and said she should come to the boat before we left. We then returned to the "Great Western" and George bade me adieu. I established myself comfortably in the saloon. Mr. Woolson had been to the Lake House to look after the widow, but she was taking her afternoon nap, and he did not see her. Very soon the widow appeared with her brother, Mr. Wilde. Great was her joy to see us, still greater her indignation that we had not informed her the instant of our arrival, etc. She urged us to take tea with her at the hotel, but as I had declined an invitation from Mrs. Arnold, I could not accept.

She attitudinized about the boat to the admiration of all hands on board, and finally left us, after having sung thrillingly to Mr. Woolson, "Must I leave thee, dearest?" . . . We were obliged to go with our great boat up through the city into the fork of the river before we could turn around, and great was the commotion our high pressure engine created, frightening cats, dogs, horses, women and children!

Just as the boat was giving its last puff, preparatory to make headway, a furious blowing of horns announced the arrival of the stage from St. Louis. As the driver never ceased blowing, and whipping his horses, Captain Walker waited a few moments for the passengers. Out jumped a number of gentlemen from the stage and rushed to the boat, while the porters threw on their luggage. Mr. Woolson had gone to the bar to get me some ice water; I heard a tremendous shout, and along came Mr. Woolson with Mr. Fiske and Mr. Stimpson, who were among the stage passengers desirous to get on this boat for Detroit.

We got out of the difficult channel and harbour before dark. . . . It must take an enormous amount of money to make a good harbour at Chicago—sand bars are so continually forming. . . . As soon as we were safely in the broad lake, we retired to our rooms.

We awoke Sunday morning at Grand River, which we entered as far as Grand Haven, a little village among sand hills, where we lay to for five hours, taking on wood. From thence we proceeded without stop to Mackinaw. . . . From Mackinaw we went into Lake Huron and reached "Presque Isle" about dark. Here we wooded again, and all went on shore to pick up the pretty pebbles that line the beach.

The next morning we awoke just below Saginaw Bay, made a grand run all day through the lake and river St. Clair, reaching Detroit at eight p.m. Mr. Woolson rushed to the Post Office . . . and I stood on the deck with the other ladies, listening to the shouts of the different hotel porters. . . . "Baggage for the National Hotel, Gentlemen; pass the baggage for the National, carriage waiting;" "Baggage for the Exchange, Gentlemen; carriage waiting;" and so on—cries for all the hotels in the city, and all yelling at once.

It so happened that in all our boat load but two persons were to stop in Detroit; so after they had all screamed for half an hour for our amusement and no profit to themselves, they disappeared with their carts and carriages.

Captain Walker has been very polite and attentive; he has given me the seat next to him at the head of the table, therefore I speak "with partiality."

We have had on board with us from Chicago a Mrs. and Miss McClure, Mrs. McClure is a small, fair woman of eighteen with a great fat baby boy, nearly two years old. Her husband could not accompany her, and she has started with this child and her husband's sister to go to Brookfield in Massachusetts. Mr. Woolson has taken the principal charge of the child since they started, and I don't know how Mrs. McClure can get along after we leave them, as the boy is so full of mischief, and she so delicate and fragile.

Mr. Woolson found a letter from Claremont at the office, containing good report of the dear children at home.

Mr. Augustus Porter came on the boat while we were at Detroit, and expressed great regret at our not stopping, but we told him that we might live in his place at some day not far distant!

At 11 p.m. we left, and awoke the next morning at Huron on Lake Erie. This place is where Captain Walker lives, and here he has built three steamers, the last of which is this splendid "Great Western."

There came on board here several women, among them the Captain's wife's sister, with whom we were destined to be amused.

At dinner I took my usual seat without thought, and as Mr. Woolson was not quite ready, his seat next to mine was

turned down for him. The Captain's wife's sister walked up, and twitching out the chair, said, "I am not going to the foot of the table, I can tell you." Of course, Mr. Woolson, when he came, sat somewhere else. She left the table before us and when we returned to the saloon, we found her declaiming in great excitement—"She guessed she would have the head of the table! She'd have it altered before tea-time—she'd speak to the Captain and Steward both. She guessed if it was anybody's business to go down, it was the passenger's, not hers. Our boat! It was a pity if she couldn't have the best seat." At tea all watched with some interest the development of the plot. Captain Walker had kept my seat for me as usual, and the wife's sister looked like a perfect fury.

We did not touch again until we reached Cleveland. . . . A violent thunderstorm gave us some apprehension of a rough passage, but when we left Cleveland harbour, our boat moved so steadily that there was no possibility of seasickness.

Some forty or fifty came on at Cleveland, making our boat uncomfortably full. Several of these persons told Captain Walker that they came from motives of curiosity to see so large a boat, although they knew they should have reached Buffalo sooner, had they gone on the "Chesapeake," which left the harbour just before us. The Captain said, "perhaps they would." This, however, roused the Captain, and although he said nothing, we could see it was his intention to be in Buffalo first, if it was in the power of steam to accomplish it. . . . In the evening, we noticed the lights of a steamer we were passing. We were much amused at the Captain's pretended indifference. While we were all looking at it, he came up and I said: "Captain, we are passing the Chesapeake!" "Indeed?" said he in pretended surprise," "so we are!"

Just as if, as Mr. Woolson said, he had not been downstairs for the last hour, sitting by the engine to accomplish this very end!

We reached Buffalo at nine a.m. and here we had a repetition of the scene at Detroit.

We decided to go by stage to Batavia, and from there by railroad to Rochester.

. . . Dr. Porter, Mrs. Gardiner, the Rev. Dr. Lansing with wife and child were to go on the stage with us.

We took an affectionate adieu of kind Capt. Walker, and, receiving a withering look from the "wife's sister," we left the Great Lakes and the "Great Western," and seated ourselves once more in a stage coach.

It was a lovely day, good coach, good roads. We enjoyed the ride to Batavia greatly. Dr. Lansing's little girl reminded us so much of our "Menny Get."* She was just about as slender, and seemed just as much to need protection. She also always said "Dear Papa" like Getty. We took a great fancy to her. . . .

Our road all day has been through a country filled with immense wheat fields and orchards laden with plums and peaches.

We remained at Rochester until the next afternoon . . . when we left by stage for Auburn . . . Then we were whizzed along in the cars to Utica.

We left Utica the next morning . . . for Fort Plain, dined and took our seats in the stage for Cooperstown. We were the only passengers, the road was excellent, and when we came to dear Lake Otsego, it never looked more lovely.

As we came down the hill by the bridge, I waved my bag, and out rushed from the door of Deacon Place—Mother, Cornelia, Georgy and Annie.

Thursday, the eighth of August, 1839. Dear Father's sixtieth birthday! Mr. and Mrs. Keese and Roy dined with us at Deacon Place on a poultry dinner. . . . Roast ducks, broiled chickens, boiled chickens, new potatoes, corn, succotash, squash, cucumbers and onions—bread pudding, raspberry pie, strawberry tarts, claret and champagne. We had a variety of toasts, and the dinner passed off pleasantly. In the evening we all took tea at Uncle Fenimore's; met there the Bealls and the Cottage Coopers.

Saturday, Father, Mother, Mr. Keese, Georgiana and Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Sabina Comstock and little Sabina, Ann Cooper, Mr. Woolson and myself and little Annie with

* Gertrude Woolson, Mr. and Mrs. Woolson's "No. 4."

a suitable quantity of well-filled baskets embarked at the outlet of Lake Otsego for an excursion to Three Mile Point. We safely landed on that delightful spot, where so many happy, happy hours have been spent. . . .

We had a delightful time at the Point. Julia and myself followed up the romantic path in the woods and turned down to the brook in search of the Tree where the names of "Our Society"* were placed fourteen years before; and we found it—our initials as plainly discerned as if fourteen days rather than years had elapsed. How well I remember the time they were carved, and all of us pledged ourselves to visit that tree every time we came to the Point.

	E.C.	Emma Clark, died in 1833.
	E.F.C.	Elizabeth F. Cooper.
1825	H.C.P.	Hannah C. Pomeroy.
	J.A.C.	Julia A. Campbell.
	J.A.R.	Jane A. Russell, died in 1833.
	G.C.	Gold Cooper, died in 1832.

* "Our Society."

In what was called "The Big Parlor" of Deacon Place (afterwards "Fenimore" of Pomeroy Place) Cooperstown, New York, on November 15th, 1825, the following persons associated themselves together and formed a Society, which was to be kept according to its Constitution and Laws so long as any two of its members were living. This association was named "The Society of Fine Arts, of Elegant and Precious Literature." . . .

Rules of the Society.

To write to each other on every 15th of November. Should we continue to be residents of the same village, the notes must be in rhyme; should a separation have occurred, letters might be accepted. On the evening of the 15th of November, each year, any members of the Society who happened to be in the same town must meet together, and with closed doors attend to any business relating to the Society. Hickory nuts and Madeira wine, the only refreshments permitted.

Of the original Society of Fine Arts and of Elegant and Precious Literature there are three members living at this time, (November, 1871), all widows—Mrs. Beall of Wisconsin, Mrs. Turner of New York and Mrs. Woolson of Ohio. These three have faithfully kept the Laws of the Society through all these long years and write to each other on every 15th of November. The day so long observed is the birthday of Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

From Mrs. Woolson's Journal.

Elizabeth, Julia and myself are the only survivors of this gay society. After making a rural repast in the old fish house, we re-embarked, and moving down the Lake, stopped at the Echo, whom we found as affable as ever. Little Annie and Sabina were almost frightened at the audible responses of the Lady of the Rock.

We reached the outlet just before dark and in the evening attended an ice-cream sale, to eat as much as we could for the benefit of the Episcopal Church! Sunday we all went to church. As we were intending to leave for New Hampshire on Monday, our parlour, in the evening, was thronged with relatives to say goodbye. . . .

Monday. Rain, rain, rain! No leaving to-day. Uncle Fenimore came in to say another goodbye.

Thursday—a lovely morning!

Here ends the Journal.

His close observation of nature was once of material advantage to him. He was driving in Wisconsin, and had come to a particularly bad bit of road; he turned out of the track in order to escape it, and while guiding his horses across the open ground at one side, he noticed a clod whose colour was not quite like that of its companions. Stopping, he jumped out and took it up in order to see of what it was composed. It turned out to be iron. He immediately entered a number of acres of the land in his name, at the Country-seat, paying for them the nominal price which the Government asked. Later, he sold the same plot for a substantial sum. This incident, however, is balanced by another; his love of picturesque scenery caused him to miss a fortune. In 1839, while still residing in New Hampshire he made what was in those days a long expedition *via* the Erie Canal, Niagara Falls, and the lakes to Chicago, for the purpose of investing in western property. But the infant settlement on the flat prairie at the foot of Lake Michigan, struck him as so unmitigatedly ugly, with its sands, its dead levels, and its mud, that he made haste to leave it behind. He went to Milwaukee, whose beautiful situation appealed to his fancy, and here he laid out the sum he had brought with him. It prospered moderately well. But a tenth part of the same amount invested in those dead levels which had seemed to him so unattractive, would have made him a millionaire.

From a Brief Sketch of the Life of Charles Jarvis Woolson, written by his Daughter. (*" Voices out of the Past," Tenth Voice*).

A GHOST STORY.

IN the summer of 185— we moved into a house more agreeable to us, from its location, than the one we left. The house itself was one of the common kind—parlours with folding doors, dining-room in the rear, and basement kitchen; above, bed-rooms over the parlours, not communicating with each other, smaller rooms over the dining-room, and attic rooms for the servants. I selected the room over the back parlour for myself and husband, giving the two rooms in the rear to my younger children and reserving the front room as a "guest chamber." But when, in the autumn, my eldest daughter returned from school in New York, and entered upon her young lady life, I deemed the event sufficiently important to fit up the guest chamber with the dainty little belongings so dear to young girls, and to install her as mistress of the same.

A very beautiful cousin from Wisconsin had been invited to pass the winter with us, and Georgie, my daughter, deferred taking possession of the room until Mary's arrival.

In October Mary came, and both the girls were delighted with the comfort of their apartment, and promised themselves much pleasure. After two or three days, one morning at the breakfast table, Mary said: "Georgie, what were you doing in the night? I heard you rustling about in the room. But I was too sleepy to speak."

"I was not up," said Georgie, "I did not wake all night."

"Some one was in the room, I am very sure," said Mary.

We all laughed and told her she was probably dreaming.

She said "No, indeed!" but we did not believe her.

A few mornings afterwards, Georgie said: "Now, Mary, what were *you* doing rustling about the room last night? You accused me of sleepwalking, but last night I heard you very plainly. After listening to your movements for some time, I spoke, and you must have got into bed very quietly, for when I put out my hand, you were there. But *why* didn't you speak, and what were you doing?"

"I can say as you did that I never woke all night long, and know nothing of this mysterious prowler."

We all entered very earnestly into the discussion of this matter, but decided that "the rustling," which they both agreed sounded like the moving about of a woman's garments, must have been caused by some current of air moving the curtains—and let the matter pass.

The repetitions of these peculiar sounds were quite frequent during the winter, and the girls tried in all ways to account for their occurrence. When one was awakened by this unseen woman's "rustling," she would quietly wake the other and both would listen intently to discover the exact spot where the sound came from—but always, they said, the Unknown appeared to move about the room. When they kept the light burning, they never heard her.

One day I was sitting in their room, and as usual, we had been trying experiments to produce the same sounds by day, but without effect, when I remarked:

"Your visitor ought to occupy this chair, and then you could at all events know *where* she was."

The chair was an old wooden rocking chair, that, from age and infirmity, made a most peculiar wailing sound when any one rocked in it, loud enough to be heard in the next room.

That night I was awakened suddenly, and in an instant I heard the rocking of this chair continuously for five or six minutes.

The next morning I said to the girls: "Were either of you ill or wakeful in the night, or did you try to alarm me by rocking in the old chair?"

They assured me that they had not been awake, neither had they heard any noise whatever.

"Then the ghost rocked for me, especially," said I, and for the first time I acknowledged feeling startled.

And so this matter continued all winter, and the "ghost" became a household word.

In the spring, Mary returned to her home; Georgie and other members of the family travelled about, and the ghost was left in solitary possession of the apartment.

The following autumn my daughter was married and went into her own happy home.

Early in the winter we invited a young Episcopal clergyman (who had recently assumed the charge of a parish in the city) to spend a few weeks with us and the first morning after he had occupied *the* room, he made this inquiry: "Did you come into my room last night, Mrs. Woolson? I heard someone rustling about."

"No," said I.

"Probably," he continued, "some member of the family came in to get something from the room that had been forgotten."

I let the matter pass for the time, but after he had been similarly disturbed several times, I told him the whole story, and during the remainder of his visit, he, too, tried all means to ascertain the nature of these noises, but without success, and when he left, he laughingly said: "It must be a ghost, and perhaps will make itself visible sometime."

The following spring, a brother of my husband's came to the city. He was not very well when he arrived, and he was with us a month before he could return to his home.

The first morning, after a night in the room, he said: "Who came into my room last night?"

"No one that I know of."

"Oh, yes, I heard some one rustling about for a long time." As he was not well, we did not dwell on the subject, but a few mornings afterwards, he again remarked:

"Someone was certainly in my room last night, for I was awake, and distinctly saw the door open, though I could not tell who came in, but supposed it to be a woman, from the rustling of her clothing."

"Why didn't you speak?" said I.

"I did, but all noises instantly ceased."

One morning he came to breakfast quite excited and said: "I do believe, Sister, there are ghosts in that room, for last night, I not only heard them and saw the door open, but a head covered with short, dark hair was lying on the pillow by my side. The back of the head was towards me, and I looked at it some little time in the faint moonlight. . . . Then I reached out my hand towards it, and it vanished."

Many other times during his visit he had similar visitations or illusions, as you may choose to term them.

The succeeding summer, my second daughter, after a few months of wedded life, came, a widow, to her father's house, and during the short time that God spared her to us, she lived in that room, and in that room she died. She often spoke, not only of hearing, but of seeing peculiar objects. Then one morning she spoke of a head of short dark hair being on the pillow by her side during most of the night, vanishing when she tried to touch it, but coming again when she was still. One night she saw the door open and a figure move across the room, and very frequently until her death, she spoke of her nightly visitors. She seemed to take pleasure in the thought of spirits coming to her from the unknown world, to which she was so rapidly hastening.

After her death the room was closed for many months, and we made arrangements to give up housekeeping and to travel for two or three years on account of the health of the remaining members of the family. Just before we had perfected our plans, a gentleman and his wife from New Hampshire, friends of my husband's, came very unexpectedly to Cleveland. They were on their way to Chicago, and intended only to pay us a call. But we persuaded them to stop with us for a day or two, and hastily made the room ready for our guests. They, of course, had never heard anything of the peculiarities of the room. At the breakfast table the next morning, Mrs. Fiske said:

"I was awake last night when you came into my room, Mrs. Woolson, but you moved about so gently, that I knew you thought I was asleep, so I did not speak." I said; "No, I did not enter your room."

"It was probably then one of your girls, for I distinctly heard some one rustling about."

The next morning both Mr. and Mrs. Fiske spoke of someone again being in their room, and as they left the same day, they probably thought me a careless housekeeper who had to send for forgotten articles stored in my guests' bedroom.

In a few weeks we left the house, and I never heard whether its subsequent occupants had any mysterious nightly visitors.

How all these extraordinary coincidences are to be explained, *I* cannot tell.

From Mrs. Woolson's Journal and from Letters Written by her during the Seventies to Members of the Mather Family.

St. Augustine.

YOU have heard of our delightful sojourn in N.Y. In Philadelphia we took a general look at the city, and I am sure saw the same white steps, and white blinds I noticed during my last visit, forty-four years ago. We went to Washington by the "Air line" road (so termed, we decided, because most of the rails were deep in the bowels of the earth), passing under the city of Baltimore by tunnels, and everywhere sinking as deeply in embankments as possible. We reached Washington before dark and went to the Arlington Hotel, had excellent rooms and went early to bed. Next day we took a carriage and saw everything—the Capitol, the pictures in the Rotunda, the Agricultural grounds, the Smithsonian Institute, the White House; and here, just as we were going out of the grounds, we met General Grant, with his head bowed—his hands deep in his pockets, talking earnestly to a gentleman. . . . We ordered our driver to turn round and walk the horses, so we proceeded abreast, staring at him (noticing that he looked very serious and careworn, and *did not* have a cigar in his mouth) until he reached the White House, when the door flew open as if by magic, and the great man entered.

We also took a look at all the public buildings, drove through the Navy Yard, and lastly went to what was the Ford Theatre, where Lincoln was shot, and the house opposite where he died. . . .

We left Washington at 7 a.m. on the steamer. Another beautiful day—passed down the Potomac, saw Mount Vernon and all other points of interest. Took the railroad at Quantico and reached Richmond at half past 1 p.m. All the way from Quantico to Richmond we passed through places of interest in the War, and our intelligent conductor pointed them out. Had excellent rooms at the Exchange Hotel and after dinner Constance and Clara sallied forth and bought newspapers, and guide books. Next morning, we took a

carriage, and drove first to the National Cemetery where so many thousand U.S. soldiers, gathered from all the battle fields in Virginia, lie buried. This cemetery is kept in beautiful order by the Grand Army of the Republic. It is sad however to see so many graves marked "2 Unknown U.S. Soldiers," "3 Unknown U.S. Soldiers," etc. We drove all about the city, saw the celebrated monuments, went upon Libby and Church Hills to see the beautiful views of the city, country and James River; went to the Libby Prison. . . . Then we drove to Hollywood Cemetery, the old Richmond burying-ground, where the Confederate officers were buried. Presidents Munroe and Tyler lie here, also many distinguished in the late War. . . .

Richmond streets are all up and down hill. I had no idea the city was built upon hills until I saw it. Again we had a beautiful day, and were so pleased with Richmond, we should have much enjoyed a longer visit, but rather than make the early start at five a.m. the next day, we decided to leave on the 2 p.m. train and go to Weldon on the borders of North Carolina, which we did. Every one said before we left New York: "Oh, you will get along comfortably until you leave Richmond, then you will be obliged to go through day and night, for there are no decent stopping-places." We looked upon Weldon therefore, as an experiment. Arrived there just at dusk, found a comfortable house with a bright open fire of pine knots in the parlour. We had an excellent supper, good beds, and I think we were all asleep by nine o'clock. Next morning we took the train at nine a.m. We were so much pleased with this experience, that we decided to try the next night at Flemington. All this day's ride was most interesting to us because so new in every respect. The great pine swamps, the rude stills for the making of tar and turpentine; the swarms—at every station—of curious-looking negroes; the occasional cotton fields—which disappointed me greatly. The plant is very low, and all the cotton pickers had to stoop in a very wearying position. I was only thankful that the days of overseers with the lash were abolished. Why I should have imagined cotton fields beautiful, I know not, but they cannot compare with our golden wheat or corn fields in beauty.

The Pedee and Santee and other rivers took me back to my geography days. We reached Flemington about 6 p.m. A tall landlady ushered us into a room illuminated by a fire of

pine logs. In answer to our request for two rooms and supper, she flew about with a train as long as a comet of coloured satellites, the foremost always called by his full name of "Fitzsimmons." One old darky carried up water, one, bed linen, one, wood, etc. to our rooms. Very soon we had a really delicious supper of fresh fish, tender chickens, eggs, griddle cakes, etc. which we enjoyed greatly. Then we went to our rooms, *climbed up* to our beds, and knew nothing until Fitzsimmons knocked to light a fire for us to dress by. We had a good breakfast and took the train at eight a.m., feeling much better than if we had travelled all night.

We reached Charleston at 4 p.m. and went to the Charleston Hotel. After dinner Connie and Clara went out for papers and guide books. Next morning we walked about the narrow streets, where old negroes sat sunning themselves in every corner; climbed to the top of the Orphan Asylum, and sat down to enjoy the view of the city, the Ashley and Cooper rivers, the harbour, Forts Sumpter and Moultrie.

After impressing this lovely scene upon my mind, we descended the many steps, our coloured guide "not allowed to take any money." We paused in the grounds to look at the statue erected to William Pitt by the Charleston people, just after the abolishing of the Stamp Act in England. It has but one arm, and is otherwise mutilated. After my long climb, I returned to the hotel and did not venture out again. Constance and Clara went to the Battery, the harbour, the burnt district, and all about.

We left Charleston the next morning and reached Savannah at half-past three p.m. On this day's ride we saw everywhere the trees covered with the long, grey moss, and we also met our first detachment of sick people fleeing south, some of them so hopelessly ill, that we wondered how they dared to leave home.

We had intended taking—from this point—a steamer, by the inland route to Jacksonville, but found that no other train left except the one at half-past nine p.m., reaching Jacksonville the next morning. Of course we had no alternative but to take for one night a sleeping car. . . .

Charleston has narrow paved streets, very little business, scarcely anything to be seen but negroes. Savannah has

broad, mostly unpaved streets of deep sand—plank roads on some of them, a bright, open, sunny, cheerful, busy-looking city.

We left that afternoon, stopped about eight o'clock at a station where we had supper, and then retired to our sections, for fortunately for us, there were so few passengers on the train, that we each had a whole section, and so passed the night with much greater comfort than we anticipated, and awoke the next morning just in time to take our breakfast at Baldwin, then on to Jacksonville. We crossed in the night the "Suwanee river, far, far away." Jacksonville is now the largest town in Florida, mostly rebuilt since the war—a modern flourishing town. We stopped at a large hotel call "The National," a four-dollar-a-day house, aping all the style and rules of a New York City Hotel. . . .

It was probably got up in the hope of arresting many Northerners by its flourish. As the rush has not yet commenced, our party, and one other of three members, were all the occupants of the big dining room, and the head waiter, a coloured man with very much watch chain, had a delightful time attitudinizing. One coloured boy stood in front with his brush to disperse flies, and the others rushed to supply our wants; but for appetizing cooking we preferred the tall landlady's at Flemington. We were obliged to stay in Jacksonville until the next morning at nine, to take the steamer "Florence" on the St. John's river. We think the landlords at Jacksonville pay the boats to go an hour or two before the arrival of the train, compelling everyone to remain a day.

Again a bright lovely day on the St. John's, which instead of being a calm, sluggish stream is a broad, turbulent, coffee-coloured river, with a tremendous current. We got seats at the stern of the boat, and looked at everything; Mandarin, Mrs. Beecher Stowe's residence, Green Cove, and all other places of interest. Passed many orange groves, the trees loaded with fruit; looked for alligators, but only saw cows and pigs standing placidly in the water by the shores. On the boat there were many darkies apparently enjoying with great gusto sugar cane. They would have a large piece of cane—five or six feet in length, break off a joint, peel off the outer husk or rind, and bite the white fibre as one eats bananas.

We reached Tocoi at one o'clock, got directly on board the horse cars and were a little over two hours in reaching St. Augustine.

Yesterday I devoted to resting. Constance and Clara investigated every boarding house in the place, and having the entire choice of the town, as we are the first comers, we have taken rooms at Mrs. Fatio's; we shall probably move there this afternoon.

Connie, Clara and I each have a pleasant room with open fire. I have not seen them, but I know I shall like the quarters.

Thus, you see, dear Libby, I have brought you all the way to St. Augustine. When I write you again, I will give you my impressions of this city.

St. Augustine, *Jan. 2nd.*

Last evening came the acceptable New Year's gift, a letter from yourself. Your aunts Constance and Clara gathered around the centre table in my room and discussed Christmas days of old,* brought to our minds by your letter. Especially we laughed at the Christmas in the old Kelly Mansion, when Robinson, the Big Picket, after working like a slave all the evening, was obliged to go home before supper, having nothing but a cup of very strong black coffee for his refreshment.

* Christmas, too, is coming with all its memories. . . But I have so much to be thankful for in Mother's renewed health and in the success that has come to me, limited of course, but very great when you think that it lifts all pecuniary cares off my mind. With the money I earn by my pen, Mother and I are entirely comfortable in our quiet way: without it, we should be very much cramped, and every day an anxiety. To be sure, our income is small, but if it is sufficient for our wants, that is all that is necessary. Do you remember Mr. Micawber's saying: "Suppose a man's income be twenty shillings; he spends twenty shillings and sixpence—Want! He spends nineteen shillings and sixpence—Affluence!" . . .

I have been studying ferns and have become quite an enthusiast. This winter I am going to learn to play chess! Don't you see how I am providing for a solitary old age!! . . . Now I am going out to walk on the pine barrens and to see the sunset.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Mather.

Yesterday, it rained furiously and continuously all day. Your Aunt Clara had accepted an invitation to dine with Mrs. Colonel Frank at the Barracks. "Nothing but death will excuse the non-fulfilment of an accepted dinner engagement," is an old saying. There being no close carriage in the city, she was obliged to engage the omnibus that conveys passengers to the station, in order to reach her destination.

She was very glad that she did have the resolution to encounter the wind and rain, for Mrs. Frank had exhausted all the resources in St. Augustine, and all her culinary skill to produce an elegant entertainment, and would have been greatly disappointed at her absence.

Your Aunt Constance and I did not receive, but breasting the storm, cards were left for us by all the U.S.A. officers* and many civilians. . . .

* . . . The life here is so fresh, so new, so full of a certain wild freedom. I walk miles through the hummocks, where it looks as though no one had ever walked before, gathering wild flowers everywhere, or sitting down under the pine trees to rest in the shade. Yes, shade! For it is so warm that shade is desirable. Then on other days I take a row boat and go prowling down the inlet into all sorts of creeks that go no one knows where; I wind through dense forest where the trees meet overhead, and the long grey moss brushes my solitary boat as I pass. I go far up the Sebastian River as utterly alone as Robinson Crusoe. I meet alligators, porpoises, pelicans, cranes, and even deer, but not a human soul. Then again I often sail out with the numerous gentlemen who have nothing else to do; we go outside into the broad ocean and plunge along over the blue waves with the bluest sky in the world overhead. Or land on the North Beach and stroll along for miles with the great waves rolling at our feet. You know the ocean is new to me and I am so fond of it already that I feel as if I never cared to go inland any more. The little town is almost too lazy to breathe. The people apparently have no curiosity in their organization and you might stand on your head in the middle of their little plaza all day, and they would hardly turn to look at you, much less take the trouble to ask "why." You go and come at your own pleasure, nobody knows or cares how or with whom. This, to me, is charming . . . The society is peculiar but pleasant in its peculiarity. It consists, for us in the U.S. officers and their families. Then, in addition there are about thirty people who seem to be congenial spirits, and being here for the winter, like ourselves they have nothing whatever to do but "have a good time." From one week-end to the other, it is nothing but go, go, go; always in a sociable, easy way, with no preparation or forethought. For instance, last Saturday the Commandant had a large sail boat and invited the whole forty to go over to North Beach for the day. As the thirty guests and ten officers' wives are from all the points of the compass, you may imagine there is no danger of monotony. We stayed all day; it was so warm that we reclined on the beach, basking in the sun; the soldiers put up a tent, made a splendid

A day or two since, Clara obtained a basket phaeton and gentle pony and drove me to Ponce de Leon spring. I am certain the generality of persons would prefer old age to drinking its waters. . . .

chowder, and did all the work. We sailed home in the evening and the gentlemen sang all the way. That is a specimen. Of course I do not represent much in all this gaiety. But they are always kind enough to ask me and when I *do* go, which is not always by any means, I always have a pleasant time.

. . . When I said "the society consists, for us of" etc., I meant that because we are church people it is so. The line is strictly drawn here—it is really absurd. There is a stiff Presbyterian element which never dances, or sings, or goes sailing, or anything else except go to prayer meeting. It comprises "the oldest and most respectable" citizens, and they gaze with scorn upon our light amusements and hold themselves sternly aloof. As usual, most of the winter visitors are church people. The Rector here is a very pleasant man . . . and he always goes on all the excursions. . . . The Rector has only been in the ministry a few years, having fought all through the war as a Colonel in the Rebel Army. We have struck up quite a friendship and he tells me all kinds of stories of the war; you know I am *really* interested in the subject. He was with Lee at the time of the Surrender. The little church is very pretty, with several Memorial windows. We trimmed it up finely for Christmas. The Bishop came, and one funny thing happened. We had, of course, no acquaintance with his Lordship, but the evening before he left, he sent up our hostess to say he would be pleased to call upon us at eight o'clock. I, at first, begged off, but Clara and Mother promised that they would do the talking if I would only go down. At eight he came, and how did it end? The Bishop and I were left entirely alone by ourselves in one corner of the room—for an hour! In my embarrassment I am conscious that I talked to him just like the immortal Mrs. Proudie!

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

* . . . I cannot quite make out what you mean when you say: "I have heard something and would like to enquire." Is it anything about us? It sounds as though something particular was intended. There is nothing "particular" any more in the world save engagements, and the only person in our party who might be a candidate for such honours is Clara. She receives a great deal of attention both here and in New York City . . . but . . . I do not think she will ever marry again. She is satisfied to live as she is. As for me, I go fern hunting, take long walks, and go to bed promptly at ten every night. . . . Nobody is "at my feet" at all, don't be satirical. . . . I am as truly out of that kind of talk as a nun. I go about a great deal, but always as an "observer," "a very superior person," and that sort of thing. I should have put on glasses long ago, but Gram would not let me. Glasses will give the finishing touch! I must tell you a joke. I went to the expense of ordering an elegant navy blue silk suit from New York, this fall, colour very dark and everything in the latest. Price $150.00. I did not want the thing at all, but there are so many grand people here, and Clara does not like it unless I am respectable. I could ill afford the gown, and hated paying for it dreadfully. Well—I wore it with hat, gloves,

St. Augustine, *May 15th.*

The past week has been one of persistent floods of rain—thermometer nearly ninety, and the adhesive, muggy dampness brought on a severe attack from my old foe, rheumatism.

The dampness of this old coquina house could be felt as well as seen, so yesterday, paying no attention to the thermometer at 87, I had a bright fire of pine knots in my open fireplace, and the consequent dryness of the air externally, and hot tea, internally, enabled me to subdue my old enemy! Everything is learned by experience. The warm sunshine of a Florida winter is life to persons of delicate lungs,* the warm rain of a Florida summer is agony to rheumatic invalids. . . .

and parasol to match. And what remark do you suppose was made about that time by two ladies staying in the same house who did not know me at all? "Is not that lady opposite us at table a literary person? We have felt sure she was an authoress, and not only that, but there is something about her which makes us think that she was the daughter of a clergyman!" Now then, *they* had on short, black alpaca gowns, their noses were sharp and red at the tips, and they wore glasses and had gristly hands. Ages 40 and 50 perhaps. Wasn't it disgusting? After all my trouble and spent money! Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is here again this winter and she is "Dress Reform." I am going to be "Dress Reform" hereafter, in spite of Clara. Dress Reform means two dresses, *et praeterea nihil.* At least, that is the outward manifestation of it so far as I can see.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

* . . . The thermometer here has several times stood at 86, and 88, in the shade. Mother enjoys it; the well ones find it rather warm. This year the plan is to try some of the quieter resorts among the mountains of Virginia. . . Mother does enjoy travelling so very much; she is far fresher and more excited about it than her daughters. . . . She is planning now to drive "up the Ashley" while we are staying in Charleston, and see the ruins of those fine old mansions that once belonged to the very people we met at Asheville last summer—old Charleston grandees, impoverished by the war. . . .

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather.

Must tell you as a joke that I have just received through a St. Augustine rector, a Virginia man, a written invitation to spend the summer at one of the fashionable Virginia Springs as the guest of the proprietor! Of course, as Mr. Benedict would say, there is a coloured individual in the woodpile—namely Harper articles describing the beauties, etc., etc. Not liking to be fettered in that way, I shall decline, preferring to pay my board out of the price of the articles and be free to find fault like a free American citizen. What! shall I not be able to abuse the biscuits and scold the chambermaid at my pleasure! Take away the privilege of saying the eggs are cold, and what, oh what, is left—

Miss Woolson to Samuel Mather.

New Year Day,

A Year later.

I read in "Craddock Nowell," and wrote a letter to Charlie Woolson in the morning—listened to Constance reading aloud a long story just finished* in the afternoon; evening diversified by cribbage, backgammon and chess, and at the termination, a "spree" of the superior sherry sent to Clara and delicious New Year Cake. . . . Rather feared a headache to-day, but escaped any bad result from such unusual dissipation.

Constance, who is in the habit of generalizing, taking broad views on all subjects, often speaks of the different views of life and society these St. Augustine winters have opened to her mind.† Brought up in a business community,

* . . . This is a fearful scrawl. But I cannot write letters any more. I can hardly spell, and my sentences come out all wrong. The truth is, I work so hard over my magazine work that when I do stop, I lose the use of my hands. I have just sent off fifty pages of manuscript, and took a holiday especially to write to you. . . . Don't fancy I am sad all the time. Oh no. I am much too busy and too full of plans of all kinds. But at times, in spite of all I can do, this deadly enemy of mine creeps in, and once in, he is master. I think it is constitutional, and I know it is inherited.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

Think of it! a railroad to the "ancient city"! It will soon be "ancient" no longer. Indeed, it changes daily, I am sorry to say. But the climate is certainly delicious. To-day, for instance we are sitting with open windows, there is a lovely breeze blowing in from the ocean, and the soft Florida sky is as blue as June in Ohio. We have better rooms than we had last year, Mother possessing a pleasant little piazza commanding a view over the water; this piazza is a great resource to her in the afternoons. In the mornings she walks on the sea wall; then she embroiders, then dinner and a nap, then the piazza, a little reading, then tea, the mail, Bézique and bed. When Clara arrives, Bézique will be varied by cribbage. I only know Bézique, and it took me a long time to learn that! This living south has its disadvantages . . . But Mother is well here. That is the whole story. Health is everything.

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingstone Mather.

† So many rich people here—Aspinwalls, Stewarts, Rhinelanders, Astors, etc. I look at them with much interest. . . . people who have been enormously rich for several generations, and who have had time to cultivate themselves. In every case I notice that those who are the richest are the quietest, both in dress and manner.

And after all I don't see but that Mother has just as good a time when she puts on her bonnet and her blue veil, and goes walking peacefully on the sea wall, as her next door neighbour, Mrs. De L.N., who with all her millions can do no more.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

where work was not only necessary but honourable for every one, to be thrown in daily communication with people who are entirely without any care or thought of doing anything—certain of a sure income, sufficient for themselves and those who come after them, their views of life and its duties are so widely different from all those she has heretofore entertained. . . . As she says: "Realize what a change it must make in anyone's life to take *money* out of it. That is, to have enough never to think about it, and never to have known a different state of affairs from childhood. To sail a yacht, to have a club meeting, to walk so far daily—all these are the important events of life. These, remember, are not fast or dissipated men, but gentlemen of culture, correct habits and elegant leisure."

I must try to give a description of Monday evening. The St. Augustine Yacht Club, which is composed principally of wealthy New York gentlemen, married and bachelors, gave an "Aquatic Concert." The band of the U.S. 5th Artillery had arrived from their headquarters at Charleston. . . . This band was stationed on a vessel at anchor in Matanzas inlet, a little way from the shore, directly opposite our house. The beautiful coast survey steamer, "Bache" was in harbour, three or four large schooners from the north, and more than a hundred yachts, vessels and rowboats. Each craft was covered with brilliant lights; at eight o'clock a cannon was fired from the "Bache," the band struck up, Roman candles, rockets, blue, red, and all-coloured lights were shown from every boat, and as the boats drifted about by the wind and tide, the effect was magical. The moon, full of brilliant radiance; the inlet shone like silver, and the line of light on the ocean beyond the low Anastasia Island, was something wonderful. All these different yachts were filled with gay parties of ladies and gentlemen; the sea-wall was crowded with pedestrians, and the night was so warm and balmy that

‡ Light, I mind me when a lovely lady
Nightly from her casement watched thee shine,
Flashing, fading, flashing, fading, flashing—
"Poet shouldst thou have, O beacon mine,
Sweetly all thy praise to tell," she sayeth,
"Ah, now dear to me thy light hath been!"
But it is far more than poet's praising
That *she* loved thee, Light of Augustine.

From "St. Augustine Light." Constance Fenimore Woolson.

I sat on our balcony* enjoying the scene and listening to the band until they ended with Home, Sweet Home, and the boats came slowly in. I never saw anything so beautiful. My pen can convey no idea of the lovely scene.

* This winter we have rooms right on the water, only the narrow roadway separating us from the old sea-wall. Mother and Clara have two bedrooms, a little parlour, and an overhanging piazza, Spanish style, the whole second storey front, and I have a large room under the roof, the whole top of the house, with six dormer windows. As I sit by my table, I can see the old fort, the sea wall, the harbour, and right over Anastasia Island out to sea; miles and miles of blue, with the surf breaking near the shore. It is even better than Mackinac. What more could be said? At night, I have the flash of the light-house opposite my window.‡ The grandees are arriving and we are beginning to breathe that tiresome atmosphere of gold dust and ancestors which has oppressed us for two long winters. I always feel like a fraud when I go sailing with, say, six or eight incomes of six figures and the like. And then the ancestors. "Her mother was a so-and-so, you know," and "his grandfather was a Van something." The only thing we have to fall back upon is Fenimore Cooper, our one little anchor out in the crowded harbour. They have it now that Mother was his "only sister."† We let it go so!

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather.

† Alas, that you should turn to me for anything in the shape of genealogical lore! Never was there a more forgetful memory than mine on such matters—in which I have never felt any especial interest. All I can give you is a little general information.

William and Sarah Cooper who came from England with William Penn, were the heads of our clan in America. They settled at Camden or Cooper's Point in New Jersey and there, many of their descendants are still to be found in possession of the lands first settled. Many of them are Quakers still. They kept up a certain amount of intercourse with our Grandfather . . . and my dear Father went to Camden and paid a visit to several of them not many years before his death—he saw the old house, built of bricks imported from England more than 150 years ago. Unhappily for our great-grandfather, he lost his portion of the property through an Uncle, who was his guardian. Such at least was the tradition—he removed when young to Pennsylvania when his circumstances were much reduced—he had a very large family whose names I cannot tell you.

When I was a child I once saw a regular genealogical tree which one of the New Jersey Coopers sent my Father to look at—but all I can tell you about it is that I was extremely entertained with the little apple—like fruit hanging in clusters from the different branches. . . . As for Christian names and dates, my ideas on the subject are as vague and dim as if the Quaker clan belonged to the times of the Ptolemies.

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper to Mrs. C. J. Woolson (1867).
(*From "Voices out of the Past," Eleventh Voice*).

‡ *Vide* p. 744.

May 28th.

CONSTANCE and I left St. Augustine, thermometer 90°. Two hours and a half to Tocoi by horse railroad. Mrs. Hamilton sent us a bottle of very fine champagne the day previous, which we wrapped in our shawl strap, finding ice at Tocoi. We had champagne on ice, which made our dinner amidst the heat and flies and dogs of the dirty station house at Tocoi quite endurable. At 3 p.m. we went on board the steamer . . . for Palatka . . . watched the negroes with their boats laden with cucumbers, squash, water melons, etc., come up alongside and make bargains with the stewards. Left Palatka at dark. It was a lovely moonlight night and we enjoyed the views on the river until quite late. . . . We were up in time to see the river St. John at its mouth and entrance into the broad Atlantic. It being the first experience of Constance and myself on the salt water, we feared seasickness, but although there was a "long swell" which sent many to their staterooms, we had not a shadow of a shade of illness. . . . We steamed into the beautiful harbour of Charleston at 4 p.m. Passed close to Fort Sumter, Castle Pickney, Morris Island and other points of interest. Lunched and went to the Charleston Hotel. Charming rooms and every luxury. Constance went the next day (Trinity Sunday) to St. Michael's and to the Huguenot Church. At 5 p.m. we went to St. Philip's, then to the old graveyard and to Calhoun's grave . . . then on the battery. . . . Delighted with Charleston*.

Charleston.

* . . . It is charming here, the most picturesque city I have ever seen. . . . To a dweller in Cleveland, the Old Colonial tombs with their long inscriptions dating back to 1730-40, seem ancient indeed; and the calling of the hours all night from the tower of St. Michael's Church by a watchman stationed there—"ten and three-e quarters! A-alls well," is like old German stories. I went to the top of St. Michael's the other evening to see the city and the bay by moonlight; for some unexplained reason, the historic harbour was much more distinct than it ever is by daylight; every outline of Sumter clearly visible; Moultrie standing out on the north point of the mainland. Turning the other way, there lay the city between its two rivers, silvery ribbons in the moonlight, shining with lights from side to side. Battered, ruined, poverty-stricken as it is, it impresses me as the most

The railroad ended at "Old Fort" just at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We found the hotel so quiet and comfortable with such a lovely view that we decided to remain one day to rest before undertaking the twenty-five miles of stage travel necessary to take us to Asheville. Had a charming, peaceful day, and the next, at 2 p.m. clambered into the old-fashioned stage-coach. Constance and I being the only ladies, were permitted to usurp the back seat. Five gentlemen were the other passengers. They were all very polite and disposed to do everything in their power to relieve the tedious ride. Jolting and pounding over a road of boulders and mud holes, fording mountain streams, climbing up and plunging down, we finally got over the Blue Ridge and entered Asheville at 11 p.m., twenty-five miles in nine hours! After recovering from the fatigue of the stage-ride, we were so delighted with Asheville that we decided to remain indefinitely. . . .

* * * *

aristocratic city I have ever seen. The old houses with their great walls and shut-in gardens are prouder, even in ruin, than anything we can show at the north. *Miss Woolson to Samuel Mather.*

. . . We are back in our old quarters, and very pleasant they seem to me after six months of country board; there come times when one longs for a chair that fits one's back, and something to eat besides bacon and hominy! . . . It has been very warm here—too warm to exercise much; foggy, but I like the sea-fog. It seemed so pleasant to catch the smell of the salt marshes as the cars neared the city. Two long winters at St. Augustine have given me a great liking for salt air. . . . The sixty wild Apache Indians who have been confined in the old castle since last spring, will make things very different for us, I fear. I had supposed that they were kept closely confined, but one of the army officers told me yesterday that "since Col. H. had brought them all into the church, it was understood that they were completely Christianized, and would require no guard this winter." I could scarcely believe it, for these Indians are condemned by the U.S. government to imprisonment for *life* for all sorts of crimes. Most of them are murderers.

But another officer told me yesterday that the last Sunday he attended church at St. Augustine, he happened to peep out from behind his hands during prayers, and there, in a pew across the aisle, he caught the eye of a big Indian who was doing the same thing. The Chief gazed at him for a moment, and then without a change of countenance he winked gravely with one eye at the young officer, and bowed his head again in the most devout manner.

Col. H— is to leave St. Augustine this month; I wish he would take his *Christianized* Indians with him. . . .

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather.

We left Asheville* in the fog of the morning of November 10th. Mr. Clemens, when he said good-bye, remarked "If it turns out a pretty day, I should advise you not to stop at Marshall's, but push on five miles to the widow McDowell's. She will make you comfortable and the latter part of the next day, drive over the spur of the mountain, you would not like it to be after dark." Constance and I were on the back seat of a red waggon called "Palmetto," with our six trunks piled behind and before, and the coloured driver Bob sitting on one in a very uncomfortable position. The two horses "Rock" and "John" proved excellent roadsters, and we pounded along over the rough narrow road by the side of the French Broad River to . . . Marshall. The clouds gathered darkly and the rain commenced, but remembering "the spur of the mountain," we decided to call it "a pretty day" and "push on." After five miles in a tempest of wind and rain. at 7 p.m., we saw the friendly gleam of widow McDowell's log fire; great brands of burning pitch pine were brought out to illumine our path into the house, and I noticed that when any member of the family moved from room to room in preparing supper, etc., a burning, smoking brand was used instead of a candle. The widow gave us inferior coffee, hot biscuits, butter, apple sauce, cake, pie and a large dish of hard black chunks of some kind of meat, and when I looked at it dubiously, she asked if I wouldn't try the beefsteak? But perhaps it was not done enough to suit me? For her part she was just tired of beef, and didn't care ever to see any more. I wondered if ever in her life she had tasted a tender porterhouse steak!

* We left Asheville one bright morning in a covered waggon, scarlet in hue called the "Palmetto"; all our trunks, six in number, were strapped in and on it and the mulatto boy who drove us, rode in a crookback position all the way. However, he said he did not mind it, and whistled and sang to himself during the entire journey. We travelled in our waggon two days down the beautiful French Broad river; the road is the narrowest I ever saw, cut out of the solid rock, with the great cliffs on one side and the foaming rushing water on the other. In some places it is a real canyon, and the little slice of blue sky far above seems very far away. Fortunately we met few persons, and those we did meet, tall mountaineers in their blue jean suits, turned their great clumsy waggons half over or into the river, to make way for us, a native politeness *I* appreciated from the bottom of my heart. I think if you could have seen us the afternoon of the first day, you would have been horrified; about four o'clock, rain came down in torrents, and it grew dark rapidly down in our gorge with the great cliffs on each side; we had yet five miles to go, nor were we sure exactly where our stopping place was. Finally

it became entirely dark, the rain pouring in torrents meanwhile. Fortunately it was not cold, and Mother, muffled in waterproofs, was as quiet and placid on her back seat as she was when Kate and I took her around Lake Otsego in a similar storm. Not so my anxious self. In the front seat by the side of the mulatto boy, I took my station, and didn't I watch the road, the rocks, the horses!—The river was rushing and roaring within ten feet of us, and the rocky road just wide enough for our wheels. I think nothing ever shone out so beautifully as the glow of Mrs. McDowell's pitchpine fire through her low windows, as we turned the last curve. For lights they brought out flaming brands from the hearth, and rejoiced I was when Mother was established in a rocking chair and all her wet wraps off. Take cold? Not she! Said she never felt better in her life, ate a hearty supper, slept soundly in the odd little bedroom, and was ready to start at seven the next morning. All that day, we drove along the river and through the Great Smoky Mountains; it was real Indian Summer weather and the great peaks were purple and misty. As to the river, it is the most beautiful small river I have ever seen; I mean small as compared with the Hudson or the Mississippi. In time it must be famous. The only incident was the meeting of the stage going to Asheville, and a few moments after, the finding of the mailbag in the road. We thought that the best thing we could do was to take it on with us, and as the way was smoother, we drove rapidly for about half an hour, when a distant shouting reached our ears. We stopped, and presently a panting man came in sight behind; it was the driver of the stage who had missed his bag about the time we picked it up, and had been running after us all that way! We slept that night at Wolf Creek, a town consisting of one farm house; and then, taking the cars, rolled into Chattanooga on the evening of the second day. We had lovely warm weather while there, and went up to the top of Lookout Mountain, Mother driving comfortably in a carriage up the fine military road, and I walking most of the way looking for ferns. We were very much impressed by the view from Lookout, not that it is more extensive than others we have seen this summer, but on account of the memories of the terrible battlefields in every direction. Up these very heights where we were standing had swarmed the ranks of the blue and the grey, down in that beautiful valley below us, they had died, poor fellows, by thousands. . . As if to give emphasis to these thoughts there on a green slope below us gleamed the low head-stones of fourteen thousand of our soldiers gathered from the hillsides around. And now all was calm and peaceful, the river curving around the little town, the blue, distant peaks visible in seven distant states, the only signs of the past were those graves and the old earth works and rifle pits in every direction. . . At Atlanta, Mother and I went out to see the Confederate monument to the Georgia dead. . . There too we found the ranks of low head-boards as far as we could see, thousands upon thousands, I cannot describe it, but certainly there is something very impressive in those poor soldiers' graves. So many of them were young, all died painful deaths, and almost all left broken hearts behind them, fathers and mothers who lost their boys, young wives who lost their husbands.

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather.

Cooperstown.*

We have had but three pleasant days this month. The rain, it poureth persistently, and had I not the lovely lake and hills to gaze at through the mists, I should be quite gloomy under my enforced home-staying. The Cooperstown relatives, under waterproofs and umbrellas, daily appear to enliven me, bring me books and tempting table delicacies—so I may feel my lines are cast in pleasant places.

Hibernia, Florida.

Hibernia is directly on the St. John's river. It consists of one large old-fashioned house and one cottage attached. This place is a boarding house kept for the past twenty-five years by a Mrs. Fleming. She is also post-mistress, and this is literally all Hibernia. Lovely shady walks by the river's brim, a boat to be obtained, and the tide not too strong for ladies' rowing—a good table and good attention. Our life will be very different from that at St. Augustine, so perfectly quiet—but Constance wished an uninterrupted winter of work,† and I, with my walks and sewing and reading and rows on the river with Constance in the afternoon, and solitaire in the evening, will have a pleasant winter.

* I send by Mother some specimens of autumn leaves, which I hope will retain their colours for a few weeks. They are not as gracefully arranged as I could wish, and they do not look half so lovely as they did lying on the ground in the forests, but I have at least preserved them, while their mates are withered and brown.

Everything still looks beautiful around the lake, but it has reached that stage when the cold rains are hourly anticipated. Imagine me in my little room looking out on the "Vision" all alone, and send a letter to cheer me up. It is about five months since we came here. It does not seem half that time.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather.

Mother and I had a lovely peaceful day at the Three Mile Point last week. The County Fair was being held in the village and the inhabitants of the surrounding towns were pouring in from all directions, so we escaped, and rowed up the still Lake to the Point, which was entirely deserted, and so quiet that two wild ducks on their way South stopped and played about in the water all day. The trees are tinged a little, with here and there a bright red branch; all the trees at the Grove are coloured. *Miss Woolson to Miss Mather.*

† I look back and see how wonderfully good to me Mother was when I was finishing "Anne." She was always pleasant and kind, never put me on the defensive, as one may say; never said "don't!" or tried to make me do anything I didn't want to! I get nervous *mentally*, when very hard at work, and little things wear on me.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Lawson Carter (Jane Averell), 1883.

. . . We have a famous sportsman as one of the boarders. He appears at breakfast, clad in gentlemanly habiliments. Soon after, in the most decided old huntsman suit, he starts out with his gun and dogs, and we see nothing more of him until tea time, when he reappears, as a gentleman, and enjoys his evening meal. He is very successful, and our table has been abundantly supplied with delicious, tender quail. Wild turkeys are also to be obtained, but the deer have been driven away by settlers. . . .

Narragansett.

One of the most charming enjoyments I have at Narragansett is studying the beautiful sky effects. The farm house is on quite an elevation, and it is many years since I have watched the heavens in daylight and clouds, in starlight and moonlight, to so much advantage. The extreme clearness of the atmosphere adds so much to the brilliancy of the scene. And when the ocean fog comes up suddenly and settles down over everything, completely obscuring all objects, even the nearest houses, and the fog whistles on the sound are screeching all day and night, that change is also enjoyed by me for its *newness.*

Yonkers.

I have had a most unaccountable reluctance to going south this winter, but have been obliged to succumb to Constance and Clara's opposition to my plan of remaining at the north. They endeavour to appease me by promising to make no objection another winter. . . . I feel like a child who lives in the present and neither plans nor cares for the future.

Yesterday and to-day, although clear and bright with sunshine, are by far the coldest days we have had this winter.

My little room, however, is very comfortable, and the base burner going night and day has kept off rheumatism and kept down the troublesome cough.

Goodbye, my dear ones—
God forever bless you all.
Ever loving Mother,
H. C. Woolson.

Mrs. Woolson died less than two months after these lines were written at Green Cove Springs, Florida, February 13th, 1879.

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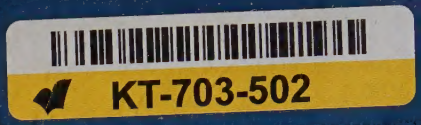
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